

AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF  
JOHN A. CARGILE



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THE  
AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OR

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AND  
RECOLLECTIONS

OF

JOHN A. CARGILE

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“So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our  
hearts unto wisdom.”—PSA. 90: 12

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BOSTON  
ADVENT CHRISTIAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY  
144 HANOVER STREET

1891

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ALBION, N. Y. 1891.  
J. A. CARGILE, PRINTED.



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DEDICATION.

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TO

**My Beloved Christian Mother,**

THROUGH WHOSE INFLUENCE AND PRAYERS I AM SAVED BY  
THE GRACE OF GOD; AND TO

**My Faithful Wife,**

WHO, FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY, HAS STOOD BY MY SIDE  
THROUGH ALL THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE, THESE  
PAGES ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

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## PREFACE.

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“Write your life” has been said to me many times by those of like precious faith. Purchasers of True Theology have often said, “This is a good book, but I would much rather have the history of your life and work.” Finally, while on the beautiful new camp-ground at Mechanic’s Falls, in Maine, last summer, I consented.

It has been no small task to go back over eighteen years of Missionary work and know just what to put in and what to leave out. While writing the book I have been in Boston, where by the kindness of Bro. Chas. H. Woodman, the Business Manager of the Advent Christian Publication Society, I have had access to the files of the *Crisis* published since 1872, to look over my reports and thereby refresh my memory. I also gratefully

acknowledge the valuable assistance kindly rendered me by Sr. Kilborn, of Bridgton, Me. Bro. and Sr. Seymour Sylvernale, Bro. and Sr. N. S. Wilson, Sr. McLeod, all of Boston, Mass., and Sr. Doughty of Providence, R. I. Their help has been valuable from the fact that I have been in meetings every Sunday and almost every night during the time. When I had come through about half of the years of my labor I found that the space intended for the book was about used up. So the last ten years of the work is necessarily very much condensed. I have tried to mix in, first a story, then "Notes by the way," taken from the *Crisis*, in order if possible to avoid the monotonous style of writing so common in such works.

For reasons which the reader will understand, I have substituted other than the correct names for those who have opposed me. But the names of my *friends* are given correctly. This has been done, because I could not leave those things out and do justice to my readers, and because I respect and love all those who have tried in any way to injure me, or weaken my influence to do

good, and because I have a kindly feeling for their relatives. And now the book is sent forth, incomplete and imperfect as it is, with the earnest prayer that it may prove a blessing to thousands, by inspiring them to trust fully in the Lord, and work in his cause.

JOHN A. CARGILE.

*South Boston, Mass., Feb. 25, 1891.*

## INTRODUCTION.

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It is as customary to write a Preface and an Introduction to a new book as it is to build steps to a new house. As steps lead one into the house, so these lead the reader into the book proper. The writer feels his own want of experience on this line; but, by a special request of the Author, proposes to say a few things by way of introduction to Eld. John A. Cargile's Autobiography. This I do with great pleasure, inasmuch as I have known him since May, 1867, and since November, 1871, have been intimately associated with him in ministerial labors in the cause of present truth.

While I was all aglow with "that blessed hope of the glorious appearing," etc., Bro. Cargile was absorbed in the study of man's nature. Thus we stood in our early acquaintance. We have been co-workers together for many years, often both preaching at the same meeting; while he discussed the nature of man, showing the need of a Lifegiver, the writer presented the promises of the Saviour's coming soon, to give the life eternal, and the signs of the times showing its nearness. We were thus an advantage to each other, until at length we were both able to discuss these and other kindred topics.

Bro. Cargile belonged to the Primitive Baptist Church at that time, while the writer was a Missionary Baptist. Some

of our people respectively heard us gladly; outsiders rushed into our meetings. Many were blessed with the *better hope*. We had many seasons of rejoicing together. The preachers of various denominations came out to hear us. Some seemed edified and comforted; others mocked, and called it the "Smith & Cargile doctrine," by way of derision. As a sample of such, I copy the following from my own pen about that time:

A few days ago I visited the Dade coal mines, with tracts for distribution among the miners. While waiting at the entrance of the mines for the miners to come out to their noon meals, a Methodist minister rode up to me, and after a pleasant salutation I offered him a tract. Before touching it, he asked, "What is it?" I replied, "On the coming of the Lord." He drew back his hand, and in a very emphatic manner said, "I don't want it." "Why? Have you no interest in the second coming of the Lord?" "No, not such as you and Cargile preach. I have in my house a great many of your tracts that you have left. I *never* read them. I think it is the most absurd thing I ever knew."

"But," said I (ironically), "you are very likely to know our views, if you *never* read our works nor heard us preach."

"I have in my pocket Cargile's review of Dr. Newton: have been reading *it*. He does not do Newton justice."

"Did you hear Dr. Newton's discourses?" "No." "Well, I did, and I think Dr. Newton is pretty fairly represented in the review." "I do think it is the most absurd thing I ever heard of, that way down here, late in the nineteenth century, it should be reserved for a Mr. Sheldon, from way up North, to come down here and preach this strange doctrine, overlooked by the learned and the good of all the past ages; and *you*, and Cargile must take it up and preach it."

"The introduction to Eld. Cargile's review of Dr. Newton (if you have read it) shows that I was preaching it in this country years before Eld. Sheldon visited this section. And I will add that I was proclaiming the second coming of the Lord near at hand before I ever heard of Sheldon, Hastings, Davis, or even the denomination of Christians to which they belonged."

"Why, if your doctrine be true, has it not been *found out sooner?*"

Pointing to the vein of coal recently opened, I asked, "Why was it reserved for the latter part of the nineteenth century to discover this rich mine of wealth, and develop it?" He replied, "Because no one was looking for it." "Yes," said I; "and for the same reason much of the rich mine of God's truth has been concealed under the rubbish of error." As if he thought that I meant Methodism, he said, "If the old Methodist ship don't land me safe in heaven, I shall never reach that blessed shore." I told him it was a matter of choice as to what ship a man embarked on, but as to myself, I preferred to embark on the *old ship of Zion*. Her Captain had steered her safely through the tempests of more than eighteen centuries, and now "she is making for the harbor."

At this point he became more excited, and I proposed that unless we could talk for edification we had better drop the subject. He insisted that he was not excited and wanted to talk more; but some one kindly interposed and called him off. I really pitied the man. The time *had been when I might* have behaved no better under similar circumstances. I thank God now for another spirit, the spirit of love and forbearance.

Then followed the coldness of our own church members toward us. Some of them became tongue-tied, and could no longer say Bro. S., or Bro. C.; but it was "*Howdy do, sir?*" The next step was "Mr. S." or "Mr. C.," and that with a peculiar emphasis, as if to show us their contempt. Church influences were brought to bear against us; influences, too, that were weighty. Oh! how this hurt! The writer had nearly forty years of most pleasant association with his brethren, and nearly forty years in the ministry. He was told that he would still be fellowshiped if he would only promise his church not to preach any more on the coming of the Lord. Bro. C. had admonitions and threats. What should we do? Go back? Nay! we had no thought of this. What then? Stand alone against the churches and the world? No; *not* alone, either, for there were two of us, and then there was the promise of the dear Master to be with

us alway, even unto the end. Ah! that is enough, with the inspiring hope of hearing him say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." This will overbalance all the contempt and losses. Hence, we decided, and have never yet receded, nor regretted the decision. While Eld. A. A. Phelps was with the Adventists he wrote :

The labors of J. J. Smith and J. A. Cargile, who reside in Alabama, have been crowned with encouraging success. New fields are opening before them, and like true men of God, they are following the cloudy, fiery pillar of their immortal Leader. They have toiled hard, and suffered many privations, in their efforts to preach a whole gospel. They are now being re-inforced by several young ministers who are helping to shout the battle on. May they all be divinely anointed for their mission, and bear the tidings of salvation to many who grope in darkness and sin !

This book gives, in detail, many thrilling incidents in the life of its author that can be verified by the writer as well as by a number of other witnesses now living all through the South and West. Thanks to the dear Lord, we had found the "open door that no man can shut" by mocks, scoffs, sneers, jeers or threats. It is remarkable that the Lord should pass by men of superior intelligence and learning in the country around us, and choose for this great work two poor men with hardly a fair English education, they having studied Rhetoric, Logic, and English Grammer only to a limited extent ; and both being in poor health, Bro. Cargile finding it difficult to speak in public owing to the weakness of his lungs. But as George Trask once said, when told of his success as a temperance lecturer, "It only proves that God can operate very successfully upon a small capital." Or, as Paul puts it, "God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty."

While our enemies have done much to stop the onward progress of the "True Theology," they have advertised us



and awakened a curiosity to know what this *new* doctrine is. While God has stirred up many others to proclaim the glorious message, "the fields are yet white for the harvest and the laborers are few." We hope and pray that many others, by reading this book, will be moved to enter this great Southern field, that when the Master comes to make up his jewels we may be able to say, in loud acclaim, "Lo this is our God; we have waited for him and he will save us. We will be glad and rejoice in his salvation." Amen!

J. JOSIAH SMITH.

*Santos, Pope Co., Ark., Feb. 20, 1891.*

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## CHAPTER I.

### BIRTH, CHILDHOOD AND ANCESTRY.

IT was on Honey Creek, eight miles from the beautiful village of Clinton, in what was then Reeves, but is now Henry County, in the State of Missouri, that I first saw the light of this world. The record in the old family Bible tells me that it was on the 26th day of October, 1843. My parents told me it was ten o'clock in the morning, and that the beautiful snow lay about ten inches deep on the then wild prairies of that Western country.

My father, James Cargile, was of the third generation from the three Scotch-Irish brothers of our name, who came to this country from the north of Ireland. My mother's name was Elizabeth Huddleston. Her mother was Mahala Hough. As the names indicate, she is from the old stock of Holland Dutch. My grandfather, Lewis Cargile, was born near Wilkesborough, Wilkes County, N. C.

My father and mother emigrated to the West in

1838, in search of "a better country," making the journey with an ox team in about three months. Like many others who run after the baubles of this world, they found more enjoyment in the anticipation than in the possession of that which they sought. The country was new, and sparsely settled by white people. No railroads to carry food or building material to them. This, of course, made it hard for the first settlers. The inhabitants endured much privation and suffering in providing shelter and obtaining sustenance.

When I was born they named me John Abner. I learn that John signifies the "gracious gift of God," and that Abner means the "father of light"; so I had a good name. Well, they tell me I was an average boy at my birth, but took the chills and fever when I was only two months old. That malady was prevalent in that new country. I next took a parasitic disease then common in the West, the scars of which I shall carry to my grave, unless the Lord comes soon and gives me a new body.

My mother lost the entire use of her feet and hands, and for eighteen months was not able to dress and feed herself, or nurse me. I was cared for by others as they dropped in occasionally to see us. Father labored hard to provide a scanty living for us by breaking that wild prairie land

with eight yoke of cattle to a plow, for so much per acre.

I did not gain much in stature as I grew older; but when I was two years old I could talk fluently, to the astonishment of everybody who did not know my age, for I was very small and feeble, and could not walk a step. An old German neighbor was wont to dandle me on his knee and say, "Never mind, little Johnnie, you will be a mon somedays. A mon ish a mon, if he ish no pigger as my thumb."

Father said it took him seven years to save up enough money to return to Alabama, and when I was two years old, in 1845, my parents moved back to the same neighborhood they had left in 1838. They had two children, a son and daughter, when they went West, but the enemy claimed brother William, and he was left sleeping on the banks of Grand River. Brother Lewis, three years older than myself, was also born in Missouri.

About the time I was born, Lewis was stricken with slow fever, which brought him so low for over three months that it was thought he could not possibly survive. He, however, recovered; but the fever had impaired the organs of hearing and he became deaf, and is to-day a deaf-mute fifty years old.

My father had moved to Longacre's Mill, on

Crow Creek, on account of the drouth, in 1849, and the consequent failure of crops and scarcity of bread stuff. He said, if anybody in the country made corn, the miller was sure of his toll, so he engaged to run the mill.

Here it was that my sister Mahala, a beautiful girl of sixteen summers, was united to a man of intemperate habits. He, as many others have done before, promised my father that if he and mother would consent to the marriage, he would "never drink another drop," but on the night of their wedding he was drunk.

Soon after the wedding I saw something covered in leaves under a large stone on the mountain side, above the mill. I was playing among the rocks and supposed it to be a terrapin, or tortoise, as they are sometimes called. I threw a stone at it, and smashed a bottle of old rye whiskey which my new brother-in-law had concealed there. He was terribly enraged, both at the loss of the rum and on being found out. I was frightened, and afraid to see him that night, and trembled next morning when I saw him; but he let me pass with a gruff threatening which made my bones quiver.

In those days on Crow Creek such a thing as a Sunday School was unknown. There were only a few religious people, and, thank the dear Lord,



my parents were among that few. I was permitted to spend these years hunting rabbits and fishing, except on Sundays, when I was taught to stay at home and be quiet.

The fever and ague contracted in Missouri still hung on to me, and I was weakly. My mother told me not to go into the water, because of my poor health. Many times I have sat on the shore looking at my playmates enjoying themselves in the water. They sometimes laughed, and called me cowardly; but I loved my dear mother, and would obey her at the expense of being called a coward by other boys who would go bathing and then deny it to *their* mothers. When I became older I saw that it was simply the difference, in effect, between love and fear in parental government.

I well remember the first meeting I ever attended. It was in a little log hut known as the "Peacock meeting-house," because a very pious man by that name lived near by. The preacher was quite a small man, known as "Little Jack Williams." I think he was about sixty years old. The pulpit was a high concern, with all sides planked up, only leaving enough space at one corner to admit the minister. When "Little Jack" stood in it I could only see his head and the upper part of his breast.

He was a blessed good Baptist; honest to the core; with very limited education, but almost a graduate in old-fashioned Holy Ghost religion. He pulled off his homespun jeans coat, and put it across the pulpit front, and with shirt bosom, collar, and wristbands all unbuttoned, he sweat terribly in delivering his message. He forced his hearers to believe he wanted them to escape the awful doom of the wicked. His old-fashioned bandanna was wet with perspiration long before he had done.

I looked on with amazement. My mother had told me that I must sit by her, and not go out during the service; that I must get on my knees when other folks knelt; and I tried to be faithful to her instructions.

On returning home my sister asked me how I liked the meeting. I told her "that the little old man got up in a *cupboard* and preached." I remember how she laughed. Then she told me that that was the *stand* made on purpose for the preacher to speak in.

When I was thirteen years old they sent me to board with my sister and go to school. The schoolhouse was built of round logs, and stood in Dry Cove, on Mr. Jacoway's land. I had never seen a schoolhouse before. Mr. John K. Farris was the teacher. He is now Dr. Farris, of Tennessee.

I entered school on a Monday morning, feeling as solemn as death itself. The teacher had a peach-tree scion three or four feet long. He thrashed a boy morning and afternoon, on Monday and Tuesday. Wednesday morning he "warmed" another, and immediately after dinner another.

I began to *think*. By and by it occurred to me that all the boys in school would have to take the rod turn about, and that it might come my turn next. I was terribly troubled over it. When recess came that afternoon I saw a spelling-book stuck behind the door-facing, and I hit it with my book, and then, quick as thought, mine went under my coat bosom.

I passed through the playground. The boys called to me to take part in their games, which I had not yet done, for I was a bashful boy. I said, "No, I am going to run out to sister's and get me a piece of fatty bread, for I am hungry." I had made up my mind that I had had enough of school, and would bid them an unexpected good-bye before it came my time to stand and take the lash. Sister tried to persuade me to return to school, but in vain. I was done with school in my own mind.

When school was out I saw the teacher and students coming. The house where my sister lived was an old log pen, with only one room, standing near the mountain, thickly set with cedars. It had

only one door that they used, the one fronting the road. The back-door had no shutter, so they had taken some old oak boards, split out with a froe, and nailed them across the door on the outside of the wall.

I crawled under the bed to hide. Mr. Farris called at the gate and inquired, "Where is Johnnie?" Sister told him I was in the house. He called me, but I did not answer. Setting his water-keg down by the fence, he said to the students, "Go ahead, children; I will come on." I was looking out through a crack from under the bed.

When I saw him coming through the yard gate I became terribly frightened. I could not bear the idea of facing him after running away from school. He was at the only open door, and what should I do? Coming from under that bed in "double quick," I bolted for that back-door with all the power that was in me. Raising my arms so that my elbows came in front of my face, I put myself against those boards from top to bottom. I can see the pile now, in my mind, and hear the awful clatter when those boards left the wall and went out into the back yard, and I on top of the pile. I say, I can see it and hear it, but language fails to describe the sight or the noise. I did not rest long on the boards, but sprang to my feet and in a very few jumps was out of sight in the thick cedars.

Mr. Farris went on home; but I imagined, of course, that he was watching in ambush for me. It was long after dark before I could speak loud enough to answer the calls of my uneasy sister, who assured me that Mr. Farris had gone home, and that I must come in and go to bed, which I did.

I was afraid to sleep that night, lest he should come in and capture me. The sound of footsteps would have sent me through that back-door and into that cedar thicket again. Next morning I went into the cedars and watched him pass on to school, then, against the wish and importunity of my sister, I went home on foot, alone.

My parents were surprised to see me. Mother had nothing to say about it. Father said but little. They did not scold me. Father said, after hearing my story, which I made as favorable as possible: "Never mind it, my son; it is all right. I need you badly; you have come in good time to *help* me out of the grass and weeds, my potato patch needs you, and in the morning I will give you a good hoe and let you go into it." I thought "anything but school for me."

Father had quite a large crop of sweet potatoes that year, and on my "well days" (that is, every other day, when I did not chill,) he put me in that potato patch. He plowed near by and watched

me closely. If I raised up just long enough to look at a bird flying across the field, he would yell out, in a very kind voice, "Hurrah! Johnnie, those weeds are growing." His words were so kind that they cut to the heart. I went humped over those potato rows every other day for three weeks, and then every alternate day, almost, I chilled and had a terrible fever.

Finally, I counted up the boys in school, and made up my mind that my time for the lash could only come about once in *twenty* days, and I thought I would rather take that than to die in that potato patch. I had considerable spitting of blood, but kept that to myself. At last, on a Sunday afternoon, I told father I had a notion to return to school again. He said: "Oh, no, I can't get along without *you* in that potato patch."

I could not bear the idea of bending over those potato vines and picking grass, and spitting blood, any longer. So I became very anxious, and begged him to let me go. At length he said, "I will let you go back to school if you will stay. And if you run away again I will give you a whipping that you will remember." With this understanding I returned.

When I entered school again on the next morning the teacher told me if I should leave again *he* would whip me. So you see there were *two* flog-

gings laid up for me if I left. But I soon learned the ways of school, and liked it very much.

In three months I advanced from the alphabet to the middle of the spelling-book. I became a favorite with my teacher, and loved him dearly and wept when I parted from him at the close of the school. I had but little time to attend school. My father being poor, I had to work on the farm. But the little time I had after making the crops each year I improved well. I was apt and kept along pretty well with my classes who went all the time. Twenty months, all told, were my school days, and these were cut up into short bits of three and five months' terms. One term, I believe, was for ten months; but I had to work most of the time.

The terrible war came on when I was just at the age to complete an education, and destroyed all opportunities to learn. I still had chills every summer and fall, and frequent hemorrhages from the lungs; but I kept it from others, for I knew they would say I had consumption, and I felt badly enough over it already.

## CHAPTER II.

### EARLY IMPRESSIONS—CONVICTION AND CONVERSION—STAGGERING AT DUTY—A LESSON FOR OTHERS.

MY religious impressions were received very early in life. My parents were both converted in Missouri before I could know about it, and although they were very quiet, and never held family prayer, or prayed in the meetings at that time, yet they were *Christians*, for they lived better than the average ones in the church to-day. In after life they both prayed in the meetings and gave their testimony, too.

My mother took special pains to impress me with the fact of the goodness of the Lord and the importance of being good. But I never tried to pray until I was fifteen years old, except in play, as I will explain in the next chapter.

In the winter of 1858 I went into the mountain and procured some rich pine to make torchlights with which to blind the little birds on their roosts at night, and then knock them down with the brushy top of a bush.



On a Thursday afternoon I was in the dooryard, busy splitting my torch-wood, preparing for a big drive among the birds that night with my cousins, who were to come and go with me.

Mother stood in the door looking on. By and by she asked, "What are you doing that for, John?" I replied, "The boys are coming to-night and we are going bird-hunting." She stood perfectly silent for some time, while I kept busy at my job, and thinking what a jolly time we were to have. She spoke again. How changed her voice! In broken accents, filled with emotion, she said, "My son, for the Lord's sake don't kill the poor little birds!"

I had heard her pity the little birds often, but somehow there was something very peculiar about it this time, and she used the Lord's name in connection with it, too. Her voice trembled. Her words went to my heart. I looked up into her face.

I fancy I see her now as I write, standing in that door; I look under that sun-bonnet. I see those loving eyes full of tears and running over and down upon those dear cheeks. Oh, how those tears and those words went to my heart!

As I sit at a table, in Boston, writing this story, with my own eyes full of tears, I say with all my heart, "Praise God that I had a Christian mother!"

•

How I wish there were more of them to bless the boys now going to ruin. Mothers, you know not what a word spoken in time, and in the right spirit, and with love and prayer, may do for your own dear boys. It was more than I could bear. I dropped the torch-wood and the axe and fled to the mountain as fast as I could.

I wondered why I felt so, and what made me run and hide among the rocks. My feelings cannot be described. I never thought of conviction. As I remained in the mountain until meal time, I wondered all the while, "Why did mother weep?" I wondered why she used the name of the Lord.

Oh, I never had such feelings before. I trembled so I could hardly walk about the barn to feed the cattle that night. How I wished that I might not see the boys that evening. But a little after dark my cousins, Charley, Will, Kern, and Amos Cargile, four of them, called at the gate for me. I felt so weak it seemed that I should sink to the ground. I told them that I was sick and could not go.

After pleading in vain they took my torch-wood and went without me. Somehow I did not want to go, and that made me wonder, for it had been my great delight to go on such occasions. I was truly sick, but I did not know then what kind of sickness it was. But, praise God, I have learned

that the awful disease was sickness of soul because of sin.

The horrors of that night I shall never forget. No sleep for me. Still, I had no idea why I felt so. My mother's look was before me. I could not get out of sight of that lovely face or those falling tears. I could not get out of the hearing of that plaintive voice, "*My son, for the Lord's sake don't kill the poor little birds.*"

It seemed to me every moment of that night that I would have given the whole world, if I could, if my dear mother had not done and said what she did, and in the manner she did. How sorry I was that I ever looked up into her dear face at that time. It troubled me so to have her visage before me just as it appeared in the door when she uttered those words.

Finally, the long night passed away and the morning dawned; but I was miserable. I went to plow in a field some distance from home. As I was all alone, I had a good chance for reflection. All the while I wondered why mother used the Lord's name when she spoke to me. At length, about eleven o'clock that day, as I followed the plow, something seemed to whisper to me these words, "Your dear mother loves you, and wants to teach you that you are displeasing the Lord, and that you ought to be a Christian and serve the

Lord." I heard no audible voice, but such were my impressions.

I believe now it was the Holy Spirit of God. I thought, If that is true, the Lord is grieved with me and I ought to ask his forgiveness. I stopped my horse and knelt right down in the furrows to pray, for the first time that I had ever tried in my life.

I know not what I said or how long I remained on my knees, but I heard voices and sprang to my feet and started my horse a few steps to show that I was moving. Then I stopped, and looking back, I saw three other dear cousins,—Daniel, Sanders and Finley Hughes,—coming toward me. Their father was dead, and their mother had come with them on foot across the mountain to visit us for the first time. They were so anxious to see me they could not wait till noon, but came out to the field.

Oh, how sorry I was that I was on my knees. I was afraid they had seen me, and knew that I was trying to pray. But I dare not ask them if they saw me, hoping they had not.

Time went on till August, 1859, and these things followed me closely—mother's look, her voice, her tears. Oh, how they haunted me day and night! I was such a miserable sinner, life became a burden to me.

A Presbyterian minister, whose name was John H. Erwin, held a protracted meeting at Collins Spring, at which there was a mighty awakening among the unconverted. Husbands and wives, old men, young men and maidens, were at the altar of prayer together, and many of them were converted. I attended the meeting from day to day with a heavy heart. How I did want to go forward to the anxious seat and ask the prayers of the few saints there assembled. I sat hour after hour, wishing that some one would come and ask me to go forward. I lacked the courage.

Finally, my burden seemed so great that I could bear it no longer. I rose and started for the altar, where, perhaps, as many as thirty had been down praying for more than an hour. As I entered the altar enclosure the minister said to me, "Don't you want religion?" I answered, "That is just what I have started for," and fell in the straw at the anxious seat. Oh, how I could weep. I thought, "Surely the Lord will pardon my sins because of my tears." The meeting continued there a number of days, and scores were converted; but I felt worse and worse all the while.

They moved the meeting from Collins Spring to Anderson, Tenn. I followed it up, and reached the point where I could not shed a tear. This troubled me terribly, for I thought the Lord had

withdrawn his Spirit and I was doomed to be lost. I then trusted to the minister's prayers to save me, and still I grew more miserable. The meeting closed and left me, ruined, undone, lost forever! So I felt. Days seemed like months almost.

In October following, the meeting opened at Pleasant Spring, about four miles from our home in Alabama. It was fodder time with us, but with reluctance father consented for me to leave the work and attend the meeting. Here I thought that I would go forward and let the church pray for me, since my own prayer and that of the minister's had failed. I was at the anxious seat Saturday, Sunday and Monday, and grew more miserable. I was uneasy for myself, because I could not weep.

Tuesday morning, as I rode to the meeting the enemy got hold of me, and told me that my destiny was fixed, and there was no use for me to go forward any more. After debating the question I decided to give it up, and go to perdition. My feelings can never be described.

It was the custom then, as it is now in the South, for the minister, at the close of the sermon, to come down into the aisles while he delivers a warm exhortation to the unsaved to come forward to seek salvation. Those who go to the anxious seats remain there till the meeting closes. The Christians

talk to them, sing over them, and pray with and for them.

That second Tuesday morning in the month of October, 1859, I shall never forget,—the sermon over, the invitation given, the anxious ones in the altar, and the songs and prayers going up. But I sat in the audience, a poor miserable wretch, with no tears at all, but with more feeling than I have ever been able to express. My thoughts were, "What's the use for me to try any more? I have done all they told me to do, and still grow worse all the while. I am a doomed sinner."

While I pondered these things so solemnly and resolutely, a young friend, Robert Price, who had been converted at the meeting where I started, came to me and lovingly entwined his arm around my neck as he said, "John, never give it up."

I thank God that Robert felt interest enough to come and cheer me on. Just the thought that Robert Price loved me, and wanted me saved, broke my hard heart to flinders, and opened an avenue to the pent-up fountain of tears, which flowed more copiously than ever before. What strange creatures we are. I went forward again all broken down anew. It seemed that I could do nothing but weep over my wretched condition.

On my way home I rode part way with Eld. A. Templeton, of Chattanooga, who had been preaching

in the meeting, but who was now going home. As we separated at the forks of the road he shook my hand, saying so lovingly, "When you get religion write to me." As I took the last look at him in the distance I spoke the words, "Farewell forever, you are going to heaven and I am bound for hell!" I felt just what I said. I had been taught to believe in heaven and hell at death. I remembered among the last things spoken so kindly by that godly man was, "You can get religion riding along the road as well as at the mourners' bench."

I do not admire the phrase "get religion," or "mourners' bench," but those were commonplace terms then. As I uttered the words as above stated I bowed my face to the horse's mane, buried it in my hands and wept afresh. I cared not where my horse carried me. I was praying and feeling worse all the while. After having gone about a half mile after Bro. Templeton left me, I felt so miserable that I made up my mind that I could not possibly live to get home. I did not wish to die in the saddle and fall to the ground among the stones, but thought it best to dismount and die in the fence corner.

Just as I made the effort to take my foot from the stirrup the words of Paul came to my mind: "Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: Whom God



hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." Rom. 3: 24, 25. I sprang up in my saddle and spoke out, "Well, well! here I have been all these weeks trying to do what Christ did for me over eighteen hundred years ago." I thought I must do something to commend me to God's favor; but now it occurred to me that Jesus had purchased salvation *for me*, with his own blood. It was in heaven's bank for me. I believed it, and claimed it and was justified in believing it.

My terrible burden was gone. Oh, the sweet peace that filled my soul, happy, happy boy that I was. I looked at the persimmon bushes and their very leaves seemed to quiver with the love of God. I felt so blessed I looked around with amazement and joy and could only utter the word, "Well, well, well, well." I suppose I repeated that word hundreds of times. It was but a little way to the home of my Uncle Jesse Cargile. As I passed the gate he came out to inquire after the meeting. I never had seen such a face in all my life. His very countenance appeared changed, and lighted up with such brilliancy that a halo of glory seemed to adorn his face. I had stepped out of darkness into light. Into a new world, as it were.

As I rode along, rejoicing in my heart, something

said to me, "You are deceived, because you did not halloo." I thought, "Perhaps I *am* deluded and am not converted at all." This, of course, caused my ecstatic feeling to subside somewhat before I reached home, and I made up my mind to say nothing about it. But mother says she saw by my countenance before I got off the horse that I was converted. She was, no doubt, much interested, and watched me, and prayed for me, but said nothing to me.

Father was hoeing onions in the garden. I fed my horse and, going to the garden, I seized a hoe and began in the next row beside him. I was not thoroughly satisfied. My burden was gone, but doubts kept coming up in my mind. Finally, feeling that I must tell father about it and have him rejoice with me, I said, "Father, would it surprise you to hear that I had religion?" He looked very cool and replied, "It would not surprise me to hear that you *thought* you had."

Oh, dear! how his words did throw a cloud over me. I thought, "Perhaps I *am* deceived." I hoed about half a dozen more rows, and became so agitated that I threw down my hoe and ran to the mountain, where I prayed among the rocks till night. But all the while I did not feel any burden at all. I did not wish to be deceived. Father evidently said that for my good.

For two days more I was in the altar for prayer. Friday morning, as I was on my knees at the anxious seat, the minister said to me, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." (1 John 3: 14.) Looking up into his face I replied, "Why, I have done that ever since last Tuesday." Said he, "Well, that is an evidence that you are converted." I said, "Well, I will get up, then." As I rose to my seat, a young lady, one of my schoolmates, who had recently been converted, came rushing to me and said, "*Tell it, John, tell it!*" I replied, "Just wait till I know what I am telling."

Riding along with Bro. Jacoway, for my encouragement, he told me his experience. It harmonized so sweetly with my own that I became thoroughly satisfied and was happy in the Lord. I felt that for all the balance of my life this world would be a paradise for me.

I wrote to Bro. Templeton, and described my feelings as best I could. Soon a reply came which I opened in the post office, and began to read as follows:

"MY DEAR YOUNG BROTHER:—I have read and re-read your letter. How I do rejoice with you in your happy change."

Involuntarily I gave vent to my sudden emotion by sobbing aloud. I felt so ashamed that I ran

out at the back-door. When alone I read the balance of the letter, which I give for the benefit of other young people who may read it. Thirty years have passed since I saw that letter, but I can repeat it as though it were now before me. He said:

“I have no doubt but that your conversion is genuine. And now let me advise you to read your Bible much. It will do you more good than all other books. Have your time and place for secret prayer, and never neglect it. The eyes of the wicked will be always on you, but give them no chance to say a word against you. Can you do too much for Jesus who has done so much for you?”

That dear man died with the armor on, in Corsicana, Texas, and I expect to see him when the righteous dead live again. “Walk in the light as ye have the light,” is the holy command. Now I was in the light, and it shone right down to baptism, as the first step of obedience after faith. There I staggered.

We had four denominations in the country, and I knew not which one was right. Father very wisely advised me to read for myself, and let the Bible lead me. I would here admonish all who are just as I was then to delay not to be baptized, and then, if need be, settle the matter of church membership.

I know by a sad experience of six years that to neglect that duty brings only darkness, leanness of soul, and continued doubting. I united with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, because with them I was converted, but I deferred baptism. I did not enjoy religion, and could see that I did not grow spiritually. I was filled with doubts and fears all the time.

Oh, dear reader, are you standing in such a place? Let me beseech you, step right out and follow the Lord by being "*buried* with him by baptism." (Rom. 6: 4.) Of my baptism I will speak more in another chapter.

## CHAPTER III.

### CALLED TO PREACH THE GOSPEL, MARRIAGE, ETC.

I DO not believe in the old Calvinistic doctrine of fore-ordination, but that I was born to be a preacher I have no doubt. From my earliest recollection, when playing with other children, I always proposed to play "going to meeting, and let me be the preacher."

In my travels in Texas I saw a lady who went to school with my oldest sister, and she told me the following story, which I had forgotten: On a certain Saturday, she and two other young ladies came home with my sister to stay over Sunday, and have a good time in the country. My father was clearing a new ground field. The four girls, all about grown, were roaming through the stumps and logs of that field, and I skipped along after them astraddle of a long stick for a horse. That was a favorite sport for me.

One of the girls found a bright new handle of a currycomb, with a silvery looking tin button and a ring on the end of it. They tied a string to it,

and said if I would preach for them they would let me have it to tie on my stick-horse for a bell. I agreed to it. They placed me on top of a large elm stump about six feet from the ground; then they sat on the log and opened the meeting by singing. None of them were Christians, and they were all as full of fun as it is possible for romping young school girls to be. But this time they got more than they bargained for. After their song was ended I knelt on the stump and prayed. Then, standing on it, I preached to them with such earnestness that they all wept, and were ashamed of their job. While I preached for my *first salary*, they were convicted, and concluded that they had the worst end of the bargain, and were all sorry that they had made a mock of religion, by hiring me to preach in order that they might have a laugh. But they confessed that none of them felt like laughing.

I was always religiously inclined, but lacked courage. My feeble health, I presume, caused me to be very timid, and wanting in self-confidence. When I was converted, one of the first things that came upon me was a burden for lost souls. Oh, how I wanted my dear young friends saved. But I was too bashful to tell them about it. I often prayed for them. I well remember the first prayer I ever offered in public. Bro. Erwin was pastor, and two wealthy farmers were what they call in the Cumber-

land Presbyterian Church, "Ruling Elders," but they would not pray. In a meeting one day, at old Pleasant Spring, the pastor called on one of them to lead in prayer. The only response was the very handy words, "*Excuse me!*" Then he requested the other elder to lead, only to receive the same reply. He then asked me to lead in prayer.

People in the popular churches South did not pray voluntarily then, and do not now, as *our* people do. And not every one will pray, even when called on to do so. I felt then, and believe to this day, that Bro. Erwin asked me to pray simply as a burlesque. They were men of wealth and influence. I was a pale, sickly youth sixteen years old, but not larger than a ten-year-old boy ought to be. But I prayed as best as I could.

Time went on, and my burden increased with my age. I remember how I loved my school-mates, the Jacoway boys, the Tally boys, the McMahan boys and my cousins. How often I left the playground at the Collins Spring School, taught by P. G. Griffin, and went into the mountain to pray for them.

When on my knees pleading for them the impression would come upon me to talk to them, but I would speak out and answer, "Lord, I can't." I knew the Lord wanted me to preach, but I felt that I never could. I often told the Lord I had



not sense enough to preach. When the civil war broke out I left home at eighteen, and went with a picture-maker in the army to learn the business. I hoped then to wear away those terrible impressions which had followed me since my conversion, with ever-increasing weight on my heart. But instead of relief, I was daily harassed by the conviction that it was my duty to preach the gospel.

During the almost two years that I was with the army, I heard many oaths uttered, but never once without feeling that I ought to reprove those who uttered them. I went often with crowds of young men to drink lager beer, hoping to drown the impressions. It was with these associates, while stationed at Cleveland, Tenn., that I learned to smoke a cigar.

We moved our tent to Dalton, Ga., where we remained several months. Picture-makers, you know, are generally respected by the ladies. Although we were strangers and with the army, some ladies came in to get pictures, and on leaving they invited me out into the country on a certain night to "a sociable." Well, I wanted to be sociable, and so I went on foot and had an awful time finding the house. I soon found that they were preparing for a queer sociable. They began to choose partners for a reel in "Weevily Wheat" and "Killimy Cranky," and wanted me to select a partner for the "set." But I refused, saying I had only come

to be sociable, and not to dance any of those jigs. By and by they changed the programme and the ladies chose partners. Satan is pretty sharp. He knew that it would be impolite to refuse to be sociable with a lady, and I believe he set that trap for me. Sure enough, here comes a beautiful young lady, dressed in the "home-spun dress" of the song of "The Southern Girl," so popular in the South during the war.

She knew me not, but with blushing cheeks she said, "Mister, will you play with me." I had made up my mind that they should not catch me in such a trap as that, and that I would say *No* to whoever asked *me* to play with her. But the request was made, and I was so bashful that I said "*Yes*" before I had time to fix my mouth to say the other word. She seized my arm and we were soon in the circle. Taking up our line of march around the floor of that memorable log cabin, they raised the song:—

"Old sister Phebe, how merry were we  
The night we sat under that juniper-tree."

I thought, "Now that is a lie. I never saw old sister Phebe, and I never sat with her under a juniper-tree at night. Here I am singing, or trying to sing, these lies and my name on the church book at home."

Satan whispered to me, "Pshaw! nobody here knows that you are a Christian, and the folks at

home will never find out this frolic, anyway. And besides that, you know you have been burdened with impressions to preach the gospel, and here is just the place to drive those things so far from your mind that they will never bother you again." That pleased me, and I thought, "All right; anything now for peace of mind and easing of conscience."

Two or three times we marched around the room and the thought, "Nobody here knows I am a Christian," comforted me. But all of a sudden it flashed upon me, "But God knows it, and he sees me now." I shall never forget those indescribable feelings. How my heart fluttered. I really thought I felt my boot-heels turning under my feet. I said to my partner, "Will you please excuse me, for I am sick?"

I took a seat near the door, and as soon as they started around the circle again I skulked out of that house and started for Dalton, feeling meaner than I can tell. I had deceived people and had tried to deceive God. I got lost on my way to Dalton, and wandered in the woods several hours. I reached my tent about three in the morning, all tired out and miserable in spirit. As I fell upon my cot I said, "That is my last social party," and, dear reader, I have kept my word.

The "woe is me if I preach not the gospel" became heavier than ever, and I knew I never could

bear to get up before an audience and expose my ignorance, and become a laughing-stock for the world. I had been telling the Lord these five years that I had not ability enough to preach. Now I thought, in order to get rid of the burden I must be decided. So I said positively, "I will not preach, for I am not able." For a few weeks this seemed to relieve me, and I had but little thought or trouble about religion or duty.

It was in September, 1864, that I retired to my cot one night feeling as well as usual. I slept well all night, and was awakened the next morning after daylight by the singing of our pet mocking-bird on the ridge-pole of the tent. I felt perfectly well and pleasant. No pain in my body at all. But when I made an effort to arise I was as rigid as a log. I could not move hand or foot, and there was but little sense of feeling in either. I remained quiet a few moments for reflection. I tell you, they were solemn moments, too. The conflicts of the last five years passed through my brain in rapid succession, and I felt that I must own up. So I said, "*This is the Lord's work.*" I said in my distress, "O Lord, my God, you know I never can preach." Here I broke down and wept in despondency.

The boys in the gallery dressed me, fed me, and carried me to the train and I started for home. I missed connection in Chattanooga, Tenn., and had

to stop over till next day. I was carried from the train to the Crutchfield House and fed like a helpless infant, for I could not handle a knife and fork at all. The waiters undressed me and put me to bed, and next morning dressed me, fed me, and carried me to the train. For all this care and attention they charged me seven dollars. .

I reached home and lay on my back four weeks. During all this while I had no pain at all except seven boils under my left arm at the same time. I was sure of being lost if I did not preach, and I knew I had not enough ability for that, therefore I considered my doom sealed.

One afternoon on my bed I looked back over my life, and tried to recount the goodness of God to me. My heart broke down and I wept freely for the second time since the decision that brought the affliction upon me. In my anguish of soul I cried out, "O Lord, I will do anything in this world if you will help me, and let me get up from this bed." I went to sleep that night feeling perfectly resigned to the will of God, and that brought ease of mind and conscience.

A Methodist meeting was being held in Uncle Dow Robert's old house, for the army had destroyed all our churches. I had not been to meeting for over two years. Next morning after I made this pledge to the Lord I felt better. In a few days

I could walk by using *two* canes. And I hobbled along in that way two miles and a half until I came in sight of the meeting-house. When I heard the sweet singing, I halted. How natural! How blessed! But how miserable it made me feel. I turned aside among the rocks and fell on my face, for I could not kneel.

There I made my confession to the Lord, renewed my covenant, and got blessed, being justified by faith on my honest confession and solemn vow. When I reached the door of the old abandoned log hut, in McMahan's Cove, it was crowded with people. A beautiful girl, Miss Nancy Christian, of eighteen years, had been converted and was happy in the Lord; and was then embracing her father and beseeching him to give his heart to the Lord and become a Christian. We had been brought up near each other, but I had never thought of her other than as a friend. But now there was something peculiar in the sound of her happy voice. As I stood at the door looking in on the scene, I said to myself, "You are mine if I can get you."

When the meeting closed, strange to say, she came to me in the yard and said, "Mr. Cargile, will you go home with us to dinner?" I replied with joy, "Indeed, I will, madam, and glad of the opportunity." Three months from that time, on the 22d of December, 1864, at two o'clock P. M.,

she ceased to be Miss Nancy Christian and became Mrs. Nancy Cargile.

I had said that I would never marry till I made three thousand dollars. I made some money, but invested it in business in the army. While I was at home unable to turn myself in bed the Lord permitted the soldiers to destroy everything I had in Dalton, and I had only twelve dollars and fifty cents in my purse. After our marriage I spent that sum for dishes. It was war times and everything was high. I paid three dollars and a half for a set of plates such as we now buy for fifty cents; and other things were in proportion. My father gave me half a side of bacon and a half-bushel of corn meal, and with this slender outfit we launched our bark upon the sea of wedded life.

I hoped then that in my struggles to make a living I might forget the subject of preaching. I had but little education, but I began teaching, and sat up nights to study the lessons that I expected to hear my pupils recite the next day. In this way I kept ahead of my classes, and by hard work I gained the reputation of being a good teacher, and had the good will of all my students. They seem like children to me now when I meet them.

My wife and I were baptized together by Bro. Erwin, in May, 1865, she joining the church with me. When I followed the Lord in that duty which

I had neglected for six years I received light and bliss I had not known before. Now the duty of preaching became more imperative than ever before. I began to study the question of baptism. The Lord said, Be baptized; and Paul said, "We are *buried* by baptism." (Rom. 6: 4.) I saw clearly that if I preached the gospel I would have to administer immersion or burial in water, alone for baptism, and that only for adult believers.

This I could not do and remain in a church where three ways of baptizing were received as efficacious. I do not think any one should remain in a church whose doctrines and practices he cannot believe and endorse. I believe that by belonging to a church I say to the world, I believe just as this church does. And hence I must be honest and conscientious, and wear a coat that fits me in churchology. This led me to join the Primitive Baptists, in September, 1867.

I always tried to live up to the light of truth as soon as I found it out, no matter what the world said. During all this while I had not told a living being about the impressions I had to preach the gospel.

On a certain Saturday I did not go to church-meeting, but stayed at home to help my wife wash. I had been in school all the week, and she was not well and could not do it alone. In the afternoon Bro. Newton Hackworth came to see us, and said



he had come to tell me that on a motion made by Bro. McCoy, the oldest man in the church, they had voted me a license to preach. I was dumb-founded! How in the world did they ever get the idea that I could preach, when I knew myself that I could not? They wanted me to try next day. I refused, but tried to pray in the meeting.

I never believed much in dreams, but soon after this I had a remarkable one, which I call a *double* dream. Dear old Bro. Hogwood was our pastor. He lived seven miles away on top of the Cumberland Mountain, and only came every second Sunday and Saturday before. I went to bed one night terribly troubled over the work, and falling asleep I dreamed that I was bitten on the shin by a large rattlesnake. Father told me to "go to the spring and wash." I held my leg so that the stream from the spout of Sr. Holder's spring, where we got water, fell on the wound. I rubbed it awhile and straightened up. Mother stood at my back and said, "My son, you must work or perish."

This was a very forcible dream, and I awoke. After thinking it over quite a while I fell asleep again, and dreamed that Bro. Hogwood came home with us from the meeting, and that he and I were sitting in the dooryard while my wife prepared dinner, and I told him the dream of the rattlesnake just as I have related it here.

I fancy I can see him now as he sat with elbows on his knees, and whittling on a chip with his pocket knife, as he turned his face to me and said, "Don't you want me to interpret it for you?" I answered, "Yes." Said he, "That mother is the church. That serpent is Satan. The church wants you to do what the Father has for you to do, and unless you do it you will perish."

Awaking again, I was all in a tremor. I thought the matter over. It was clear as noonday. I decided that I would not tell my wife or anybody else till I should see Bro. Hogwood and tell *him* the dream, and see what he had to say.

The next meeting day, wife and I both went. The meeting closed and I heard him promise to go with Bro. Gonce. Stepping forward, I said, "Bro. Hogwood, I hoped you would go home with me to-day." At once he said, "Well, Bro. Gonce, excuse me, and I will go with Bro. John for dinner, and come to your house to-night."

It being hot weather, and we having only one room and no stove, our cooking was done in an old-fashioned fireplace. While dinner was being prepared we took chairs out in the yard on the shaded side of the house and sat talking, in the same position that we were in my dream. I asked the question just as I had done in my sleep. Whittling on a chip, with elbows on his knees, and

turning his face to me, Bro. Hogwood said, in a loving voice, "Don't you want me to inetrpret it for you?" And he repeated the identical words, with the same look and voice that I had seen and heard in the dream. I felt as though I should sink, but said nothing.

"Oh, my soul! what shall I do? I know I never can preach." These words were my burden of thought all the evening after he left. Nobody yet knew of the conflicts through which I had been passing all these years. How could I ever tell anybody that I must preach? How could I ever expose myself before an audience? I had held family prayer in father's house after I was converted, and that was an awful cross. I knew within myself I never could preach.

The last struggle I had over the matter before the Lord was in February following. It was a cloudy night and very dark. Bro. Hogwood had been sick with typhoid fever for six weeks, and we had heard that he must die. On a Monday, wife and I went to an infair, or reception dinner, of a neighbor who had been married the day before. Bro. Douthitt came there from Bro. Hogwood's house and brought us the welcome news of his improvement, and that he was able to sit at the table for his meals.

Wife being very tired, we retired early and she

fell asleep at once; but no sleep for me. I lay there praying, and, strange to say, after all those years of struggling against preaching, my prayer was, "Lord, show me my duty!" About eleven o'clock the answer came, "If you knew your duty would you do it?" I answered, "Yes, Lord, anything in this world but to preach, and you know I cannot do that." Here I was as deeply convicted as I ever had been before my conversion. Oh, it was terrible to endure. In my extreme agony of soul I cried out aloud, "Yes, Lord, anything in this world if you will help me."

Skeptics may sneer, but I know whereof I affirm when I say that immediately there was a peculiar light in the room, which seemed to concentrate over the foot of my bed; but I could see everything in the room. It was not a light like the sun, or like a lamp or candle. The best expression I can think of with which to describe it is that it was a kind of golden, mellow light. It filled the room like smoke and passed gradually away, in about an hour.

When that light burst into my room I sprang up in the bed in a sitting position. I heard no voice, but the words were sensibly impressed, as follows: "My servant Hogwood is dead, and there is a work for you to do." In amazement I spoke aloud and said, "Why, Lord, that cannot be, for Bro. Douthitt

came from his house to-day and said he was getting well." The words were repeated, "He is *dead*, and you must take his place."

I fell backward on my pillow and cried out, "O Lord! you know I never can preach. I am poor, and have no education. There is Uncle Bill Mack, he has plenty to live on, and an education, too; make him preach." Why I spoke of Uncle William McMahan I know not. I slept none that night, but thought and prayed incessantly.

Next morning I could eat but little breakfast. Wife prepared my dinner for school as usual, not knowing my struggle of mind. Looking out, she saw me at the gate saddling the horse. She asked, "Where are you going?" I answered, "I am going to see old Bro. Hogwood to-day." She said, "What about your school?" "I will go by and send the children home," said I. She said, "You had no school yesterday, and they will not like it." "Well," I said, "I have not seen him since he was sick, and I am going." She reminded me of the news by Bro. Douthitt, and tried in vain to induce me to wait till Saturday. But I felt that I must see him.

I rode that seven miles to his house in great depression of mind. An old outhouse stood in the field, some distance from the dwelling. In that I heard a hand-saw and a hammer. Riding up to the gap of the fence, I saw two carpenters at work.

I asked, "What are you doing in there?" One of them, a son-in-law, answered, "Making the old man's coffin."

Dear reader, can you imagine my feelings? He died the same hour that I saw the vision. I tumbled off the horse on to the ground by the corner of the fence, and remained there for some time. "Can I ever go to the house?" The men said it would never do for me to go back home and not go in to see the distressed family.

I ventured to the door, and when the broken-hearted wife saw me she gave vent to her grief in one heart-rending scream, as she attempted to meet me at the door. Suddenly I sank down on the step. After a time I was able to get into the house. She begged me to stay over night, and what a night that was!

Since this last vision I have never doubted my call to the ministry. I am aware that there are those who do not believe in such a call. But I have no quarrel with them. When a person tells me that he or she is not called to preach the gospel, I shall have to believe what they say about it. The reader can accept my simple story or reject it. I say, from an honest heart, it is true, nevertheless.

For the encouragement of many of my dear brethren in the ministry who are young in the

cause and who have never had such a vision, or such a revelation, I will say that if I had only yielded to the call and gone to work as you have done, I should never have received such dealings from the Lord. But I refused and rebelled till the Lord revealed to me the death of his servant, seven miles away, the selfsame hour that he died. If all the world should tell me I am not called to preach the gospel, I must be permitted to answer very kindly, "I know I am; but I am not disposed to argue the case."

If there are those preaching to-day whom God hath not called, I would advise such to quit the business and stay at home. I believe that I must preach or die. I candidly believe that, had I refused the call after that wonderful vision and revelation, I should have been in my grave long ago.

Dear reader, pray for me that I may have grace, wisdom and strength to do the work entrusted to me in this solemn calling.

## CHAPTER IV.

### FIRST EXPERIENCE IN THE MINISTRY.

THE action of the church in voting me a license to preach very naturally put me before the public as a young preacher. This was in the old Primitive Baptist Church, at the forks of Crow Creek, in Jackson County, Ala., but near Anderson station, in Tennessee. I closed my school and returned to my old home near Stevenson, Ala., and joined New Hope Church, not once thinking that it was the church where Bro. Hogwood had so long been a member before his death.

In July, 1870, I went to hear Bro. I. E. Douthitt preach at the residence of Bro. E. D. Westmoreland, near Bolivar. It was on a Thursday, but there was quite a crowd out, so that the rooms and hall were filled. Bro. Douthitt asked me to take a walk, and we went into the dooryard. Then he said, "Which would you rather do to-day, take a text and preach, and let me follow and call mourners, or let me preach, and you follow and call mourners?"



I replied at once, "I cannot do either."

He spoke very positively, but at the same time kindly, saying, "Yes, but you must do one or the other."

He had seemed like a father since my earliest acquaintance with him, and being quite old, of course I looked up to him. I thought it over as I trembled from head to foot. I knew I could not give an exhortation and call for seekers. If I went first and made a failure, I knew he would come after me and preach, and so I told him I would go first. I had not thought of a text, and had no "blazes" made. The first thought was to find a little text, so that the people would not expect a big sermon. After searching for quite a while, I found the verse, "He that is dead is freed from sin." (Rom. 6: 7.) That was the shortest one I could find; and, standing in the dooryard, I read it out as a text and made my first effort at preaching.

I do not recollect what I said or what points I made, or whether I had a point in it at all. I know I was terribly embarrassed, so that I certainly was pitied by all sympathetic people in the audience. Bro. Douthitt then spoke with such mighty power that several came forward for prayers, and the welkin resounded with the loud shouts of the Christian friends and relatives of those who had made a start.

Soon after this, a Methodist brother, Bates, and myself appointed a prayer-meeting in my father's house one night. The Lord was with us. One was converted, and the interest was so great that we concluded to hold a meeting in Edgefield school-house next day. We continued there three days, and two more were converted. There I began in earnest to preach the gospel. It was so blessed to think of souls being saved.

An incident which took place in 1865, I must not omit to mention. It was in the spring, and there had not been a meeting for quite a while, as the war had demoralized everything. An appointment was made for a certain Sunday at my father's house, and it was proclaimed as a Union meeting, where ministers of all denominations would come and work together. The very idea of such unity among God's people brought out a wonderful crowd. And, strange to say, not a single minister came. Bros. Walton and Nickolson, from the North, teachers of the freedmen, were there, and many Union soldiers were in the audience.

The people began to turn away. I felt terribly over it, and said to two young men of the Methodist Church, "This is too bad; let us have a prayer-meeting." One of them agreed to help me, but the other said, "You two go ahead; I will not take any part in it at all." He remained silent

while we did the best we could. The teachers assisted us, and the Lord blessed. I asked that young man why he refused to join us in the meeting. He replied, "Ask me six months from now and I will tell you." So far as I know, he has been in a backslidden state from that day to this.

How wonderful it is that when our work is needed most for God's cause, Satan tries hardest to have us refuse to do our duty. That day was a time when God's children were to eat the Lord's Supper and work together, and Satan had seemingly determined to have a victory there.\* That young man refused to do his duty and grew cold as a consequence, while we went forward, much agitated, and took up the awful cross and were blessed, and felt strengthened in the service of the Lord.

At the time when I moved back to Stevenson and joined New Hope Church, Bro. Samuel Beene, of Jasper, Tenn., was the pastor, or perhaps, more properly, the "pasture," and came to preach for us every fourth Sunday and Saturday before. He was familiarly known as "Uncle Sam Beene." He is living to-day, and will excuse me when I say he was, as I then thought, rather hard on me. Sometimes when we came to the desk he would speak out loudly and say, "Come, Bro. John, get up and preach us a sermon about an inch long, sweet at both ends, and sweet in the middle."

That naturally embarrassed me, and then the thought of trying to preach before such an able man as "Uncle Sam," just simply caused me to make a failure. When I sat down he arose, and, turning to me, measuring on the finger of his left hand with his right, he said, "You rascal, you did not preach that long. I will whip you next time if you don't do better." I thought that was chastisement enough. But it is his own Dutch way of doing things, and I love him as a father in the gospel.

When his year was out he did not come, and we met to call a preacher for the next year. Dear old Bro. Melton said, "I move that we ordain Bro. John, and take *him* for our pastor." I rose to object, but instantly my vision and call to the ministry passed through my mind and I realized that God was working. I had been called to take Bro. Hogwood's place, and now that would put me exactly where he lived and died. I said nothing, and took my seat again.

As Primitive Baptists never charge or expect any pay for preaching, there was no reason to fear any jealousy on the part of "Uncle Sam." He would only be too glad to be excused from a twenty-four-miles' ride. The motion was carried without a dissenting voice, and Brn. Beene and Douthitt were called to ordain me. They are two of the worthy old pillars in the Baptist Church.

On the 8th of December, 1870, with their hearts lifted to God in prayer for me while their hands rested on my unworthy head, they ordained me, and set me apart to the work of the gospel. Oh, the charge that was given me by dear Bro. Douthitt, so tenderly given, too, while he wept almost through it all. He charged me "*before God*" to *study* the Word, *preach* the Word, and *live* the Word. I knew that he meant every word he said.

I always tried to make a whole scholar, and never wanted to do things by halves, consequently his charge impressed me seriously. I knew that my knowledge of Scripture was very limited indeed, and I felt my incompetency more than ever before. I worked hard all day for food and raiment, and often burned, not the midnight oil, but between midnight and day, having burned the last twigs of dry cedar tree-tops, I have gone to bed for want of light to read by.

My custom was to plow till twilight, take my pony to the barn and feed it, and then go into the mountain and get as much dry cedar tops as I could carry to the house. I was often too tired to occupy a chair, but would sit down on the hearth with my back against the upright of the mantel-piece, which we in the South call a "jamb," to read by the light from that cedar brush. I was too saving of the brush to put more into the fire-

place at one time than was needed for a sufficient light to read by. How I longed for that true wisdom that comes through a knowledge of the Word. I thought I was a poor stick, but the brethren seemed to appreciate me.

In 1871 I taught a school in the Maxwell neighborhood, on Sand Mountain, and preached occasionally. One Sunday, at the close of an effort to preach, I gave an invitation for those to come forward who wanted salvation, and about fifteen young people came, some of whom were my students. Without consulting anybody, I told the people we would close the school and run the meeting, or rather, *let it run* a few days. On Monday some were gloriously converted, and the number of seekers increased. Tuesday morning when I came to the meeting I felt an undercurrent of opposition there.

I did not know at the time that any of my patrons were angry because I had closed the school for a few days. But one man, whose children were seekers in the meeting, was very much displeased about it. However, he came to the meeting and sat in the chimney-corner of the school-house outside. The house was built of logs, with cracks all open so that he could see the minister and hear just as well from the outside and be much more comfortable in warm weather.

When I arose in the desk on that morning to open the meeting, I expressed my feelings somewhat as follows: "The devil is mad because this meeting is going, and wants me to stop it and go ahead with my school; but, with God's help, I shall conquer him and have victory at last."

The man I speak of was unsaved, and, hearing that remark, he arose hastily, saying, "That trifling scoundrel is calling *me* the devil." He started in a hurry to go to his home, a little over a mile away. He told me afterwards that he grew more angry the more he thought of being thus exposed, till nearly home, when his thoughts changed. "Perhaps it is the devil *in* me that causes me to oppose this meeting, and if so I am doing wrong, and I will give it up." When these thoughts passed through his mind he turned and came back, deeply convicted. He found peace in accepting Christ.

I continued the meeting, and many were converted. I witnessed a remarkable scene there. A man, seventy-one years old, and his wife were in the altar of prayer together, begging for mercy, and were both converted and made to shout aloud the praises of God. Time passed on, and I worked through the week and preached Sundays, and felt that I was doing the best I could.

In April, 1871, I had, as usual, procured my load

of cedar brush, after a hard day's plowing, and after finishing my supper I hastened to my accustomed jamb beside the fireplace, and having kindled a light, began to study the Bible in obedience to my ordination charge, and because I loved the Lord and felt the need of knowledge. I opened at and began reading the second chapter of Acts. It was a wonderful manifestation of the power of the Holy Ghost there on the day of Pentecost.

Finally, I came to the 34th verse. There I paused. "Can I believe my eyes?" On goes another twig of dry cedar to make a better light. I looked again, and I read in unmistakable words: "*For David is not ascended into the heavens!*" "Can it be possible that David is not in heaven?" thought I, as I looked it over again and again. Springing to my feet, I shouted, "Oh, Nancy, come here!" My wife was in the side-room washing dishes, and hearing me call her in such an unusual tone, she rushed to the door and asked, "What in the world is the matter?"

I said, "I have found a *misprint* in my Bible." She asked, "Why, how is that?" "Why, it says here that *David is not gone to heaven*, and I know he is. Such a good man as David I know is in heaven long ago." She said, "Maybe not." I said, "Oh, I know that father's old family Bible says he is in heaven, for I have read it many a



time." I was terribly troubled over the thought of having bought me a Bible in which the printer had made such a fatal mistake.

The night was passed thinking over the awful idea of having a Bible that was wrong; sleep and rest fled from me almost the whole night. Next morning, as soon as I was through with my breakfast, I hastened over to father's. I went into his sitting-room and, seizing the dear old family Bible, I turned to Acts, the second chapter, and ran my eye down to the thirty-fourth verse and read in plain words, "For David is NOT ascended into the heavens!" What could it mean? Why had I never seen that "*not*" before? But there it was as plain to be seen as any other word in the verse. My astonishment cannot be expressed. At once I began searching to learn why other good people had gone to heaven and David, "a man after God's own heart," had been left out. Imagine my surprise when I found in John, third chapter and thirteenth verse, that "*No man* hath ascended up to heaven, but he which came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven." And that Jesus told his disciples, in John, thirteenth chapter and thirty-third verse, "Whither I go, ye cannot come."

Where are all the people of God who have died in the past? That was the next question to be studied for an answer. I soon found where David

said, in the one hundred and forty-sixth Psalm, fourth verse, that man's "breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts *perish*." Also in the fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, eighteenth verse, that except the dead should be raised, "they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are *perished*." How wonderful the idea, and yet how reasonable! There could not be a thought without a thinker first; and evidently the brain is the thinker. When that is demolished by death, how can we think again unless we are raised from the dead and the thinker restored thereby? Solomon also told me in Ecclesiastes, ninth chapter, fifth verse, that "the living know that they shall die: but the *dead* know not *anything*."

I said to my wife, "That is the plainest thing I ever saw, and I tell you I will work a revolution in that thing, certain." She said, "Maybe not so easily as you think." I told her it was so clear that I only needed to preach it, and everybody would believe it. And I felt sure they would.

The third Sunday in that month I had to preach for my old grandfather, who was then one hundred and four years old. He lived to be one hundred and eight years of age, and as long as he lived after I began to preach, I had to preach for him in his home about once in three months. This time

I was full of the new light, and of course had to preach it, because when I was ordained they charged me not only to study but to "*preach the Word.*"

There was a large crowd out; among them were dear old Bro. Castiller, a Missionary Baptist minister, and the young Methodist Bro. Bates of whom I have already spoken. I read for a text, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." (1 Pet. 1: 3.) By quoting about seventy-five passages of Scripture I thought I had established, to the satisfaction of all my hearers, the doctrine that all the dead were really and truly *dead*. When I was through I asked Bro. Castiller to close the meeting. Imagine my surprise when, with folded arms and a determined expression on his face, he shook his head slowly and said, in a very positive voice, "*No, sir!*" I had never met a cold shoulder before, and it fell like a wet blanket on me. I then said, "Bro. Bates, will you?" He sang a hymn and prayed, but made no further remark.

As soon as the benediction was pronounced Bro. Castiller came to me where I stood by the table, and waved his fist over my head as he said, "Where is Moses, sir?" I answered, "I don't

know where he is." I was young in the cause and was not at all posted as to Moses' case. Said he, "Well, sir, he is in *heaven*, for God *says so!*"

I had to walk home across a spur of the Cumberland Mountain, about two miles, alone. During that journey Satan tackled me in dead earnest. Doubtless he thought it best to nip the doctrine in the bud if possible. He impressed my mind with these thoughts, "Now don't you think you've done something smart? You stood up before that intelligent audience and told them nobody had died and gone to heaven, and now there is Bro. Castiller, who knows more in a minute than you ever will know, and he says Moses is in heaven long ago." Oh, what a struggle I had on the way. I almost wished the earth would open and swallow me.

Before night, as I afterward heard, the news spread over the community that I was deranged. Bro. Bates told me, that as he rode home from that meeting in company with others, he heard a man say to his wife, "Well, John is crazy." She replied, "I don't think so, for he don't talk like a crazy man." Her husband answered, "No man in his senses can quote as much Scripture as John did to-day."

I went home and, taking my Concordance and Bible, I soon found what had become of Moses. He "died in the land of Moab, . . . and he [God]

buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." (Deut. 34: 5, 6.) I learned also that Michael, the archangel, and the devil had a dispute about the body of Moses; so I thought it useless for *us* to wrangle about it. I said to my wife, "I will never believe what another man says unless I see it in the Bible, for Bro. Castiller said that Moses had gone to heaven, when I find it in the Bible that Moses *died*, and God buried him, and no man knoweth of his sepulchre to this day."

The Adventists, or their doctrine, were unknown, and people called my views "the Cargile heresy." My name spread rapidly over the country on account of the new doctrine. I began to receive calls from places where I had no idea I was known or even heard of.

I was teaching school at home at \$50 per month, and when the calls came I could not refuse. Consequently I gave up the school and went far and near to answer the Macedonian cry, knowing that the Primitive Baptists did not believe in paying a preacher; but still the message was like fire in my bones, and I went forth, leaving no bridges behind for a retreat.

The first Sunday in November, 1871, Bro. John Polk, a Methodist minister, and I had a joint ap-

pointment on Island Creek, across the Tennessee River. Eld. J. J. Smith, a Missionary Baptist, whom I had met some time before, was at the meeting, and we three ministers went to Mr. Ephraim Gross' for dinner. The Primitives to which I belonged were called "Hardshells," "Iron Jack-ets," "Selfish," etc. I suppose it was because of a suspicion that I was as narrow in my religion as my sect was thought to be, that Bro. Smith preferred to talk to the Methodist preacher alone.

After a private interview they returned to where Esquire Gross and myself were sitting on the porch. Bro. Polk said, "Bro. Cargile, a man and woman are up in Tennessee with a tent, preaching, and if they are invited they will come to our place and preach. But if I invite them, and they come and run up a big tent and the people ask, 'Who did this?' the answer will be, 'John Polk,' and I can't bear it alone; but if *you* will join me, *we* will say, 'Come.'"<sup>2</sup> I said, "Well, I don't know about that. What do they preach?" He answered, "Bro. Smith has been up and heard them, and he can tell you."

Bro. Smith then told me that they preached a live, holy gospel, and heart purity, entire consecration, etc. I then said, "Well, Bro. Polk, you need not have your name in it; but, Bro. Smith, you can tell them I say, '*Come.*'" To my aston-

ishment, in a very few days after this, I received a card from a man, signing his name Hezekiah Davis, telling me to prepare so many stakes of such and such lengths, and to meet him with conveyance on such a day.

My father took an ox team for the tent. I took a pony and side-saddle for the woman, who was introduced to me as "Mrs. Hastings, of Boston."

As I had to go away to my meetings that day, I went with them to my father's, where they had a welcome. I returned in the afternoon and found preparations being made to raise the tent. Bro. Davis wore a checked flannel shirt and little blue quilted hat, and, with coat off and sleeves rolled up, he was using a heavy sledge manfully, driving stakes and fixing poles and ropes to raise the domestic meeting-house. It was something new in that country, and crowds stood by looking on. As I came on to the ground I heard one man say to another, "Is that the preacher?" alluding to Bro. Davis. The other answered, "No, that is an Irishman that Mrs. Hastings has along to wait on her." I was amused, and told them that I guessed he was one of the preachers. They decided that they should like to hear a man preach that would work that way.

The tent was up and meetings begun Saturday afternoon. I felt somewhat peculiar about it. I

omitted my own meeting for Sunday, which grieved some of my brethren. I did not know what those people were, or what they believed, but it was something new to have a woman preacher, and I wanted to hear. They kindly invited me to take part in the meetings, but I refused, and took my seat in the back of the tent. They were "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves," for they preached twice a day from Saturday till Wednesday without alluding to the doctrines. They preached a converting and transforming gospel. The people liked it. I had been converted, and I believed "once in grace," never more out, and so I did not see the need of being so very particular about an exact life.

Wednesday afternoon, Sr. Hastings preached on Spiritualism. She showed it up in its true light, as the doctrine of the devil, but she never said a word about any other doctrine being its foundation. When she had finished, Bro. Davis rose in the desk and said, "I cannot forbear one remark. Spiritualism is built on the supposition that the soul of man is *immortal*. Not one word in all God's Bible says so."

I was still in the rear of the tent, and had taken no part in the meetings. I thought I stood alone in the world in regard to the sleep of the dead. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when



they thrilled me like a shock of electricity. I sprang to my feet involuntarily, and started for the desk as fast as I could through the dense crowd. As I went, I said, at the top of my voice, "Praise God, another man has the truth. Brother, God wants me to talk now." Bro. Davis stepped out of that pulpit instantly, and as he went he said, "God help you, brother." If God ever did help a poor boy he helped me then. In less than fifteen minutes many were in tears. Fourteen came trembling into the altar crying for mercy.

A Methodist minister, who is to-day one of my bitterest persecutors, prayed a wonderful prayer. He thanked God for a "Benjamin's mess." I wish he had obtained it, for it would have kept him sweet till now.

The news spread rapidly that "Cargile's doctrine is a rotten Northern heresy." That of course was a terrible stigma in our country at that time, just after the close of the war. But stigma or not, my joy was inexpressible. The thought that I was not alone, but that there were many others of like precious faith in the North, cheered my heart wonderfully. I had adopted the doctrine that the dead were unconscious; but, strange as it seems to me now, I still believed in the eternal torment of the finally impenitent, and that I was in the kingdom.

That was a grand meeting. People came from a distance of thirty miles to hear the "woman preacher." Dear Bro. Davis and Sr. Hastings may ever praise God for the day when his Holy Spirit urged them to "go South." During their meeting at our place they gave me light on the kingdom and the coming of the Lord. I still clung tenaciously to the doctrine of eternal torment, and asked Bro. Davis to preach on that subject for my own satisfaction. He replied, "I don't feel it my duty."

They left our place and went to Carpenter, to begin meetings in a school-house, for the tent was wet and could not be taken down, so they left it to dry.

After they had gone I became restless. I said to my wife, "I am going up to Carpenter and stay till that man agrees to preach on the destiny of the wicked." "Yes, and people will say that you followed those Advents off," was her reply. I said, "I don't care what people say; I want the truth, and I am willing to receive it from anybody." She said if I was determined to go, that she would accompany me, and we could both hear them preach. That pleased me wonderfully. Bro. Davis came back to get the tent the same day that we went. Our trains passed each other on the way.

We found Sr. Hastings alone with the meeting. I helped her that night all I could. Oh, how God did use that dear woman among that people. I heard a very wealthy man say, after she had preached, "Gentlemen, something is going to happen. This is the forerunner of it. There will come a famine, pestilence, or the end of the world. No weak, sickly-looking woman like that could preach as she does unless there was something behind it."

Next morning when Bro. Davis returned I said to him, "Now, my brother, I am satisfied on everything but the destiny of the wicked, and I have followed you up to hear you on that, and I mean to stay till you preach on it." He bowed his head awhile, as if in deep meditation, and I presume he prayed, too. After several minutes he said, "Well, the Lord help me." He took for a text, "What shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?" (1 Pet. 4: 17.) What an array of proof texts he did produce!

Before he was half through I began in my very heart to thank God that he was not such an awful tyrant as to create intelligent beings of his own will, and then take a pleasure in seeing them roll forever in the literal flames of an eternal fire. How wonderfully my views of God were changed from a terrible tyrant to that of a kind, loving and mer-

ciful Father. As soon as the sermon was over I gave him my hand, saying, "*I am an Adventist!*"

And, dear reader, I love that name still. It bespeaks a people looking for the Lord and depending wholly on that event for salvation. It was in these meetings that I became better acquainted with Eld. J. J. Smith, of whom I shall have occasion to speak more in succeeding chapters. Perhaps I may be able to insert a link in this chain from his own pen. In after years Bro. Davis told me of a conversation between Sr. Hastings and himself, on the cars, as they left our section of the country. She said, "How good it is that we were led to go to Alabama, to lead that promising young Baptist preacher out into the whole truth." This is about what she said in substance as he related it to me. He replied, "You are badly deceived in that young, red-whiskered preacher. You will find out after we are gone that he will be one of our worst enemies."

I only give the substance, as I do not remember his exact words. He thought because I had red whiskers and a florid complexion that I must be wanting in firmness and "*stickability*." He may be right regarding my make-up in many things. But in reference to God's eternal truth, no man can afford to vacillate. I have an affectionate, sympathetic nature, which may be more or less

wrought upon, but when it comes to God's truth I am as firm as a rock. I confess I am not brave enough to shun the truth, neglect to investigate impartially, or handle the word of God deceitfully, and risk the consequences of the coming judgment.

## CHAPTER V.

### FURTHER EXPERIENCES—CHURCH TRIALS—JOINING THE ADVENTISTS—EXCLUSION FROM THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

THE year 1869 was a very unfortunate one for me. My wife had been sick most of the time, and having to look after her and two children, I had but little time to work on my farm. The land was poor, anyway, but then it was a year during which we had but little rain, and my crops were almost an entire failure.

What a terrible trial I had! I was in poor health, and not able to hire myself out to do a decent day's work. A heavy doctor's bill to pay and my family to feed and clothe, made the future as dark as the cloud was to King Pharaoh. I had started in life resolved to pay all my debts, and now the devil tried me sorely. "You would better think no more about preaching, but go to work for money to pay your bills and support your family."

In the early spring of 1870, the last of my past year's crop was consumed, and I could not tell which way to turn. I prayed over it day and

night. I knew the Lord called me to preach, and now if I don't pay my bills my reputation will be such that nobody will want to hear me preach. Added to this was the thought of my loved ones being in want. One night I wept upon my pillow, and the burden of my cry was, "O Lord, open the way for me to pay my debts and live, and thus save the cause from reproach."

I know not how long I prayed. It was terribly dark. I was that night staying at my father's. As I prayed the dear Lord appeared to me in vision. He seemed to linger just above my bed, and his lovely face was so bright and pleasant. I have seen him three times in vision when I was wide awake, praying, and once in my dream while asleep. He is the same lovely personage every time, and I believe when he comes in the clouds of heaven I will recognize him. This time of which I speak he said not a word. I began to plead with him more earnestly for an answer to my prayer. He looked on me, and oh, how tenderly he greeted me with the most winning smile I ever saw. How it filled my soul with glory, and thrilled every fibre of my being with joy unspeakable. I sprang to a sitting posture in the bed, and with both hands uplifted to him, I shouted aloud, "Blessed be thy holy name forever!" He slowly disappeared from my view, smiling all the while.

What a happy night I passed in that little "upper room" in the dear old brick house. I told my wife next day that the Lord had assured me that I would come out all right, and from that day I felt no more concern about my debts.

A few weeks passed, and I went to Scottsboro, Ala., at the time the Circuit Court was being held. I was standing about midway of the court-room, which was closely packed. Hon. David Tate was Judge of the Probate Court. He is a devoted Christian of the Methodist Church, and I was a Baptist preacher. Coming into the court-room, he pushed his way to me. He touched my shoulder, causing me to look at him, then nodded and walked out. I followed close at his heels. When around the corner of the court-house he said to me, "Don't you want a job?" I replied, "Yes, I am in debt and want to get into something to make money honestly, so that I can pay my debts." He stood a few moments and then answered, "The census is to be taken this year. You could do that, could you not?" I said, "Yes, I always accomplish whatever I undertake; but I did not know it was time to take it." He told me that he had it in his power to recommend the enumerators for our county, and felt it his duty to have me appointed one of them. I thanked him and returned home.

In due time I received my commission from



headquarters, and did the work, going part of the time on foot till the crops were finished. Then my brother-in-law kindly loaned me his horse. In three months I took the census in one-fourth of the county, for which I received three hundred and fifteen dollars. I had sufficient money to pay all my debts and buy family supplies for the year to come.

All this I considered the Lord's work in answer to prayer. We need to be well acquainted with the Lord and live in the sphere provided for us, and then when we knock at heaven's door, we invariably find a way opened for us,—sometimes in a way we had not thought of. God can always be depended upon by his people. I do not wonder that infidels and skeptics deride and vilify such things, but the reason evidently is because they are not acquainted with our precious Jesus and his merciful, loving Father.

While taking the census I preached nights and Sundays as the way opened. One day my father, seeing that I kept on *trying* to preach, said to me, "John, are you going to try to preach?" He had called me into his sitting-room, where we were alone. I said, "Yes, father, it looks as though I shall have to, for I cannot be satisfied without it." He was a plain, matter-of-fact man, and always spoke his mind. Looking me in the face very

seriously, he said, "Why, *you* never can preach." I asked him, "Why not?" Imagine my feelings, if you can, when he spoke very positively, saying, "There are two reasons: in the first place, you've not ability enough; and, in the second, you would die of consumption. Why, just think about it, you can't hoe, or chop half a day without your lungs bleeding frightfully." That indeed was cold comfort. But, live or die, it was a settled fact with me now that I must preach, and I kept on trying.

Onè Sunday morning soon after I was ordained I baptized my first candidate on short notice. There were two preachers in the colored Baptist Church in town. One of them aspired to be the pastor, but the church elected the other, whose name was Samuel Smith. The aspirant claimed that Bro. Smith's baptism could not be proven to have been by a Baptist, as he was baptized before the war, and belonged to a church with his owner in another State. To settle the matter, a committee of his brethren came with him and he demanded baptism at my hands, and I baptized him.

In July, 1872, I had a two days' debate with Bro. Jones, of the Christian Church, on the subject of the kingdom and the nature of man. As an evidence of my success, I baptized six persons before I left, and took them into the Baptist Church,

although I was contending for the same views I now hold. As another proof of victory on my side, Bro. Allison informed me that they did not consider Bro. Jones a representative man, and he proposed to meet me in discussion himself.

That was my first debate, held where Shilo Church now stands, on Sand Mountain, in Dekalk Co., Ala. I told Bro Allison that I was not able to meet him. Soon he wrote me, urging the debate. I replied, that he had the advantage of me in age, experience and education, and that I was afraid to meet him. By and by he came to my house and challenged me again.

I could not refuse any more. We met at Anderson, Tenn., in February, and spent four days in a lively debate. He afterward sold his farm and left the country, and I heard that he was preaching the same things that I defended in the discussions. I do not know that this is true, but I hope it is.

I belonged to the Sequatchie Association, which met at Carpenter, Ala., in 1872, and at that meeting Bro. Lancaster and myself disagreed. Then I went to Fairfield, Tenn., to the meeting of Elk River Association. There Dr. Fain, of Nashville, proposed to tear me up and make me over again. I told him if he thought he could make me any better, he could pitch in when it suited him. These things

were scattered among the brethren at those two annual gatherings, and carried in every direction. We heard that Mud Creek Association had appointed a committee of five to visit us at the next meeting of Sequatchie Association to inquire into the nature of the "Cargile heresy."

Uncle Sam Beene was Moderator of the Association, and he came to my house and said that without an investigation previously the Association would be unable to answer any questions; and now, said he, "I propose that we call a special meeting and invite that Mud Creek committee to be present, and that you preach a sermon on every point whereon we differ, and let me criticize you." I said, "Then will you let me reply to your criticism?" He replied, "Yes; and you can have as much time as you want." That pleased me wonderfully. I had told my brethren at New Hope and Salem Churches that trouble was coming, and that they had better lay me aside and call somebody else to preach for them. The first time I mentioned it, they said, "We will hear you before we pass judgment." After they had heard me nearly six months more I spoke to them again about it; and they said, "We will consult and give you an answer to-morrow."

Next morning two deacons met me at Salem and said, "We have decided that you preach the truth,

and we are going to stick to you." New Hope said the same in Conference. I told them the fire was coming to try their souls. They said, "Let it come; we will stand." I felt blessed indeed to have two churches stand with me in defense of truth.

The time for the trial was set for New Hope Church in February, 1873. We met according to arrangement. A wonderful audience was present, among them about one hundred Primitive Baptists, and one Dr. R. Newton, an educated Frenchman, a dentist, and a Missionary Baptist preacher of reputed ability. Uncle Sam Beene requested the celebrated D. D. to criticise me on trial, but he refused, saying, he was only there to listen. I called for the charge against me, and learned that I was accused of "preaching doctrines contrary to Baptist usage." I said, "Brethren, I plead guilty; but if you say contrary to God's Word, we are here to see about it." The trial lasted three days, and, as the people said, "John and Uncle Sam had it hot and heavy." But I am glad to say it was all sweet and lovely. At the close of the discussion I asked all Baptists present who could not fellowship me in the Association to rise. Only five arose, and none of these were members of my churches or Association. But as visitors they could cause trouble. I then said, "I now declare myself no longer a Bap-

tist, and when your Association meets you won't have Cargile or his doctrine to bother you."

My New Hope and Salem brethren wept as though their hearts were broken; but having all confidence in their firmness to make their words true, I expected, of course, that our separation would be of short duration. But what think you, dear reader? They went back like a gopher going into his hole. Only a few of them ever came over to the truths that I love so well.

Bro. Hezekiah Davis was South at the time, having stayed three months over his expected time to be with me at the trial. The next week after my trial was over, Dr. Newton began a reviewal of my sermons in a series of six lectures. I pleaded in vain for a division of time. But I took notes and published my reply in a pamphlet of thirty-six pages. I sent him three copies of it. He afterward stopped over night with me, and I asked him what he thought of it. He replied, "Oh, well, I reckon they did not use up all the type." I told him there was plenty of type left, and he could crack his whip when he got ready; I only asked him to send me a copy, and he would surely hear from me again. But he never made the effort.

By the assistance of Eld. I. C. Wellcome, of Yarmouth, Me., I have been enabled to scatter

several thousands of the little pamphlet, which I called *Truth and Error Contrasted*. I give it with an introduction, mostly from a secular paper whose editor was a Missionary Baptist. It is as follows:

### INTRODUCTION.

The following pages would never have been written had the writer been permitted to reply to the assaults made by Eld. Newton, who was present at the trial for preaching heresy, and was requested to criticise the sermons of the writer, but refused to do so. And after taking notes till the trial was over, then attempted to tear down the truth and leave without allowing me a chance to defend it.

We took notes of his sermons and requested the privilege to reply, which was not granted, and for the good of the cause of God's truth, which we love in its purity, we offer this little work to those who heard Dr. Newton, and any other searchers after truth into whose hands it may fall, and not to "idiots who cannot, and bigots who will not think" for themselves.

The following article, clipped from the Stevenson (Ala.) *New Era*, will give the reader some idea of the trials we have undergone for the sake of God's truth:

"Shortly after the war a ripple of excitement blew over the religious waters in this section, caused by some religious tracts circulating, which pro-

claimed the speedy coming of the Saviour to earth. Soon after this Adventism began to be preached. A worthy Baptist minister, Rev. J. J. Smith, being among its earliest advocates, obtaining thereby the title of 'Prophet Smith.' The dreams of Daniel and the mysteries of the Book of Revelation were simplified and explained to a nicety. Tracts almost innumerable, and religious papers, edited by brilliant and emphatic rhetoricians, well versed in the Scriptures, were in every household; some clearly proving the Pope to be the antichrist. The interest ebbed and flowed, sometimes almost flowing out of sight or mention.

"About a year ago Rev. Hezekiah Davis came, with a lady preacher, Mrs. Hattie B. Hastings, who revived things wonderfully. Coming as they did, with a large tent, called Bethel, in which they preached and distributed tracts and papers to all, black and white, they drew crowds; and then, too, they came from the mother of righteous wisdom—Massachusetts, even from her most promising daughter, Boston. They gave prominence to doctrines which had heretofore crept along with Adventism almost concealed, as it were. These doctrines were the 'non-immortality of the soul,' 'soul-sleeping,' and the 'non-eternity of the punishment of the wicked.' Despite bad weather they drew crowds. After them came Rev. William Sheldon, of Wisconsin, who was many heads and shoulders above his predecessors. He was a scholar as well as an orator, and a man of decided ability.

"Recently, Rev. John A. Cargile, native Ala-



bamian, a worthy son of a worthy farmer of Jackson County, became a prominent proclaimer of these doctrines, having two debates with different ministers, and finally withdrawing from the fellowship of the Primitive Baptist Church. Last Saturday, according to announcement, Rev. Dr. Newton, of Bledsoe Co., Tenn., began at Bolivar to deliver a series of lectures, critically examining these latter doctrines. He spoke to crowded houses each time. His effort on Sunday was forcible, vehement, and sweeping, taking each proposition and driving it to its ending—materialism, and withering it with scriptural scorn, occasionally rounding up with ridicule, rather irreverential. The crowd was more than an average congregation in intelligence and in the attention they gave. His lectures ended Sunday night. Many are yet unshaken in their new belief, and various opinions were expressed, such as: ‘Oh, but didn’t he score ‘em!’ ‘He’s too old for John.’ ‘Well, he tore things up considerably.’ Others: ‘Now he thinks he knows it all.’ ‘Why don’t he show it from the Bible?’ ‘He didn’t move John at all.’ The John referred to is Rev. John A. Cargile, who wanted time divided, and who will probably review his reviewer some day.”

The same editor in another note says:

“A few Sundays ago, in fact, the Sunday on which Dr. Newton preached at New Hope Church, near Boliver, old Father Douthitt called the church together in Conference to consider the case of their late pastor, Rev. John A. Cargile. Ten members were present in the Conference. A Bro. Stewart

moved that Bro. Cargile's withdrawal be recognized by the Conference. After a speech by Father Douthitt this motion was changed to a vote of expulsion, and Rev. Cargile was expelled, six voting in favor of the motion and four declining to vote. Mr. Cargile was, at the time of expulsion, a member and pastor of a church near Ooltewah, East Tennessee."

In consideration of these facts the author offers the following review to the public, hoping thereby to defend the truth and glorify God.

J. A. CARGILE.

*Stevenson, Ala., July 21, 1873.*

## TRUTH AND ERROR CONTRASTED.

### SERMON I.

On the fourth Sabbath in February, 1873, at two o'clock, P. M., and immediately after the close of the investigation of the author's views by the Baptist Church at New Hope, near Stevenson, Ala., Eld. Newton said:

1. "We should be careful about the application of language, and especially in the Bible, where the same word has often different meanings. I would recommend that all Bible students study some good work on the rules of language. The best that I know at present is *Horne's Introduction to the Rules of Language and Biblical Interpretation*. Then we shall be prepared to understand the language of the Bible."

*Reply.*—We would feel sad indeed could we believe that “words in the Bible have so many different meanings,” for when we approach our fellow-men and ask their views on a single passage, doubtless twenty men would have as many opinions, and if words in the Bible have so many different meanings, they would probably all be right, each one having given one of the meanings. Then why exhort God’s children to “be of one mind”? And what will *poor* men like the writer, and many others do, who are unable to distinguish between a right definition and a wrong one? When so many men give their own *opinions* and differ so widely, what shall we do but conclude that God’s Word is sealed, or else take the position that there is no ambiguity in the Scriptures, that the Bible is God’s *revealed* will to man, which we are commanded to search? The latter, we think, is the more reasonable, from the fact that Eld. Newton, or any one else, notwithstanding their having studied *Horne’s Introduction*, is unable to explain what God has not revealed to us. Then we take the Word as it stands, except in parables and allegories.

II. Eld. Newton said, on Matt. 10: 28:

- “‘And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to *kill the soul*.’ Man may kill the body, but the *spirit cannot be killed*, for God here declares that man is not able to kill it.”

*Reply.*—It may be true, that man is not able to kill the soul here alluded to, but let us finish the verse: “But rather fear him which is able to destroy both *soul and body* in hell.” Since it is clear that anything immortal is not susceptible of changing, it follows as a matter of course that it is indestructible, which cannot be true of the soul here spoken of, for the emphatic declaration is to “fear him which is able to destroy” it. Hence it follows that if God can destroy the soul, it is not immortal. And we would ask, Why confound the word soul and spirit? for we know they do not mean the same thing, which our Bro. Newton ought to know, for he is a man of “much learning.” We here give the reading of the *Emphatic Diaglott*, a word for word translation: “Be not afraid of those who kill the body, but cannot destroy the [future] life, but rather fear him who can utterly destroy both life and body in *gehenna* [hell].” Thus we see not a word said about the immortality of the soul.

III. “The Advent friends say that the immortality of the soul is not taught in the Bible; we admit it. Neither is the existence of God taught in the Bible—not one argument in the whole Bible that God exists.”

*Reply.*—We feel thankful to hear our brother admit that the immortality of the soul is not taught in the Bible, which is the great reason we urge for

rejecting the doctrine. Now if we can prove by the Bible the existence of God, will the venerable D. D. still claim it is not taught there? Let us see: Isa. 45: 22, "*I am God, and there is none else.*" Also, Isa. 46: 9, "Remember the former things of old: for *I am* God, and there is *none else*; *I am* God, and there is none like *me.*" See again, Hos. 11: 9, "For *I am* God, and *not* man." Mark 12: 32, "*There is one God.*" We might add many more passages plainly teaching that God exists. Show us one passage in the whole Bible teaching as plainly the immortality of the soul, and we promise to yield the point. But we have no fear of any one doing so, for we know the words *immortal* soul, *never-dying* soul, *disembodied* soul, appear in the whole Bible—not one time.

IV. "The soul is made in the image and likeness of God, and on the rational soul of man God stamped his image."

*Reply.*—Let us see how these assertions agree with God's Word: "And God said let us make man in our image, after our likeness." (Gen. 1: 26.) What was it God desired to make in his own "image" and "likeness"? Inspiration answers, *The man*: "And the Lord God formed *man* of the *dust* of the *ground.*" (Gen. 2: 7.) The very being God wanted to bear his image he formed "of the *dust* of the *ground.*" Are immor-

tal souls made of dust? If so, they return to dust again. Please note the contrast: Eld. Newton says, "the *soul* of man is made in the image of God," but God says he made the "*man* in his own image," and that, too, "of the *dust* of the *ground*." How clear!

V. "The doctrine of immortality cannot be defaced. We know that no man has it in the highest sense like God himself, but it is a part of every man's conscience that he survives the stroke of death. My Bro. Cargile said, on his trial here, that the Egyptians first taught the immortality of the soul, but he is very much mistaken. The Patriarchs *first* taught it, and the Egyptians perverted it."

*Reply.*—If the immortality of the soul is a Bible doctrine there is no danger of defacing it, but if it is one of the "doctrines" or "commandments of men" it *must* fall before the power of God's truth. We have searched diligently for it in the Scriptures, but failed to find it. Hence, we are forced to conclude, it is "of men." It will never do to follow conscience only so far as it leads in harmony with the Bible, for the Egyptian knew nothing of the Bible, and his conscience led him to believe "that on the dissolution of the body the soul entered some other animal." (*Query*, Did *his* conscience lead him correctly?) While we challenge Dr. Newton to prove by *one* passage in the Bible that the Patriarchs first taught it, we here

give a few extracts from ancient writers to prove that the Egyptians *did* first teach the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Herodotus, who flourished as a writer about five hundred years before Christ, says: "The Egyptians are *the first of mankind* who have defended the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. They [the Egyptians] believed that on the dissolution of the body the soul entered some other animal, and in harmony with that faith they regarded as sacred and objects of worship, cats, dogs, rats, and crocodiles, because they supposed them to be receptacles of immortal souls. And if a house was on fire the father of a family would take more pains to save a cat than his wife and children." See where conscience led them in the absence of divine truth upon which to predicate their faith. Bunsen says: "The Egyptians were the first who taught the immortality of the soul, a fact mentioned by all Greek writers from Herodotus down to Aristotle."

We think enough has been given to show that the Egyptians did first teach it, and we are willing to leave the *candid* reader to settle his faith on the testimony given above. We cannot see on the bare word of Eld. Newton how there can be degrees of immortality so as to enable God and man to possess it in highest or lowest senses. Therefore we are forced to believe Paul, who, when

speaking of Christ, says, "Who *only hath* immortality." (1 Tim. 6: 16.)

VI. "The Advent friends will have an up-hill business to prove that the dead are unconscious, and they will not accomplish much by the effort."

*Reply.*—If the unconscious state of the dead is a *Bible truth* it will not be hard to establish the fact. Let us see if the Bible will sustain the doctrine that "the dead know not anything": "For the living know that they shall die: but the *dead* know not anything. . . . Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is *now perished*." (Eccl. 9: 5, 6. Also verse 10: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Why? Answer: "For there is no *work*, nor *device*, nor *knowledge*, nor *wisdom*, in the grave [*sheol—hades*—the receptacle of the dead], whither thou goest." What can be plainer than this. Solomon would admonish to active duty while we live, assuring us that in *death* nothing *can* be known. He also says that in death "that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath [spirit or element of life]; so that [in death] a man hath *no pre-eminence* above a beast." (Eccl. 3: 19.) It seems to us that, after reading such positive declarations of the wise man, no one should



doubt the unconscious state of the dead. But we will refer the reader to a few more of the many passages on this point, praying that the diligent searcher for truth may investigate and come to the "light," and live rejoicing in "hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers." (See Acts 26: 6.) Please examine closely the following texts: Job 14: 10, 12; 17: 13-16; Psa. 6: 5; 104: 29; 115: 17, and 146: 4. If the Bible is to be received as a lawful witness on this point, it is no "up-hill business" to prove our position. But we think that Eld. Newton, or any one else, will not find it an easy matter to prove the contrary in the face of so much Bible truth.

VII. "The word *hades* means the unknown; we know nothing about what it is, or where it is, or what it contains. We have no revelation of it whatever."

*Reply.*—Then why make so much ado about its being a place of torment? We sincerely hope our venerable brother will not pervert the definition he has given us of *hades*; it will save him much useless "quibbling" when we come to the subject of future punishment.

VIII. "Paul plainly taught the immortality of the soul, and the conscious state of the dead, by his language in 2 Cor. 5: 6-8, 'Therefore we are always confident, knowing that whilst we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord. . . . We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be

absent from the *body* and *present* with the Lord.' It must be a *daring man* who will openly declare the soul *not* immortal after reading Paul's testimony on this point. I wonder how the Advent friends would crawl around this point?"

*Reply.*—If Paul meant to teach the immortality of the soul by these verses quoted by Eld. Newton, he surely will tell us so in the context. Let us carefully read him and learn whether he agrees with Eld. Newton or with the "daring man" who opposes him. Begin at verse 1: "For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal (not *eternally*, as some say) in the heavens." Paul, why do you tell us this? Answer: "For in *this* we groan, *earnestly* desiring to be clothed upon." Why, Paul? Answer: "That mortality (not immortality) might be swallowed up of *life*." Paul did not wish to be "unclothed," lest he be found naked. "Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the (mortal) body we are absent from the Lord. (For we walk by faith, not by sight.) We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the (mortal) body, and present with the Lord (in immortality)." But when did Paul expect to be "clothed upon" with his "house which is from heaven"? For he says he did not desire to be

“unclothed.” Let him answer for himself, for he is capable, being expert in all the doctrines of Christ. “For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure [death] is at hand. . . . Henceforth [from the time I am offered] there is *laid up* for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me (not at the time I am offered, but) *at that day*.” (2 Tim. 4: 6–8.) “For ye are dead [subject to death] and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life shall *appear*, *then* shall ye also appear *with* him in glory.” (Col. 3: 3, 4.) Being then clothed with our house from heaven—immortality. “For our conversation [citizenship] is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. Who shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body.” (Phil. 3: 20, 21.) “For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so [in like manner—in immortality] them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. . . . For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven, . . . the dead in Christ shall rise first. *Then* we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together *with* them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord.” (1 Thess. 4: 14–17.) *Then*, and not till then, did Paul expect to be present with the Lord. “For

if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised. . . . Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are *perished*. If in this life *only* we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." (1 Cor. 15: 16, 18, 19.) "But godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to *come*." (1 Tim. 4: 8.) Paul looked for his house or crown of immortality, "at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised *incorruptible*, and *we* shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on *incorruption*, and this mortal must put on *immortality*. So when this corruptible [earthly house] shall have put on *incorruption*, and this mortal shall have put on *immortality*, *then* shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is *swallowed up in victory*." (1 Cor. 15: 52-54.) So we see that a man has only to be "daring" enough to preach an *unpopular truth* to show that Eld. Newton's position on this point is derived from "vain philosophy and the *traditions of men*, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. (Col. 2: 8.)

IX. "Unless the spirit lives there can be no resurrection from death."

*Reply.*—This is strange theology, indeed, to

teach that a man must continue to live in order to *re*live. "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die." (1 Cor. 15: 36.) This is the way Paul met his opponents on this point. We cannot see how there can be a resurrection or *re*living without a death first. Christ is "the [cause of the] resurrection and the life." Isaiah says, "Thy *dead* men shall live." (Isa. 26: 19.) "Dead men," not something which never did or could die!

X. "Again we find Paul teaching that he possessed an '*inner man*,' which could live independent of the body, in 2 Cor. 12: 2, 3: 'I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I cannot tell, or whether out of the body, I cannot tell); such a one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man (whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) how that he was caught up to paradise, and heard unspeakable things, which it is not lawful for a man to utter.'"

*Reply.*—Paul is so far from teaching that we possess an entity which can live independent of the body, that even here in this case, he says he will come to *visions* and revelations of God. (See verse 1.) Paul then was in a *vision*, and for a time was caught up to paradise. There he saw things not lawful to utter. He had a view of the future state of God's children "in the world to come." (For paradise is on the renewed earth.

Compare Rev. 2: 7, with Rev. 22: 2.) Is it safe for any man to say that Paul was out of the body, when he tells us himself that he does not know? *We* believe Paul was in a trance, and God showed him what was to be given to the saints "*at that day.*" (2 Tim. 4: 8.) If he was out of the body, his body was still alive. Was Paul two living men for a time?

XI. "We see again that Paul would impress us with the sublime doctrine of immortality by his language in regard to himself, in Philippians 1: 21, 'For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' Also verses 22 and 23, 'But if I live *in the flesh*, this is the fruit of my labor: yet what I shall choose I wot not. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better.'"

*Reply.*—Let us review Paul's language here, and if he *does* teach the immortality of the soul in this passage we can certainly see it without forcing an inference: "There is no doubt—there *can* be none—that the Apostle in this sentence refers to the future reward of the righteous after the present life, in the immediate presence of their glorified Redeemer. The highest state of rapture conceivable in the hope of Christian believers is *to be with Christ!* 'Having the intense desire for the *returning* and being with Christ.' (Literal rendering of the text.) This 'expectation and hope' is consummated not at the period of

death, but at the return of the Lord from heaven, and at the epoch of the resurrection of the just from the dead, and the translation of the mortal living saints, at his coming."—*Tract No. 36, Western Series, Paul's Expectation and Hope, by O. R. Fassett.* "Not an exact translation from the Greek, and the 'for' is strangely transposed. Literally it is, 'and I am hard pressed indeed by the two (whether to live or die).' An old man, alone in his prison at Rome, he tells us whether to live or to die *he* knows not which to choose, since he is sure he will magnify the Lord either way. (Verses 20 and 22.) It cannot be that in the next breath he will contradict himself and say that he does well know which he chooses—that his earnest desire (Greek, *epithumian*—elsewhere translated lust) is to die."—*Bible Doctrine of the Soul, by Prof. C. L. Ives, pp. 21 and 22.*

We have thus far quoted from learned writers on this passage to show how it has been perverted by the learned (?) Dr. Newton. Paul says he is "in a strait betwixt two," and if he did not know which to choose, am I free to assert that he did choose either to live or die, when he declares himself that he would prefer something far "better" than live or die, *i. e.*, "to be with Christ"? Paul here says nothing of his *soul* either bodied or disembodied, but speaks of himself—in the first per-

son—as “*dying, living, departing, and being with Christ.*” So if he meant that he chose for his disembodied soul or spirit to “be with Christ,” he also meant that for that same soul “to live is Christ,” and “to die is gain.” *Could it die even for gain if it is immortal?* Dr. Murdock renders the passage thus: “For my life is the Messiah, and if I die it is gain to me. But if I have fruits of my labors in this life of the flesh, I know not what to choose, for the two press upon me. I desire to be liberated, that I may be with the Messiah, and this would be very advantageous to me.” The Doctor’s exegesis of this passage makes Paul contradict his own language in 1 Thess. 4: 16, 17: “The Lord himself shall descend from heaven . . . and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them . . . to meet the Lord . . . and so shall we be ever with the Lord.” He did not expect to be with the Lord until he should meet him “in the air,” and he *cannot* meet him until he comes “in the clouds.” Doubtless Paul desired translation.

XII. “When Stephen was being stoned to death, he prayed for the Lord to receive his spirit. He expected then to go to be with the Lord, for he saw heaven open,” etc.

*Reply*—The spirit of Stephen was not Stephen! The original word here rendered spirit is often



rendered wind, air, breath, etc., etc., and Eld. Newton very well knows it. It is from the Hebrew *ruach* and the Greek *pneuma*, and never means an entity in man, but an element or principle of life. The wise man says of man and the brute, "they have all one breath." (Hebrew, *ruach*—spirit.) "Who knoweth the spirit (*ruach*) of man that goeth upward, or the spirit (*ruach*) of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" (Eccl. 3: 19–21.) So we see at once that if the spirit of Stephen was an immortal soul, the beast has an immortal soul too, as really as Stephen had, for the original is the same. Just see how easily error cuts her own throat. Stephen commended his life to the Lord.

XIII. "The angels that sinned are reserved unto judgment (2 Peter 2: 4), and they are reserved in chains of darkness where their spirits are miserable—they are confined in hell—*hades*."

*Reply*—There is not a hint in this passage that the spirits of the fallen angels are in misery; the allusion is to the angels themselves, not their spirits! The word hell in this passage is not from *hades*, as our brother would have us believe, but it is from the Greek word *tartarus*, and it is found nowhere else in the New Testament. Mr. Parkhurst, in his *Greek Lexicon*, says it signifies "the dark and murky atmosphere encircling our globe,"

hence Satan, the chief of the fallen angels, is called "the Prince of the power of the air." (See Eph. 2: 2.) Another author says *tartarus* means "the restricted abode of the fallen angels." We think enough has been said on this passage to prove to the reader that a drowning man (to save a cherished theory) will catch at a straw.

XIV. "The rich man and Lazarus is another striking proof that the dead are conscious. 'Oh,' say the Advent friends, 'that is only a parable.' Ah! is that so? Jesus does not say so. He says, 'There was a certain rich man,' etc. He must be a daring man who will give the blessed Son of God the lie, and say, 'No, sir; there was not a certain rich man—it is only a parable.' Jesus gives us the reward of each. The beggar died, and lo! angels carry his spirit to Abraham's bosom. 'The rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments.' What part of hell, or *hades* was he in? Why, that part where there is torment, of course.\* I pity the man who is bold enough to say this is not a literal fact, but only a parable. The rich man is conscious in *hades*, too, and Bro. Cargile told us that 'there is no work, nor device, nor wisdom, nor knowledge' in *hades*—or the receptacle, as he termed it, of the dead."

*Reply.*—We have no doubt but that our brother will cease calling this "a literal fact" when we have shown the absurdity of his position. First, we will give the reader a few quotations from other and more able pens on this passage. They are learned men, and understand language as well,

at least, as Dr. Newton. Says Dr. Lightfoot, "Whoever believes this to be not a parable but a true story, let him believe, also, those little friars, whose business it is to show the monuments at Jerusalem to pilgrims, and point exactly to the place where the rich glutton stood. Most accurate keepers of antiquity indeed! who, after so many hundreds of years, such overthrows of Jerusalem, such devastations and changes, can rake out of the rubbish the place of so private a house, and such a one, too, that never had any existence, but merely in a parable." Whitby says, "This is only a parable and not a history." Wakefield, a very able translator, says: "To them who regard this narration as a reality it must stand as an unanswerable argument for the purgatory of the papists." We could give many more extracts from such men as Theophylact, Dr. Gill, Jas. Bate, etc., for the purpose of showing that they viewed it as a parable, but we will give one from Eld. M. Grant: "A manuscript of the seventh century commences it as follows: 'And he spake also another parable.' One of the tenth century reads: 'The Lord spake this parable,'" etc. They are just as reliable as our King James version. We cannot forbear offering another extract, since it is such valuable testimony on this point. Eld. L. C. Collins, in a work on *Hades and Sheol*, says: "If it be a simple narrative

of events, as some claim, it must be literally true in all its details. But this view would surround us with insurmountable difficulties on every side. It is located in *hades*. But *hades* is the grave—the underworld—subterraneous region. Few would be willing to take this literally, and confess it their belief that all the dead are now detained in a conscious state, down in the grave, or under the earth. Yet this is *hades*! It locates the wicked and the righteous alongside in plain view, and in speaking distance of each other! Is it literally so? So it must be if this be a ‘history either of what has been or what may be.’ As Abraham, the Rich Man, and Lazarus are understood to be literally in their graves, are the voices, the finger, the tongue, the bosom, the water, the fire, etc., all literal? Such they must be if it is a real history.” We next quote from *Bible Doctrine of the Soul*, by Charles L. Ives, M. D., Professor of Theory in Yale College, p. 17: “Here again, through our unbiblical conception of the soul, have we been misled. This is a parable introduced by the statement, ‘There was a certain rich man,’ etc., precisely as are its neighboring parables. Its scene is laid, not in hell, but in the grave (the Greek is *hades*, not *gehennah*).” We might quote from *Life Beyond Death*, by Wm. Sheldon, and many other works of authors now living, who view it as a

parable. So we see there are many men "daring" enough to give (not the Son of God the lie, as Eld. Newton has charged us, but) this parable its place among the many others spoken by our Saviour. We cannot see how it can be a literal history.

Now, reader, please notice Dr. Newton's theory. He says the angels took the spirit of the beggar. Let us see if both ends of this story can be so twisted and still be made to meet and harmonize? We will proceed to read the story in the light he has given us: "The beggar died and lo! angels carry his spirit. The rich man died and lo! his spirit was buried." Is the grave the place for disembodied spirits? Let it stand as God placed it: "The beggar died, and was carried" (Luke 16: 22), not the "body died and his spirit was carried." The rich man's body died and his spirit was buried! This is not an unfair statement of Dr. Newton's theory. If "beggar" signifies the spirit of Lazarus, the "rich man" must mean the spirit of Dives. This conclusion is invulnerable. The careful reader will please turn back to Argument VII., and see that Eld. Newton's definition of *hades* makes it a place of which "we have no revelation," and that we cannot know anything of its nature or contents. And now he squarely contradicts that statement by saying the rich man is in that part of *hades*

where there are torments. How does he know what it contains? Whether it is a place of happiness or misery? What does he know about that which he tells us himself is unknown? Just see how error cuts off her own head and falls before the mighty power of God's word, although wielded by Eld. Newton, a man of "much learning," capable of explaining the Bible to common people(?). When we see such absurdities in the "literal fact" theory, we pity the man whose mind is so befogged by tradition that he cannot see clear light. But the blindest people we know are those who will not see.

XV. "The language of Jesus to the dying thief on the cross proves clearly that the soul is conscious after its separation from the body. They were both being crucified, and Jesus said: 'This day thou shalt be with me in paradise.' 'Oh,' say the Advent friends, 'that comma is in the wrong place, it should be after the word to-day.' Let us not dispute the statement. Did Jesus not understand language? Or did he get his learning from Babylon? We should receive the statement of Revelation without perverting it, and Bro. Cargile misapplied a great deal of the language of the Bible while on trial here."

*Reply.*—We cannot see a word in the language of Christ to the thief to prove, or from which even to infer, that he had an immortal soul which would live on after the body was crucified. Jesus spoke to the thief, not to his soul. Let us first notice the

request of the thief: "And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest in (not into as our translators have it, the Greek is not 'eis' but 'en,'—in: *Bible Doctrine of the Soul*, p. 16) thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Luke 23: 42, 43. It would be giving the thief more than he prayed for to let him into paradise that day. He was doubtless familiar with the teaching of Jesus, and perhaps knew the Scriptures, which contain God's promises to David (see Psalms 89: 3, 4, 28, 29, 30, 31; also, Psalm 132: 11, 12), that his kingdom should be given to Christ "after" he shall have visited "the Gentiles to take out of them a people for his name." For proof compare Amos 9: 11, with Acts 15: 14, 17. Hence his request was, not to be remembered at death, but when thou comest in thy kingdom. And three days afterward Jesus said: "I am not yet ascended," etc. We care nothing for the comma about which we hear so much, we only want the reply to harmonize with the request of the thief, and all other Scripture on this point. Our brother asks, "Did Jesus not understand language?" We reply that perhaps he had never studied *Horne's Introduction to the use of Language and Rules of Biblical Interpretation*, and if not, according to Dr. Newton, he did not, or,

at least, he run the risk of being charged with misapplying language. We think when Jesus spoke he used simple, comprehensive words, and always meant exactly what he said. Punctuation was never applied to written language until less than three hundred years ago, and the comma was not placed by inspiration at all.

Reader, you are expected to peruse these pages for the light of *Truth*, and to this end I pray God to make the contrast between Truth and Error so plain that you may be able to see the brilliancy of the light of Truth.

## SERMON II.

At Edgefield Church, Jackson County, Ala., on the second Saturday in March, 1873, Eld. Newton said:

I. "Jesus, while on earth, possessed two natures, one a human, the other a divine nature. Hence, when it was said, 'you have crucified the Lord of Glory,' his human nature only was meant, and no allusion to his divine nature, for that could not be crucified. So the language referring to man sometimes signifies body, sometimes the soul."

*Reply.*—In answer to our brother's first point, respecting the two natures of Christ, we would propound one question, *i. e.*, Which nature was called "the Lord of Glory"? Will he take the



position that it was his human nature? Of course not! Then it must have been his "divine nature" called "the Lord of Glory." Then the word expressly declares "the Lord of Glory" was crucified, and not a word do we find of his consciousness between his crucifixion and his resurrection. But admitting our brother's position in respect to the two natures of our Saviour, does it not prove that man is in possession of a divine nature too? If so, did he get it from God? and is it a part of divinity implanted in the human body called the soul? Then when God damns the soul of a sinner he damns a part of his own divinity! Shocking absurdity!

II. "Synecdoche is a figure of speech by which a part is put for the whole or any other portion of a thing, as for example, 'this roof shall be my protection,' referring, of course, to the house. So it is when it was said to the rich man: 'Thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things,' etc. The lifetime of the body is meant."

*Reply.*—We had hoped that he would let the poor old rich man rest a little in this sermon, but it seems that he must "run him through the mills" again. And we notice that our venerable brother has made sad work of Dives this time in regard to his own theory. He says the language was addressed to the soul and meant the lifetime of the soul's body. Then the "rich man" means either

the soul or the body of the rich man. Let him take either position, and then we will examine his beautiful [?] theory. If it means the soul, then it died, for it is plainly declared that he died and was buried. So that view will not suit the immortality side of the question. Let us then admit that the "rich man" meant the body of Dives, and that the word "thou" meant his soul. Then Abraham said: "Thou [soul] in thy lifetime." Had the "thou" been dead, or had its lifetime expired? Then it cannot be immortal. Where can Dr. Newton find his authority for saying that the phrase "in thy lifetime" signifies "in the lifetime of thy body"? We challenge him to produce it. He has just said that we must not pervert the teachings of revelation, and now he breaks that rule himself.

III. "We find plain proof of the eternal torment of the wicked in Rev. 14: 11: 'And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever.' The Greek of this passage is an age of ages, which time is long enough for us to know that the sinner will be tormented for an age of ages."

*Reply.*—The passage referred to does not teach nor even intimate such a thing as the final punishment of all the wicked, for (1) no one is mentioned but those who "worship the beast and his image,

and receive his mark in their foreheads or in their hands;" and (2) by carefully reading from the first of the chapter we find a prophecy uttered in reference to an earthly power, and the same is fulfilled before we come to the end of the 19th chapter. We endorse the view of Eld. Wm. Sheldon; in his work, *Life and Death Theology*, p. 39, 40, he says: "Reference is here made to a visitation of temporal judgment upon the Papal power in connection with the fall of Babylon from her previous supremacy 'over the kings of the earth.' This woman, 'Babylon,' had made herself 'drunk with the blood of the saints, and had long boasted that she was 'queen' over the nations of the earth.' But a reverse was to be witnessed in her history, and her former sympathizers and supporters were to 'hate' her and 'make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire.' (Rev. 17: 6-16.) This being a symbolic description of the consumption of the Papal power, the same temporal judgments, to succeed the fall of Babylon, are referred to in Rev. 18: 2-10." These scenes are prior to the final punishment of the wicked.

IV. "The word death is used to denote a 'death in trespasses and in sins,' and also punishment 'in the world to come,' and the word destruction means severe punishment. But do these passages prove annihilation?"

*Reply.*—Sinners are to be punished for being “dead in trespasses and in sins.” So this death is the crime for which they will suffer, instead of being the penalty. While the punishment or penalty is literally “the second death.” (Rev. 21 : 8.) It is very true that “the word destruction is used to denote severe punishment in the world to come,” for “when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven” they shall be punished with everlasting destruction.” (2 Thess. 1 : 9.) Eld. Newton asks: “But do these passages prove annihilation?” We reply, they prove destruction as plainly as language can make it without bending it. And thus it harmonizes with many other scriptures, a few of which we give here: “For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be; yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be. . . . But the wicked shall be as the fat of lambs: they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away:” (Psa. 37 : 10–20.) “And turning the cities of Sodom and Gomorrha into ashes condemned them with an overthrow, making them an ensample unto those that after should live ungodly.” (2 Peter 2 : 6.) “Even as Sodom and Gomorrha, and the cities about them . . . are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire.” (Jude 7.) If Sodom and Gomorrha were destroyed by being turned “into ashes,” as

Peter and Jude both testify, then surely the punishment of the same nature awaits "those that after should live ungodly," for those cities "are set forth for an example" to all such. We challenge the production of one single passage positively proving that God-dishonoring and heathen dogma of "eternal torment." When will men cease to believe and teach that which started in heathen philosophy, and which dishonors a kind and merciful God?

V. "The word life sometimes means life and sometimes only divine approbation and pleasure. For example, in Matt. 7: 14: 'Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life.' Here it signifies life itself—eternal life. And again John 3: 36; 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life.' This passage evidently means divine approbation and pleasure."

*Reply.*—We should be glad to know where Eld. Newton, the man of "much learning," gained all this knowledge about the word life. He admits that in Matt. 7: 14, it means simply all it says. By letting it stand as it reads his theory is not injured, and consequently he is willing to "receive with meekness the engrafted word." But when he turns to John 3: 36, and also to Rom. 6: 23, where the same word is used, and from the same original term, *psuche* [life], which is said to be

the "gift of God," and which is emphatically denied the wicked, he is anxious to make it mean "divine approbation and pleasure," without any authority for his assertion. The careful reader will see at once that if he admits these scriptures to teach just what they say, his cherished theory of the eternal torment of the wicked is gone—forever gone—and the glorious light of God's truth brilliantly shines instead thereof—that is, seek "immortality" and get "eternal life" (Rom. 2: 7), or refuse to seek it and not see eternal life, but be cast into the lake of fire "which is the second death." (Rev. 21: 8.) God said life. No ambiguity about it. He said what he meant, and meant just exactly what he said. If he did not mean life, where is the man (Eld. Newton not excepted) who is able to prove that he meant only divine approbation and pleasure?

VI. "The death in trespasses and in sins is very strikingly shown by the language of Jesus in the 5th chapter of John's Gospel and 25th verse: 'The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live.' This is plain that the sinner hears, and being awakened, he lives; while verse 28 brings to view the resurrection. 'Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.' Verse 24 of the same chapter

declares that they that hear his word with faith 'is passed from death unto life.' It is in the present tense. He is now passed from death unto life."

*Reply.*—We do not believe that Jesus had reference to the death in trespasses and in sins in the 25th verse, just quoted by Brother Newton, but find the statement literally verified in the raising of Lazarus, who heard his voice, and came forth; and then Jesus, to cause them to look to the time of the resurrection for all to come forth, puts forth verses 28 and 29. Lazarus and the daughter of Jairus were raised then; but understand and "marvel not at this (raising the dead now), for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall . . . come forth." It is the dead which will hear his voice, not something that will be living and which will have never been dead. "Is passed from death unto life." Yes, sir; but verse 28 tells us just when they come forth to get it.

VII. "Jesus tells us that our fathers did eat manna in the wilderness and are dead; but he is that bread which came down from heaven, whereof if a man eat he shall never die, and the Advent friends say that we shall die, whether we eat him or not. Paul also tells us that 'though the outer man perish the inner man is renewed day by day.' Talk about the inner man dying! Matt. 10: 28, declares it cannot be killed, while the body may be."

*Reply.*—It is true that our fathers did eat

manna in the wilderness and then died; but what kind of a death have they died? A literal death? Certainly so. Then if we eat that bread, according to Eld. Newton, we will not die a literal death. Our own observation teaches us that this is very absurd, for we all, the saint, the sinner, and the sinless infants, die the literal first death. Then what death is it they will never die, who eat of that bread? "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power." (Rev. 20: 6.) Then they will never die "the second death," while those who refuse to take the bread of life will "be cast into the lake of fire which is the second death." But admitting, for argument's sake, that Eld. Newton's interpretation is right, and that those who eat of that bread never will die, what has he gained on the side of natural immortality? Then all who refuse to eat will die. So the soul can get immortality only through Christ at last. And why not have it in God's way, and at his appointed time—the resurrection? (See 1 Cor. 15: 52-54.)

Our venerable brother uses "the inner man" for an immortal soul, and says, though the body dies, the "inner man" is renewed day\*by day. We reply that if the soul, or "inner man," is immortal, it is not capable of being renewed, for Webster says, "Immortality is not susceptible of a change."



Then how can it be renewed? He runs back again to Matt. 10: 28, where he began in his first sermon, and says man is not able to kill the life, or soul. Our reply to it in that sermon was, that God declares he "is able to destroy it," and hence it cannot be immortal. So we see all these fortifications falling before the power of truth.

VIII. "The Advent friends say the kingdom is not yet set up. We propose to read some scriptures proving them to be in error on this point also. We will first turn and read Matt. 11: 12: 'And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.' Could it suffer violence, or could the violent take it by force, if it were not then here? I think not. But let us read another. John 3: 3: 'Except a man be born from above [or born again, as our version says], he cannot see the kingdom.' Could he see anything not in existence? They claim, too, that it is, or will be, a literal, visible kingdom, but the Bible says, 'The kingdom is not meat and drink: but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' (Rom. 14: 17.). And also, Luke 17: 21: "The kingdom is within you."

*Reply.*—We will briefly examine the passages referred to by the brother, and see if they can be reconciled to his view, and still be in complete harmony with other scriptures bearing on this point. 1st. There is a style, or figure of speech, called synecdoche, in which a part of a thing is put for the whole. So it was in those days. One element of the kingdom was then on the earth,

and did suffer violence, and the violent did take that element of the kingdom by force. The prospective King was the one who suffered violence. He was taken by force and crucified. 2d. We really believe just what Jesus told Nicodemus in John 3: 3: That "except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom." That is, born of the Spirit, or from above; but this takes place at the resurrection, not at conversion; conversion and resurrection constitute the new birth; for "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell from whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Not the Spirit, but those born of the Spirit. Jesus was "put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit." After which quickening, or being made alive from the dead, he came and stood in the midst of his disciples, the doors being shut. He could come and go like the wind—make himself visible or invisible. "So is every one that is born of the Spirit." Then we do not yet see the kingdom. 3d. It is a wrong idea to conclude that "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," is the kingdom—they being only characteristics of the kingdom. Another scripture declares that "God is love." Is that intended to teach us that love is all the God with whom we have to do? Love being

one of the characteristics of God, it is used in the same sense as the passage declaring "the kingdom is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." 4th. Eld. Newton reads Luke 17: 21: "The kingdom of God is within you." Let us read the context: "And when he (Jesus) was demanded of the Pharisees when the kingdom of God should appear, he answered and said unto them (the Pharisees), the kingdom of God is within you." Was it in their murderous hearts? We read in the margin, "or among you," which makes it clear. One element of the kingdom was among them, but not as king then; but he is destined to become a king, when the Father shall have destroyed all enemies, death being the last one to be destroyed.

IX. "There are many comings of Jesus. He says, 'Where two or three are met together, there am I in the midst.' And 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' The sun, moon and stars, which our Advent friends take to be literal, and also omens of Jesus' coming, only represent the princes and lesser powers of the Roman government. The coming of Jesus is not visible, for in Rev. 16, we read of three unclean spirits like frogs, and then 'Behold, I come quickly.' Is he coming then in judgment? In Rev. 20, we read of the first and second resurrection. One is a spiritual resurrection from a death in trespasses and in sins, while the other is a literal resurrection from the dead."

*Reply.*—We only read of the second coming of

the Lord since his first advent, and hence we cannot conceive how he could come personally every time two or three meet in his name. We have him always present by his Spirit or influence, but is the spirit of God to be understood as God himself? If so we have seven Gods; for we read of "the seven spirits of God." Elder Newton says the sun, moon and stars, in Rev. 6: 12, and under the Sixth Seal, denote princes and lesser powers of the Roman government. We call for his authority in this construction—did God tell him that the sun, moon and stars were used to represent princes and lesser powers of the Roman government? We think not. Isaiah, Joel, Jesus, and the Revelator, all concur in the prediction; and the literal fulfillment in the darkening of the sun and moon in 1780, and the falling of the stars in 1833, came at the right time to fulfill a literal prophecy. We here give a few extracts to prove this to be the fulfillment, quoting from *The Trumpet for the Watchman*:

"Dark day of May 19, 1780. The sun rose clear, and shone for several hours; at length the sky became overcast with clouds, and by ten o'clock, A. M., the darkness was such as to occasion the farmers to leave their work in the fields and retire to their dwellings; fowls went to their roosts, and before noon lights became necessary

to the transaction of business within doors. The darkness continued through the day, and the night till near morning was as unusually dark as the day."

—*Gages' History of Rowley, Massachusetts.*

"The 19th of May, 1780, was a remarkably dark day; candles were lighted in many houses; the birds were silent and disappeared; the fowls retired to rest. It was the general opinion that the day of judgment was at hand."—*Dwight, in Connecticut Historical Collection.*

Enough on the dark day and night. We now give extracts to show the falling of the stars, which is the next event in consecutive order, and occurred on the 13th of November, 1833. "At the cry, 'Look out of the window,' I sprang from a deep sleep, and with wonder saw the east lighted up with the dawn and meteors. The zenith, the north, and the west, also showed the falling stars, in the very image of one thing, and only one, I ever heard of. I called to my wife to behold, and while robing she exclaimed, 'See how the stars fall.' I replied, 'That is the wonder,' and we felt in our hearts that it was a sign of the last days, for truly the 'stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind.' (Rev. 6: 13.) This language of the prophet has by some been received as metaphorical. Yesterday it was literally ful-

filled. The ancients understood by *aster* in Greek, and *stellar* in Latin, the smaller lights of heaven. The refinement of modern astronomy has made the distinction between stars of heaven and meteors of heaven. Therefore, the idea of the prophet, as expressed in the original Greek, was literally fulfilled. . . . Here is the exactness of the prophet; the falling stars did not come as if from several trees shaken, but from one. . . . And they fell not as the ripe fruit falls; but they flew, they were cast like unripe fruit, which, at first, refuses to leave the branch, and when under a violent pressure it does break its hold, it flies swiftly, straight off, descending, and in the multitude falling some across the track of others as they are thrown to the ground with more or less force, but each one falls on its own side of the tree. . . . No philosopher or scholar has told or recorded an event (I suppose) like that of yesterday morning. A prophet of eighteen hundred years ago foretold it exactly, if we will be at the trouble of understanding stars falling to mean falling stars, or, *kai oi asteres ton ouranon epcsan eis tun geen*, in the only sense in which it is possible to be literally true." Thus we see that these things came to pass just as Jesus said they would, and if he meant princes and lesser powers of the Roman government, why did he not tell us so? The three unclean spirits por-

trayed in Rev. 16 are just prior to the judgment, for Jesus says in the succeeding verse, "Behold I come as a thief." These spirits are to begin their work on the eve of the great battle. We think we can discern them in modern Spiritualism, therefore we think the judgment is at hand.

We desire to know where the learned Doctor found his authority to spiritualize the first resurrection and literalize the second. The language of the Bible is precisely the same. If we construe the first resurrection to be spiritual, upon the very same hypothesis they are both spiritual. Better to let God's arrangement stand and not pervert it by our interpretation of Scripture. Reader, study well your Bible. The first resurrection will comprise the righteous dead; the second, "whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life."

May the great God lead our beloved Bro. Newton—even in his old age—into the glorious light of his truth.

Soon after my withdrawal from the church I was going to my appointment across the river, when a man in a field called to me and said, "I want you to baptize me." I told him, "All right; meet me at the river at one o'clock to-day, and, by God's grace, I will put you in." As I came up with him out of the water I told them that God

had a use for that man. I felt it, somehow, very forcibly. He has long since been a preacher of the gospel.

In March I went with Bro. Davis to Ooltewah, Tenn., where I joined the Second Advent Christian Church at Bethel. The work there had been done by Bro. Davis and Sr. Hastings. I was their pastor for more than eight years. The fourth Sunday in March I attended the meeting at New Hope, and witnessed my own expulsion, but was not permitted to speak. But the dear brother thought he was right, and I love him dearly. He is one of my dearest friends to-day, and shall have a copy of this book if he lives till it is published.

Being excluded from the church did not stop me, but only set me free to go into the world and proclaim this grand truth in the regions beyond as far as I possibly could. The church, seeing that I went on regardless of my expulsion, voted to send a certain brother to me to demand my Baptist credentials. I heard of it, and looked for him daily till just before the next church meeting, when he came. He stayed all day, and after sunset asked me to walk out with him. We sat on the fence and talked till after dark, and he went away without naming credentials to me. I was much amused over it. I heard that he went before the church and begged further time, which was granted.



Just before the next meeting he came again and spent the day as before. About dark he again asked if I would take a walk with him. We went to the same fence and sat on the same rail, talking, and turning, about one hour. How I pitied him. He knew I had done nothing worthy of such treatment, and it was an awful task for him to ask me to give up those papers. I waited patiently. Finally he said, "Well, Bro. John, have you heard what a duty the church has demanded at my hands?" I replied, "Why, yes, Bro. H., I knew that last month when you were here." He seemed surprised, and asked, "Well, what do you say?" I replied, "Go and tell the church that I refused to give them to you." He, of course, could do no more. As he started, I told him that I would be on hand and deliver the credentials myself.

Accordingly, I attended the next church meeting, and after preaching by Bro. Jack Rogers, I obtained permission to read the following letter:

#### ELD. CARGILE'S LETTER

To the Baptist Church demanding his Credentials, which were delivered, and the letter read to them by him in person.

*To the Baptist Church called New Hope:*

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—I have just been praying God to guide me in this letter. I look over the short space of one year, and can

remember many pleasant seasons we have enjoyed together, all working in harmony for God's cause. It is true that I have tried, by the help of God (who I believe called me to the great work of preaching the gospel), to preach to you truth in its purity. It is also true that you, as a church, were faithfully warned of coming troubles on account of the word preached. And instead of rejecting the doctrine, you, by your actions, encouraged me to continue until the threatening clouds began to lower.

I have always loved you. You have now demanded the surrender of my Credentials, which I give up without a single murmur, for if my ordination was ratified in heaven you cannot change God's work by simply taking that paper from me. I feel that God has given me authority which man has no right to demand, and under which I expect, through "much tribulation," to preach till mortality shall pass away. But, dear brethren and sisters, suffer me, in love to say that you have committed a gross error by excluding me after my withdrawal from your sect. Old Bro. Douthitt (God bless him!) committed a great error when he charged me with breaking my church covenant. You, also, as a church, committed the same offense when you voted to favor the move.

I stand innocent of "the great transgression," and I cannot believe that God will prosper you as

a church while you retain a false charge against any brother. I request, for the good of the cause, that you require Bro. Douthitt to prove that I am guilty. I had expected to meet him in the Association, but will be prevented by some funerals. I request that this letter be read in the Association, and, for the good of the cause, that that body require Bro. Douthitt to prove that I am guilty of the charge. I will meet Bro. Douthitt, or any brother, who will try to prove that I broke the covenant.

Brethren, you cannot take my Bible; you cannot turn me out of my blessed Jesus. You may fight the truth in this world, but by grace I shall meet you in the judgment soon to come. God grant that you may be ready to enter the kingdom with me. Then we will see who is right.

Yours in the Lord, JOHN A. CARGILE.

*Stevenson, Ala., July 18, 1873.*

There were many tears shed when I read the letter. My prediction has thus far proven true. That church is more than half the time without a pastor, and but very few have been added by baptism. The curse of God rests on her and always will till they retract that false charge. I have noticed that the hand of God is against any church or people who reject or fight the truth. They may increase in numbers, but seldom in spirituality and true devotion.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MINISTERS COMBINE TO RUIN CARGILE AND STOP HIS WORK IN ARKANSAS.

The second Sunday in April, 1872, I visited the brethren at Forks of Crow Creek, where I first joined the Baptists.

Uncle Sam Beene was pastor of the church at that place and kindly insisted that I should preach. I spoke on the subject of the kingdom of Christ. I endeavored to show that it was yet future, and would be *under* the whole heavens. Bro. Beene followed me, and treated me and the subject very kindly. He asked one Dr. L. B. Quackenbo, a Methodist minister, to pray at the close. Among other things he said, "O Lord, we thank thee that thou didst tell the thief that he should be with thee *that day* in paradise. We thank thee that thou hast delivered us from the power of darkness and translated us *into the kingdom* of thy dear Son."

When he finished his prayer, or I should define it more properly by saying his sermon to the Lord, I knew that some of the people thought he had, in that cunning way, demolished my future

kingdom theory. I rose from my knees and asked permission to speak again. Bro. Beene kindly granted my request. I told the people that a man could preach a great deal in his prayers; that I did not see any use of telling the Lord such things, for if they are true he knows it without our telling him. If they are not true, we cannot change the Lord's mind. I then replied to his prayed criticism.

As soon as the benediction was pronounced, the doctor came to me and said, "I want you to go home with me to-night, for I have a crow to pick with you." I told him, "All right; as I have a bag to hold the feathers, I will go, sir." I spent the night very pleasantly with him and his kind, Christian wife. Just before retiring for the night he mentioned that some other man had refused to meet me in debate, and said he, "I will meet you, sir, and discuss these questions."

His wife said in amazement, "Now look here, Doctor, is that what you brought this man home with you for?" He told her that he meant no harm at all, but that he believed I was wrong, and that he could show me my error. I told him I was not prepared to argue with him. That he was a man of age, and his education was superior to mine, and that I could not take time from my daily labor to prepare to meet him. But said I,

"When I have finished my crop and have a little time to read up, you may hear from me." "All right," said he; "any time when you are ready."

On the first day of September following I wrote him that I was ready for him, and that he could name the time and place for the discussion. The result will be seen by reading my first letter to the *Crisis* of Oct. 2, 1872.

#### INTERESTING LETTER.

BRO. GRANT:—By some means the *Crisis* has been coming to me since last November. I do not know who was so kind as to order it. I intend to send you the pay for it as soon as I can possibly spare the money from my family. It is the most welcome visitor (together with the *Bible Banner*) I can receive, and comes every Monday as regularly as the day comes, and I always become impatient waiting for the week to pass and bring it to me. I really love the blessed truths with which its columns always abound.

Perhaps you remember hearing of a contemplated discussion on the nature of future punishment. I accepted the challenge by letter, made by the brother in person, and he replied to my note of acceptance in the following rough style, which I hope you will give a place in your worthy

columns, together with my answer, that the brethren may see what one in these ends of the earth has to bear for the sake of Christ and his blessed word. Through courtesy to my brother I will withhold his name. His note is as follows:

“ANDERSON, TENN., Sept. 4, 1872.

REV. JNO. CARGILE—*Dear Sir*—Your favor of the 1st inst. is to hand. In answer I would say that the proposition I made to debate with you, etc., was not made in seriousness, but was only a little pleasantry. I cannot think of such a thing now.

1. I do not think it would be productive of any good.

2. I have not got the time.

3. I cannot consent to debate with you unless you were better endorsed by your church and the community at large.

4. I would dislike to discuss religious topics with a man who is identified with a semi-infidel party at the North who deny the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the future punishment of the wicked; who believe in free-loveism, and repudiate the King James' translation of the Scriptures, etc., etc.

For you personally I wish to entertain kind and friendly feelings, but your 'damnable heresies'

(St. Paul) I hate, and will do all I can to put them down. Yours," etc.

On the back of his note he says :

"I have kept a copy of this. I will not make this matter public unless you desire it, or do so first yourself."

I replied to the above letter as follows :

"STEVENSON, ALA., Sept. 9, 1872.

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER:—Your very interesting letter of the 4th inst. is at hand, and contents noted. In reply would say the 'pleasantry' with which you say you made the challenge was not a proper way to treat a serious subject, and especially one in which *God's truth is involved*; and also that 'pleasantry,' as you call it, is not a very beautiful ornament for a minister of Jesus in vindicating his *truth*. I will now reply to your excuses, and number them in the order in which you made them.

1. It would undoubtedly be productive of good to let the people see both sides of the argument, and thus find which of us is on the side of truth.

2. You should always have time to spare from wordly pursuits to defend the truth, if you *preach* it.

3. You prove plainly to me that you do not understand the usages of my church. With us



(Baptists) every church is an independent body, not under any obligations to or control of any other church. If you do not think I am endorsed by my churches for whom I preach you are *mis-taken*. As to being 'endorsed by the community at large,' I do not think from what I can learn that either of us has anything of which to boast in that line.

4. The word 'infidel' without the prefix 'semi' is an assertion without any foundation whatever. I am able to prove that the 'God-dishonoring doctrine' of 'eternal torment' has made more infidels than anything else. As to denying the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, thank God I do deny it, and I know that I am able to establish it despite all contradiction.

You are pleased—in 'pleasantry,' I suppose—to call it a Northern heresy. I will just say that one of my Bibles was published in London, and the other by the Southern Publishing Co. of Memphis, Tenn. They both contain the doctrine. If I were you I would declare non-fellowship with the South for selling such books.

In reference to future punishment, you again prove to me that you are ignorant of the doctrines I preach. I believe in a future punishment, and an eternal punishment, too, but not 'eternal torment.' The accusation of free-loveism I declare

positively to be a false charge, for I am able to prove that the doctrines I preach will kill Spiritualism, of which 'free-loveism' is a prominent ingredient.

You say I repudiate the King James' Version. I deny it, and I am willing to meet you on that 'Authorized Version.' In the language of Mark 12: 24, I will say—'Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures,' or you would never apply the phrase 'damnable heresy' to my preaching.

In conclusion, let me say (though I am only twenty-eight years old, and two years and a half in the ministry), with all due reverence for your gray locks, that I received the challenge to debate as cold earnest, and I accepted it in the same spirit.

Dear brother, I have always loved you, and always will, for it is a part of true religion to love even those who abuse us; and, thank the Lord, there is a spirit of divine love in my bosom which prompts me to love everybody; and I am sure you need have no fear of insulting me; but if I were you, I do believe I would not hesitate to defend my faith. (?) As to keeping this matter a secret, as you say on the back of your letter, let me say that I have no secrets in religious matters, and I have reserved a copy of this, and expect to have them both published; but if you desire it I will withhold your name.

Now my beloved brother (if you will let me love you), let me advise you never to challenge another young minister for a debate, for he might be fool enough to accept it, and cause you the trouble of claw-fishing. I pray God to bless you and your family, whom I love, and may He enable you to see and love the truth in preference to tradition. I hope I am your loving brother in Christ,

JOHN A. CARGILE."

Thus it will be seen, by noticing the above letters, that things here are assuming a very critical phase—theologically. I have been struggling hard for the truth for nearly three years, but God's grace has been sufficient for me, for by his grace I am what I am.

Dear brethren and sisters, pray for me when it goes well with you. I am hopefully looking for the speedy coming of my dear Jesus to save his persecuted and trusting people in the kingdom prepared for them "from the foundation of the world." Oh, may he soon come with power and great glory, and may we be prepared to enter into eternal life with him. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

BRO. GRANT:—The Lord bless your efforts to spread the truth by your valuable paper, and other means which you are using.

J. A. CARGILE.

When I received the above letter I sent it immediately to the Doctor. Before it reached him, I received his letter, as follows :

“ ANDERSON, TENN., Nov. 2, 1872.

ELDER J. A. CARGILE, *Loving Bro.*—Yours of the 9th of Sept. is at hand, and I have waited some time to see if you would publish those letters before I answered your last letter to me. As you have not enlightened the public by having the *great letter* you wrote me printed, in so far as I am informed, I have concluded to answer it. Should you hereafter feel compelled to give it to the world in print, then I may feel inclined to say a few words to add a little to your *great glory* in my feeble way. That letter of yours ought to be published and even *canonized* by you and placed among your sacred books, Diaglott, and other precious records. Your high estimate of it has induced you to lay aside your large stock of charity for me ; your own modesty and delicacy in the matter ; and caused you to carry it around the neighborhood and show it to various persons, together with the letter I wrote you, to which yours is an answer. Of course a man of *your parts*, having made new discoveries in the Bible and learned much more of Christianity than we common people ; and having much charity and love (feigned) for your Bro.

Quackenbo as expressed in the aforesaid letter, would not misrepresent or injure him in his absence. Was it for your glory and preferment or his discredit that you exhibited the letters? Perhaps you designed both. Very well; you are welcome to all you can make of them. Of course no person knew of the existence of the letters until you showed them around.

I have other reasons which I wish to give for declining to enter into a debate with you. You are neither a gentleman nor a Christian, in my opinion. I am sorry to have to say this to you. Why do I say this? Because I heard you tell a deliberate falsehood on two ministers of another Christian denomination, Brothers Pilgrim and Faithful, in that you said they had tried to induce you to leave the Baptist Church and join their church. You said they offered to send you to school and make a *great man* out of you (*bah!*) if you would join them. This you said they did at the house of B. O. Cowan, last summer was a year ago, during their protracted meeting at Bolivar. These statements you made at the house of N. Hackworth in the presence of N. Hackworth, Maj. O'Neal, myself and others, last spring. I believed it false then, now I am satisfied of it. I asked Bro. Faithful and he said it was false so far as he was concerned. Afterwards he told me he

had consulted Bro. Pilgrim, who pronounced it false *in toto*. He said he also asked Mr. Hackworth about it, who told him the same that I had stated to him. I have other evidences of your want of Christian integrity, but I forbear to mention them.

Now I am truly sorry to write thus to you or any one. I do not want to expose you or hurt you in any way. Sorry you have gone off with this new thing, and ruined yourself with a large majority of the people. Sorry that you are so *fickle* and wanting in integrity and firmness. You say in your letter you want to love me, etc. I say Amen to that. I want to love you, and do cultivate kind and Christian feelings toward you. I hope you will get to the good world and that I may meet you there.

You say in your letter that I have enemies, or something to that effect. That is admitted. I have no more friends than I need, and more enemies than I want. Such is the case with ministers generally. But I will not sacrifice principle for the sake of friendship. I had rather be sacrificed myself than sacrifice my principles.

Now I close, wishing you well. If you have anything farther to say, please address me at Anderson, or I will meet you as a friend and talk over the matter. I am satisfied you have wronged me

and tried to injure me. You have gotten angry with me without sufficient cause; but I will overlook that, and still be friendly.

Yours respectfully, L. B. QUACKENBOSCH."

I have certificates of character given by my neighbors without my solicitation, and among them Bro. Faithful's name is to be found, which shows that he did not regard me in the light of the above letter.

Having received my communication, in which I sent him some charts on prophecy as well as my letter to the *Crisis*, he wrote me the following letter:

ANDERSON, TENN., Nov. 5, 1872.

"ELDER CARGILE:—After writing you a letter on last Saturday I received your paper and other documents on Monday evening, and return you my compliments for the same. You will receive *further attention hereafter*. As to the charts, all about them that has any sense in it I read in other works on the Prophecies years ago. I have had the pleasure of reading several able authors on the Prophecies, and don't think it likely that *your man* will ever enlighten me much. As to his miserably written letter, he has scratched on one of them, I have underscored each word spelt wrong, that

you may notice for yourself. Please return it to him for me, with my advice that he immediately start to school, and study *Webster's Spelling Book* before he writes any more charts. For such a *gump* as he is to be writing on Prophecy, as you say of me in your "*great*" letter, *it only shows his ignorance*. Poor miserable danderhead, he only excites my contempt and pity.

Respectfully, L. B. QUACKENBO."

The reader will notice that in the above letter the Reverend Doctor *italicized* the words "*further attention hereafter*." Three years afterward he gave that promised attention, as we shall see.

I replied to his two letters as follows:

"STEVENSON, ALA., Nov. 6, 1872.

L. B. QUACKENBO, Anderson, Tenn.

*Dear Brother:*—I received yours of Nov. 2nd and 5th this morning. In reply would say that if you can be of any benefit to the public by *talk-bearing*, and cannot find a more *unworthy* object on which to glut your spite than your humble servant, just pitch in; there is nobody scared but you. In reference to the report you started, I will say that the conversation took place between Bro. Pilgrim and myself, at Bolivar Church. I *never* said it was at B. O. Cowan's. I *never* said Bro.



Faithful had anything to say in it, and I defy you to prove it. I am responsible for anything I say. I did say that Bro. Pilgrim told me, if I would leave the Baptists and join their church they would educate me and make a preacher (not a man, as you say) of me. He did say it, and I do not take it back. I had no intention of injuring you by showing your letter, I merely wished to show you that I had no secrets in religious matters; and when my friends would tell me of your *big* sermon here on the third Sunday in August, I showed the letters to prove that you would not defend it. Before I showed your letter or told any one, *you* had told it at Mount Carmel, and to Uncle Joe Thomas; or at least that was the news I got from that community. I thought this started in defense of truth, but you are trying to make a personal thing of it, so far as character is concerned. Well, I don't care. I am willing you should regard me as neither a gentleman nor a Christian; but I want you to know that when I preach a new doctrine I *will defend it*. In reference to sending your message to Bro. Perrin, I suggest that you tell your own tales and pay your own postage, and thus bear your own burden. If it is any great disgrace to spell *incorrectly*, call on me the first time you pass this way and I will show you some errors in *your* letter. Now, brother, as an humble follower

of the despised Jesus, I will say that I love you as a Christian, and I hope if you have any more to say that you will make free to say it; but I would advise you neither to add to nor take from, and be sure you can *prove* what you say.

Your loving brother in Christ,

JOHN A. CARGILE."

"P. S.—If we would not be injured by the showing of our letters around the neighborhood, we must not write anything in them that is calculated to injure us, or that we would be afraid for the world to know. J. A. C."

This ended our controversy for the time being, and I thought no more of it only to remember that he had promised me "*further attention hercafter.*"

In 1874 I went to the state of Arkansas. (By special act of the Legislature, pronounced Arkansaw.) I held meetings in the little village of De View, in Woodruff County. I had pleasant homes with Drs. E. O. Grigsby, G. B. Fakes, John O. Raymond, H. Smith, and others. There was great interest manifested in the meetings and I promised to return.

In November, 1875, I received a very short letter from Dr. Grigsby, saying: "There is slander against you here, and if you don't come and face it, you are not the man we took you to be."

I was overwhelmed with astonishment. What could it mean? Three days passed and I started for Arkansas, not knowing what I had to meet or who was the author of the slander.

As I passed Bass, eight miles from my home, I saw Dr. L. B. Quackenbo standing at the depot. Raising my window I called to him, "Good bye, Doctor; I am off for Arkansas; pray for me." I had no idea then that he was to be the chief in the battle before me.

When I arrived in De View I made my way to Dr. Grigsby's house, who, when he saw me coming up to his gate, called out, "Rats, to your holes." I asked, "What does that mean, Doctor?" He laughed and said, "There won't be a Methodist preacher on the streets while you stay. There are three of them here, and they have something smuggled among themselves. They say you are a terrible fellow, and that they have documents to show you up if you ever come back; but if you stayed away they would let it die out."

After resting a few minutes we started out in search of the concealed document. We found one of the preachers, Dr. S. K. Longfellow, in a store with more than half a dozen other men. I approached him very socially, extending my hand, saying, "Good morning, Doctor; how do you do? I understand, sir, that you have a document damag-

ing to my character." He replied, "Well, yes, I have." I answered, "Well, sir, I have traveled four hundred miles to see it; let me have it." He drew a paper from his breast pocket and handed it to me. I had no idea what it contained or whose name was attached to it; but as I opened the paper I said, "Gentlemen, I have no secrets in the matter, and I will read it to you."

I wish all my readers could have looked into the face of that minister, and seen his expression when I said that. You see, I was about to "let the cat out" which those three preachers had so long smuggled as such a wonderful "cat in the bag." When I began to read the document I found a lie, at the start. Pausing, I said, "Doctor, have you a pencil?" On seeing him take one from his pocket, I continued, "Now I will tell you every lie and every truth in it, and you mark them down." I then read the document, which I now give entire and *verbatim*, as follows:

#### "TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

##### GREETING:

This is to certify that I am acquainted with Eld. John A. Cargile, of Jackson Co., Ala., who now resides near the town of Stevenson in said county. That Cargile has a small farm, and owns some property in stocks of cattle, horses, hogs, and

other things usually found about farms, and able to live free from want. Further; I testify that said Cargile holds an office under the radical administration at Washington City (being P. M. at Stevenson, Ala.), worth about \$300 per annum. Furthermore, said Cargile was first a secessionist in the war, afterward he turned Union man and was very strong in his Union sentiments and feelings; that he reported southern men to the Federal army as *Bushwhackers* who were not, and they were arrested and imprisoned and their lives endangered by these false reports. That after the war he belonged to the Union League, and is now a strong Radical and supports that party all he can, and holds an office under Gen. Grant. That he was in favor of hanging Gen. Lee, Jeff. Davis, and all the Rebel Leaders, and disfranchising forever *all Rebels*; and gave utterance to these sentiments publicly, in a Union meeting held soon after the war in the town of Stevenson. That in consequence of these things and his general bad conduct, it is *said* that the said John A. Cargile had a visit from the red men of the moon after night, and barely saved himself by flight to the mountains near by. *Some* say that he was badly whipped by the Klu Klux for his bad conduct, etc. I certify, furthermore, that said Cargile first joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church; that he left

that church and joined the Primitive, or Hardshell Baptist Church, and was first authorized by this church to preach and afterward ordained by them, and was for several years a Hardshell Baptist preacher. That he quit the Baptists and went over to the Adventists, and that the Baptists then expelled him for his faith and published him to the world for his bad conduct among them. That the Adventists were first introduced to this country by a man and woman, both from Boston, Mass., and both were preachers, and that negroes were in attendance in large numbers at their meetings. That one of their preachers since then came out publicly in favor of negro equality, and said that negroes and white people ought to sit together in church, etc. I further certify that said Cargile is not now recognized here as a regular minister of the gospel in good standing by other denominations. Lastly, I am ready and willing to substantiate these facts by other witnesses if necessary.

L. B. QUACKENBOSCH."

*Anderson, Franklin Co., Tenn.*

When I had finished reading the above statement, the gentlemen in the store gazed at me with faces expressive of suspicion mingled with pity. I then addressed the crowd:

"Gentlemen, I am a stranger among you; the

man whose name I find signed to this paper is a Methodist minister, a Free Mason and a physician. I do not say he has lied; but I promise you that I will stay here till somebody else in my own country tells you that he has. Good day, gentlemen."

The Doctor said, "Oh, hold on; that is *my* paper." I told him: "Please, sir, I have it now." Said he, both of us advancing toward the door, "Let me have it, and I will give you a copy of it." I replied, "Please, sir I will give *you* a copy of it." Soon we were both provided with a copy of the celebrated document, which may still be in some preacher's library. But I am never ashamed of any of my work as a minister of Jesus. This autobiography would be incomplete without this "Clerical Scandal," as the Irish brother calls it in the poem which follows at the close of this story.

Returning to Dr. Grigsby's house, I rested quietly till next day, then I started on a little gray mule through the rain and mud to Bro. John Raymond's. My blue cape given me on Alton Bay campground, by Bro. H. K. Choate, not only sheltered me from the rain but completely covered the little mule except its head and tail.

Passing a little log cabin in the swamp, my mule occasionally rubbing my foot against the fence to keep out of the terrible mud, and going

very slowly, I heard the heavy iron fire-shovel fall on the hearth, a chair tumble over on the floor, and little feet running. Turning my head, I saw a little boy coming to the door at break-neck speed. When he got squarely in the door, he stretched both hands as far as he could in opposite directions, horizontally, and yelled at the top of his voice, "*Yonder's Tardi.*" I was pleased to see the little fellow so excited, and on my return in the afternoon I called to see the child and to learn why he was so interested. His mother told me the story, which I relate in substance. The preachers had talked and preached so much about "Cargile" that the people were all interested, and everybody was talking about what times there would be if Cargile ever came back. Now the news had spread like wildfire a few days before, "Cargile is coming, sure enough." On Sunday before, several children were there visiting, and were all at play in the yard on the wood-pile, and of course the preachers' trouble being the topic of the day in the neighborhood, the children began to talk about what times there would be when Cargile came. The mother overheard them through the little open window beside the fireplace. By and by one little girl said, "Well, I wonder what kind of a thing Cargile is any way." Another little girl about twelve years old, said, "Why, I don't



know, but I thought it was a man." Another said, "No, it is not a man; but I don't know *what it is*." They concluded to ask the mother, and the oldest girl, running to the door, said, "O mamma, what is Cargile?" She explained to them that it was a man, and a preacher. So when the mother looked from the kitchen and saw me passing, she spoke to the children, saying, "Now, children, you can see what Cargile is, for he is passing." This caused the racket around the fireplace, while it was being hastily evacuated by the children who rushed to the door to see me.

On Sunday following there was a wonderful crowd out to hear me. The excitement was at the highest pitch. "Is Cargile a gentleman or a rascal?" That was soon to be settled. At the close of the sermon I made a statement and read the charges against myself, and told the people that I had written for testimony and should remain till it came. My friend, Dr. Grigsby, had written a letter "to any lawyer or physician," in my own town, and also had written to the officers of my county, and had received papers giving him perfect satisfaction, before he ever wrote for me to come back. He had not told me that he had such certificates, and I thought I was alone in a strange land and had to send home and await the movement of the mail department to defend myself.

Taking from his pocket a large envelope, he tossed it on the table where I stood, saying, "There, read that." I read the following letters, which was the first I knew of their existence :

STEVENSON, ALA., Oct. 6, 1875.

DR. —, *Dear Sir*:—I received a letter from you, though now misplaced, some time ago, asking me for the character of John A. Cargile, a minister living near here. Our postmaster, Dr. Stockard (a druggist), next door to me, handed your letter to me and desired me to answer it; but I laid the letter by and neglected it. I do not know that it is necessary for me to answer it now, as I suppose you have likely received the information you wished from other sources, though I learned recently that some Methodist preachers wrote to your country that Cargile could not get a respectable congregation here, and said some other things that would have a tendency to injure his reputation where he is not known. I have been practising medicine here for ten or twelve years, and have known Mr. Cargile most of the time, although I am a Missionary Baptist and have been for more than thirty years, and differ with Cargile on several subjects that I think are important, but I must do him the justice to say that as a man for integrity and honesty he is not surpassed

by any person in this county. As a Christian he is zealous and devoted, and I think likely has not an equal in this county.

Will you please inform me who that Methodist preacher is that said Cargile could not get a respectable congregation to hear him? I have heard him [Cargile] a half dozen times, or perhaps more; at most of those times the house was full, or nearly so, and sometimes they could not all get in; and some that differed with him were very anxious to hear him, and solicited him to preach again. I do not know of an untarnished Methodist preacher in this upper end of Jackson County with the exception of two, perhaps three, and *they* have but little ability. I suppose I have written you enough. However, anything else you wish to know on the subject, if I have the knowledge to impart it, I will do so with pleasure.

Respectfully, J. S. BANKSON, M. D.

Dr. Grigsby then wrote a letter in reply to this last one, and also requested further proof of my good reputation. He says:

DE VIEW, ARK., Oct. 11, 1875.

DR. J. S. BANKSON, Stevenson, Ala.

*My Dear Sir:*—Your letter of the sixth inst. to hand and the contents noted. I was glad, truly glad, to hear from you. I am solicitous to have

you write me an answer to the following questions, and to have others outside of the Adventist faith sign it, and put opposite their names their religious belief: Does John A. Cargile challenge every preacher in reach of him for a debate, or does he not? Has he grown rich since the war by preaching? Was he a traitor to the South during the late war, and thereby cause many to leave their homes, by reports to the Federals, to save their lives? These are questions I desire to have answered by you and several others. Mr. Cargile was here last fall at my house. I received and treated him as a Christian gentleman. I so believe he is, and if he is not, I am mistaken. I wish to know if he ever did anything during or since the war to the injury of any citizen of Jackson County, Ala.

A letter has been written here, to some person unknown to me, as is also its author, in which Mr. Cargile is painted in very black colors. The parties having it, refuse to make known the author, but say that if ever Mr. Cargile returns here it will be brought against him. Many of us here formed a good opinion of Mr. Cargile, and do not wish him to receive the slanderous stab unaware (if it be slander). I write this at the request of many as well as my own wishes. I hope you will not delay in this longer than necessary. As to

my position, I refer you to any public officer in this county. I hope to hear from you soon, and that you will say whether I can use your communication as I think best or not.

Yours respectfully,

E. O. GRIGSBY.

P. S.—Your letter of the 6th has been solicited for publication. What shall I do?

STEVENSON, ALA., Oct. 22, 1875.

DR. —:—I have endeavored to have your questions answered. I did not go out of town to find names to the following statement, except Mr. Brewer and Anderson; they were here yesterday. All that I presented this to, who had known him fifteen years, subscribed their names. Mr. Thornton does not belong to any church [he now, 1891, belongs to the Christian Church—J. A. C.], his people are Baptists. Mr. Brewer is a Methodist, or inclines that way. Mr. Washington does not belong to any church. F. M. McMahan does not belong to any church, I do not know which way he is inclined. These are our most prominent men here that have been acquainted with Mr. Cargile so long. I do not know how many names I could get on the paper, but I think this is sufficient.

Respectfully yours,

J. S. BANKSON, M. D.

STEVENSON, ALA., Oct. 21, 1875.

We the undersigned, have known John A. Cargile for fifteen years or more; have not known him to do anything to the injury of any person during or since the war. In relation to his challenging every preacher in reach of him, we understand that he offered to debate the religious questions that he and others differed on after they had been proclaimed by him to be Scripture and then was assailed by others behind his back. The questions we have heard of are the immortality of the soul and the Kingdom of God. He has not become rich by preaching; he is a poor man with a wife and five children. He does not take part, or much part, in politics.

Names. (Signed.)

T. E. McMahan, a merchant, belongs to M. E. Church, South; Geo. W. Thornton, merchant at Stevenson; L. H. Brewer, formerly Circuit Court Clerk; Wm. Washington, merchant at Stevenson; F. M. McMahan, merchant at Stevenson; T. T. Foster, tax assessor, Jackson Co.; W. M. Cowan, Agt. N. and C. R. R., Stevenson; J. F. Martin, Agt. M. and C. R. R., Stevenson; John F. Anderson, prominent man in Franklin Co., Tenn.; W. J. McMahan, merchant in Stevenson.

"STEVENSON, ALA., Oct. 25, 1875.

*To all whom it may concern:*—This is to certify, that I have known Rev. John A. Cargile from his boyhood, and though at one time differing politically, and *always* differing religiously, I take pleasure in stating, "that so far as his character as a man and Christian is concerned, his conduct, deportment, daily walk and devotion to the cause of Christianity, is unimpeached."

To the incredulous, if any, so far as my character is concerned, I cheerfully refer them to *any* public officer of my county.

L. H. BREWER,  
*Member M. E. Church.*

Mr. Brewer now lives in Commanche, Texas, where he has been Probate Judge for a succession of terms.

STATE OF ALABAMA, } Probate Court  
JACKSON CO. } said County.

I, Nelson Kyle, Judge of the Probate Court for said county and State, hereby certify that T. E. McMahan, J. S. Bankson, T. T. Foster, W. J. McMahan, F. M. McMahan, William Washington, J. F. Martin, G. W. Thornton, John F. Anderson, W. M. Cowan and L. H. Brewer, are all citizens of this county except J. F. Anderson, and are responsible, and any statement they or either of

them would make would be entitled to credit. And I furthermore certify that they are all Democrats of the *straightest sort*, and most of them are members of the Baptist and M. E. Churches, South; and furthermore, that none of them belong to the same faith and order as Rev. John A. Cargile; and I further certify that John A. Cargile is a minister of the gospel of the highest respectability, and there are no charges of any kind against him in this county, and this is the county of his youth and manhood.

Given under my hand, this 13th of Nov., 1875.

NELSON KYLE, Judge P. C.

All these parties, save three, were in the Confederate army. T. T. Foster was Tax Assessor; he lost his leg in the war, and I voted for him, which shows that I was favorable to ex-Confederate soldiers. We have always been the best of friends.

DE VIEW, ARK., Oct. 11, 1875.

*To the Sheriff, Jackson Co., Ala.*

SIR:—You will confer a favor on me, and also on many others living here, if you will inform me as soon as practicable what the social and general reputation of Mr. John A. Cargile is. Is he a man of truth and honor, or is he not? Did he



report to the Federals, during the late war, upon citizens of that county, which report forced many to leave their homes to save their lives, or did he not? Is he, or is he not regarded as a Christian gentleman by the citizens generally in your county? Was he a poor man when the war ended, and is he a rich man now? What is his pecuniary worth? Do any among you think he is preaching the Advent doctrine merely to make money out of it? Has he grown rich by so preaching? Is he a man of good reputation or not? Has he any cause to be afraid to remain at home, this fear to be caused by any crime he committed before, during or since our late war? How is he regarded by the preachers generally, and also by the members of the different denominations? You, sir, as the sheriff of Jackson Co., have a right and ought to know the general character of any man in it. I ask these questions from pure motives to myself and to Mr. Cargile, and I hope you will not hesitate to answer at once, let it be for or against Mr. Cargile. He has been by some unknown man in your county assailed here, and I entertained him at my house during a short visit he made here last fall. I wish to know if he be a wolf in lamb's clothing, or is he true as per profession. By letting me hear from you soon, you will greatly oblige,

Yours respectfully, E. O. GRIGSBY, M. D.

P. S.—This is a matter of importance. Please preserve this letter, as it may be called for.

Yours, etc.,

E. O. G.

The following was received by E. O. Grigsby in reply.

SCOTTSBORO, ALABAMA, Oct. 24, 1875.

MR. E. O. GRIGSBY, *Dear Sir*:—I received your communication and contents noted. In answer to your letter of enquiry I take pleasure in answering, I have known him (Mr. John A. Cargile) from his infancy to the present time, and I must add, too, that we were raised half a mile from each other; and I believe I taught him his alphabet, and to spell and read. I consider him a man of truth and honor.

*Ans. 2.*—If he reported to the Yankees, or was a common informer, I do not know it to be so.

*Ans. 3.*—He is regarded by his neighbors as a Christian gentleman.

*Ans. 4.*—He was a poor man at the commencement of the war and he is now a man of limited means.

*Ans. 5.*—I have never heard any of the citizens say they believed he was preaching the Adventist doctrine with a view of making money, but only from pure motives. It is very hard to look into the intentions of men. If he has grown rich by preaching, there is not a great deal visible.

*Ans. 6.*—He has made considerable reputation for a young man, or for a man of his age.

*Ans. 7.*—If there is any cause for him to fear to remain at home for anything that he did during or since the close of the late war, I am not apprised of it.

*Ans. 8.*—He is regarded as a man of ability for his age and experience, both by the church members generally and the ministers of the different denominations. Although the other denominations do not subscribe to his doctrine, they look upon it as something new; and, in fact, it is of recent birth in this section of the country. Yet some are adopting his teaching as the plainest and safest way to salvation.

Sir, I have tried to answer your questions with as much accuracy as I could with truth and justice both to myself and Mr. Cargile, and as to his political creed, he might well be denominated a *conservative* man. Voting for his native-born folks for State and county offices and for national or federal offices, I believe he has supported this present administration. Well, as to his parentage, he is of a good family, high-minded and respected in the community in which they live. Hoping this will be satisfactory, I remain,

Yours fraternally, S. H. McMAHAN.

Mr. McMahan, I believe, had been a lieutenant in the Confederate army. When I had finished reading the above letters, the people began to see that there was something wrong somewhere else, and that Cargile had some friends at home. I was glad that these letters had been obtained without my knowledge. I had written for other testimony, and now I wrote the author of the charges as follows:

DE VIEW, ARK., Nov. 20, 1875.

MY DEAR BRO. QUACKENBO, Anderson, Tenn.:—I find here a certificate over your name setting forth certain charges against me, or my character as a Christian, all of which you bind yourself to substantiate. I hereby notify you that I will wait here three weeks for you to come and do so.

I have found certificates here from your own brethren which have been sent from Jackson County, Ala., giving the lie to what you say, and I *demand* of you to *come* immediately and make good those charges or, like a Christian gentleman, acknowledge you have lied. I am sorry, Bro. Quackenbo, that you have such a heart, for “out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh” (Jesus). My brother, don’t fail to be here by Wednesday before the first Sunday in December with your proof, if you have it. May God bless you.

Yours, etc., JOHN A. CARGILE.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CLERICAL SCANDAL—CONTINUED.

In due time I received the following letters and certificate from the community where my assailant practiced medicine for several years.

CATCHINGS, TENN., }  
FRANKLIN CO. } Nov. 29, 1875.

We, the undersigned, citizens of this vicinity, certify that Elder John A. Cargile, living at Stevenson, Ala., fifteen miles from this place, is regarded by the people in this neighborhood as a truthful, honorable and Christian gentleman, and respected by all as a minister of the gospel. We also certify that Dr. L. B. Quackenbo moved to this county from Arkansas some four or five years after the war, and consequently could have known nothing as to Cargile before or during the war, of his own knowledge. As to his (Cargile) reporting Southern men as bushwhackers and such like, we never heard of it till we saw it in Dr. Quackenbo's letter to the people in Arkansas. We never heard of him (Cargile) being guilty of any bad conduct during

his whole life, and the most of us have known him from our infancy. It is true that he is Postmaster at Stevenson, Ala., on a salary of about \$200 per annum; but we don't regard that or his Union sentiments as a crime.

(Signed.)

J. C. Shirley, P. M., Catchings, Tenn.; Nathan Bolton, Agt. N. C. and St. L. R. R.; A. G. Bledsoe, Silas Shavers, John W. Kirby, Larkin Willis, Thomas Bullard, Patrick Barnett, R. R. section foreman; S. B. Prince, John Stewart, Wm. Lynch, F. T. Gibson, R. R. section foreman; R. H. Dixon, M. D., and Minister M. E. church, South; J. F. Brazelton, Merchant; Wm. Pellam.

STATE OF TENNESSEE,  
FRANKLIN CO.

I, J. G. Brazelton, one of the acting Justices of the Peace for this county of Franklin, do certify that the names signed to the above certificate are gentlemen of high standing in our community, and what they say is regarded as true. I also endorse what they have said as to Cargile and Q—.

(Signed.)

J. G. BRAZELTON,  
*Justice of the Peace.*

COUSIN JOHN:—I send the certificate as requested. I had it in a different shape, but Lark

came up and made me change it. I hope it is O. K. They all say that they wish they could do more for you. John, I want you to put this thing through. Sue him for slander. I will stick to you, and so will the whole Creek. We all regard Dr. Quackenbo as a mischief-making liar. I will say so on oath, and can prove it by all my neighbors. If I can do anything more I am ready to do so. Your cousin,

J. C. SHIRLEY.

CATCHINGS, TENN., Dec. 7, 1875.

DEAR BRO. CARGILE:—Please say to the people of De View, Ark., that I have just read a copy of Dr. Quackenbo's letter to them about you, and that I hereby certify that the charges he brings against you are false. I have known you ever since you were a little boy, and never heard of any such things against you before. I never heard of your being guilty of any bad conduct while you were a member and preacher of our church.

Your Bro., WILLIAM FURGERSON,  
*Minister of the Baptist Church.*

The next Sunday I read the above letters to the people, which seemed to satisfy everybody, even the preachers themselves, as will be seen by the following letter. The Bro. Leggery mentioned in it was the preacher who advised me to write for

the above statement, and who first wrote to Alabama, to Bro. Winslow, for my standing. He turned the letter over to Dr. Quackenbo to answer.

DE VIEW, ARK., Dec. 1, 1875.

REV. L. B. QUACKENBO, *Dear Bro.*:—Bro. Leggery has gone to Conference, and requested me to open all letters to him from you during his absence. Your letters dated 20th and 25th last month have both been received, and as I am equally interested with Bro. Leggery in the Cargile matter, I must say that I am disappointed, sadly so, at not receiving the long promised evidence. We have been looking, vainly looking, for the long-promised document to sustain the charges you made against Cargile. Feeling certain that you would make good the statement you made against him according to promise, we have promised the evidence. Cargile said he would wait two weeks for the proof; his time will be out in a few days; he leaves on Monday next. Now where are we standing in the light of an intelligent people? He has with him several certificates commending him as a Christian minister, a pious, good man. I do not recollect their names, but one is from the Probate judge of his county, and several from Methodists of a similar kind. He has read publicly these certificates, also a copy of



a letter he says he sent to you "asking you to come forward and make good the charges or acknowledge, like a Christian gentleman, that you have lied." This he read before a large audience. I am a Methodist minister of the gospel, and feel a deep interest in this matter. I believe he has generally satisfied the people here that he is a persecuted man. After he denied the charges you made against him, if your promised proof had come the matter would have been forever settled. And it does seem to me, my brother, if these things of which you accuse him had been so public, it would be an easy matter to prove them. I can see no good resulting by publishing him as you speak of; the proper proof of verification is what we need, is what we ask, and when you get this I will be much pleased to hear from you.

Yours in Christ, S. K. LONGFELLOW.

At my last meeting in De View the people gave me quite a donation in money which had been quietly collected by Dr. J. for me. It was sufficient to defray the expense of my fare both ways and pay me well for all the time I had lost in the matter.

On returning home I met Bro. Winslow on the street and was glad to see him. He did not seem at all pleased at meeting me, and remarked, "Bro.

Cargile, I am very much surprised that you should meet me in so friendly a manner after writing about me as you have." I told him I had not mentioned his name, when he replied, "Don't you deny it, sir, for I have it in black and white in your own handwriting." I answered, "Oh! well, that will tell the tale." He drew out a sheet of note paper and as he opened it I said, "That is Dr. Quackenbo's handwriting not mine." "Well," said he, "it has your name to it, any way."

The Doctor had copied my letter to himself *verbatim* till he came to the sentence, "*Giving the lie to what you say.*" He had forged the name of Bro. Winslow by making it read as follows, "Giving the lie to what you and *Winslow* have said." This he had sent to Bro. Winslow as *my letter*. I said, "Now, see here, Bro. Winslow, here is a copy of my letter to Dr. Quackenbo, and it is written on the same kind of paper, too. I tore both leaves from an old account-book, and sent one to him and kept a copy on the other. Don't you see they are not the same handwriting?" He looked angry and said, "He says you wrote it, and I *believe it*."

I replied very kindly, "The train will be here in about ten minutes; let us go to his house and see him." He said, "No, I don't care to go." I told him if he would go I would pay his car fare. He positively refused to go. I then told him, "If you

won't go, by the grace of God I will." I boarded the train and arrived at Anderson, Tenn., just after dark, and sent a note up to Dr. Quackenbo's house, kindly asking him to come down to the depot for an interview. He refused to come. I then invited two young men, Wm. R. Willis and Wm. B. McQuiddy, to accompany me, and went to his house.

We looked through the window and saw him seated in the family circle. When we rapped it was quite a little while before the door opened. When we entered the house the Doctor was missing. We were seated and talked with his wife and children. By and by he came from a back room. I rose quickly and said, "Well, Bro. Quackenbo, I am glad to see you." As we joined hands he said, with visible emotion, "Now, look here, Cargile, I want us to have a friendly talk here to-night." I asked him, "Why, Bro. Quackenbo, what do you mean? I propose to be a *Christian*, and such do not indulge in any other kind of talk. You did write that letter to Arkansas, did you?" He answered, "Yes; Bro. Leggery wrote me that you were coming back to Arkansas with a tent, and if you should you would sweep the country; and that he was determined to kill out your doctrine, and asked me to get up a document against you. I wrote that thing and sent it off, and two

days after I would have given the world if I could only have had it back. I wrote them not to show it to you, and I think they treated me with great injustice when they let you see it." "Well," said I, "they did me no injustice; in fact, they *had* to show it to me."

From my notes written about that time I copy the following: "This Bro. Leggerty kept his conduct in this matter so dark that even some of his own brethren did not surmise that he had done anything towards it. How beautifully is Micah 7: 3, fulfilled here, 'The great man he uttereth his mischievous desire; so they wrap it up.' How completely he did 'wrap it up,' and some of that work will very likely not be unwrapped till God reveals every secret thing at the judgment."

I asked the Doctor, "Did you *forg*e Bro. Winslow's name to my letter?" He said, "Yes." I asked, "What did you do that for?" He replied, "Oh! just to give *him* a little trouble, too; he is too ficety any way." He confessed that the charges he had sent to Arkansas against me were false. He gave me the letter from Dr. S. K. Longfellow which I have given in this chapter. Handing him a sheet of blank paper, I said, "Now I want that in black and white." He hesitated and asked, "What?" I replied, "Just what you have confessed to me." He hesitated again

and said, "I don't know about that." I told him, "I do; if you don't give it to me in writing you can prepare yourself for a suit for slander and forgery." He asked me to let him think over it till to-morrow. I asked him, "Will you send it to-morrow?" His wife said, "Yes, Bro. Cargile, I will see that he sends it to-morrow evening on the four o'clock train." That being agreed upon, I said, "Now, Bro. Quackenbo, I want to pray with you." He did not speak, but we bowed side by side and I prayed. As we rose to our feet I took him by the hand to say farewell, when he said, "Now, Cargile, the tomahawk is buried, isn't it?" I said, "No, sir." He asked, "What will it take to bury it?" I told him, "When you send that written confession it will be, and not before." He told me again, "I will send it to-morrow." I asked him, "Then won't you come down to Stevenson and let us preach together like brethren, and show to the world that religion is love?" He dropped my hand quickly and, turning his head abruptly to one side, said, in a very gruff voice, "No, sir! I'll not promise to do that."

I went home that night, which was December 15, 1875, and waited several days for the promised confession, but all in vain. Finally, I wrote him as follows:

STEVENSON, ALA., Dec. 23, 1875.

DEAR BRO. QUACKENBO:—I am sorry to have to write to you again in this matter. Had you sent me the written statement according to promise, the trouble would have been settled; but you have not done so. I will wait a few days more, and if you don't send me a statement *exactly* according to promise, I shall proceed at once for satisfaction for slander and forgery. I hope, as a minister, you will be as true as your promise, and thus save further trouble.

Yours, etc.,

JOHN A. CARGILE.

Next day I received the following statement by mail. It was back dated, but the postmark was correct.

#### A STATEMENT

*Of an agreement made and entered into between L. B. Quackenbo and John A. Cargile. Witnesseth.*

For the sake of our common cause of Christianity, and for the sake of peace and harmony in the country as well as between us as Christian ministers, L. B. Quackenbo withdraws certain charges made against the said John A. Cargile, involving, as he complains, his Christian character and his good standing as a minister. He farther states

that his authority for making those charges were verbal reports made to him by various persons, and he then believed the reports to be true and reliable, but now believes from statements made by good men as well as from Mr. Cargile's statements and explanations and documents shown him, that injustice is done him, and he takes pleasure in righting any wrong he may have done in the matter. It is furthermore stated by the said L. B. Quackenbo that it was with reluctance that he first wrote the document complained of, and after repeated solicitations by others, and after he had written it he desired to recall it, having substituted another paper in which interrogations were made to Mr. Cargile on all the charges, with the opportunity to acquit himself thus given him; but this paper containing the bill of charges was made public contrary to his wishes, and he hereby revokes it.

The said John A. Cargile agrees to withdraw all charges against L. B. Quackenbo, and to set him right before the world.

(Signed.)

L. B. QUACKENBO.

I was astonished, on receiving the above statement, to see how ingeniously he had dodged the confession and tried to draw me in as being equally guilty with himself. I replied to him as follows :

STEVENSON, ALA., Dec. 29, 1875.

MY DEAR BRO. QUACKENBOS:—Yours of the 23d, mailed the 25th, is received, and I send you a copy of your statement. But it is not according to agreement. \*I think you certainly remember that you agreed, in the presence of witnesses, to tell in that statement who wrote first to Bro. Winslow, and then to you. That he wrote you that his object was to put down the doctrine, etc. You said nothing in the statement about forging Bro. Winslow's name to my letter. I never agreed to give you any written agreement, withdrawing any charges I made against you, and to set you right before the world. I have said nothing but the truth, and have nothing to withdraw. I told you I had published, or sent for publication, your bill of charges, and that to have your written statement published would set you right before the world. And if you had made it according to agreement it would have done so; but my neighbors counsel me not to accept such a meagre concern. What have you learned from Arkansas, or anywhere else, about my "very severe expressions"? Please send them to me, with the author's name. I am responsible for all I have said or may say hereafter. You say you try to show the meek spirit of Jesus. I am glad of it. I can only wish you had possessed that spirit all the while. I desire



to have the same meek spirit, but I must confess that with me now forbearance has almost ceased to be a virtue. What do *you* think about it?

I will give you another chance to make a statement as to just how the whole thing came up and why you wrote the articles, and why you put Bro. Winslow's name to my letter. I will wait a week, and if you don't give me satisfaction I will call upon those two witnesses for their testimony in the matter. Please send the late letters you have from Arkansas reporting my "severe expressions."

Place yourself in my position and you can realize my feelings in the matter. Ask yourself what would be your conduct if I should treat you as you have me. Money is nothing compared to a man's character.

Please write me immediately.

Yours, etc., JOHN A. CARGILE.

The time passed by without my receiving the confession as he had made it verbally and promised it. I then called upon Messrs. McQuiddy and Willis, who willingly testified as follows:

STATE OF TENNESSEE,  
FRANKLIN CO.

*To whom it may concern:—*

We, the undersigned, do hereby affirm that on the 15th day of Dec., 1875, we went to the house

of Dr. L. B. Quackenbo, who then lived in this county, and heard him make the following confession to John A. Cargile, of Stevenson, Jackson Co., Ala., *viz.*: That he (Quackenbo) did write a certain bill of charges and send to Arkansas to one Rev. Leggery. That the said Leggery first wrote to Rev. C. K. Winslow, of Stevenson, Ala. That Winslow then referred him (Leggery) to Quackenbo for "Cargile's war record." That the said Leggery then wrote the said Dr. L. B. Quackenbo that Cargile was to come back to Arkansas with a tent, and that he (Leggery) was determined to put down Cargile's doctrine. Therefore, he desired the said L. B. Quackenbo to send him a document. That he sent the document, and two days afterward was very sorry, and wrote to Arkansas forbidding them to show the document to Cargile, and said that he (Quackenbo) thought they (the Arkansas brethren) treated him with injustice by showing Cargile the letter.

Further. He (Quackenbo) confessed that he was now satisfied the charges were false, and was willing to right all wrongs and "*bury the tomahawk.*" That he further confessed that he (Quackenbo) did copy Cargile's letter to him in which he (Quackenbo) did forge the name of "Winslow." That we heard Cargile ask him (Quackenbo),

"Why did you forge Bro. Winslow's name to my letter and send it to him?" That we heard Dr. Quackenbo reply, smilingly: "Oh! just to give him a little trouble, too, for he is too ficety anyhow." And, further, that we heard Dr. Quackenbo ask Cargile for the character of Leggery in Arkansas. We heard Cargile reply, "As far as I know, Bro. Leggery is a Christian gentleman." We heard Cargile say to Dr. Quackenbo that Dr. S. K. Longfellow in Arkansas refused to tell him (Cargile) whether he had seen any letters from Bro. Winslow; but that Winslow had agreed at the proper time to tell Cargile enough. That Cargile said he believed Bro. Winslow to be a Christian gentleman, and that he (Cargile) did not think that he (Winslow) had written anything bad." That the said Dr. L. B. Quackenbo said to Cargile as follows: "I was a Union man myself and made Union speeches through Arkansas, and had to bear much persecution for it."

And we do further certify that we remained there as long as Cargile did, and that we came from Dr. Quackenbo's house with Cargile. And we heard Dr. Quackenbo agree to send this confession in writing to Cargile by mail next day, on the 16th. That he (Quackenbo) agreed to tell in the confession, "just who had writ-

ten, and that the object was to put down the doctrine."

We further certify that Cargile never said a hard word to Quackenbo about Winslow, or any of the Arkansas brethren, but, on the contrary, spoke kindly of all of them. That Cargile then said he was glad the thing was passing off so pleasantly between himself and Dr. Quackenbo, and asked the privilege to pray with him, which was granted. We then bowed together, when Cargile very earnestly prayed that the feelings of the past might be buried forever, and that their hearts might all be filled with love. That Quackenbo then asked, "Is the tomahawk buried?" Cargile replied, "When you send me that written statement it is, and not before." Cargile then asked Dr. Quackenbo, while holding his farewell hand: "Bro. Quackenbo, will you come down and let us preach together like brethren?" To which Quackenbo replied, "No, I'll not promise to do that."

We further certify that Quackenbo said the reason why he had acted so was that he had been "*miffed*" at Cargile for two or three years, or since Cargile accepted his proposition for a debate, which he claimed was not made in seriousness, but was only a little pleasantry. This is a true statement of the interview between Cargile and

Quackenbo according to our best recollection. Witness our hands and seals. This, the 23d day of March, 1876.

W. B. MCQUIDDY

WM. R. WILLIS.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, the date above. J. G. BRAZELTON, Justice of the Peace for Franklin Co., Tenn.

The careful reader will notice that the statement withdrawing *all charges*, was dated Dec. 23d, and mailed the 25th. It is evident that on the 27th, four days later, he wrote to Dr. S. K. Longfellow, still contending that some of the charges were true, and added other things, I know not what, as the following letter shows:

DE VIEW, WOODRUFF CO., ARK., Jan. 5, 1876.

REV. L. B. QUACKENBO, *Dear Bro.*:—Your letter dated 27th last month came to hand to-day. I regret you agreed to withdraw all you had said about him if any of it could be proven. His friends here now will have all they want to exult over. Can you not get some reliable man who heard him make the statement about Lee, Davis, and other rebels (that has independence enough), to send me a certified statement of the fact, without using your name? Surely this can be done if he made the remarks in public, or has the country suddenly become all Cargilites, and are afraid to speak against him, though it be true? You say

that you have good proof of the truthfulness of many or some of the charges; this I earnestly ask for. I can prove two positive falsehoods on him the short time he was out here unless the witnesses lie, and they are recognized here as gentlemen. I told him in my office he was a wolf in a lamb-skin, and he never will pray in my house until his heart is changed, be sure of that. You write that he says we would not meet the issue. We had none really to meet; we showed him the document from you. He denied the charges. What more could we do? He showed me some certificates he had and insisted on my going to hear him preach, and I told him plainly that I would not. He had written some unkind things about me to a friend of his, which I spoke to him about, and he retracted and begged pardon. He asked us if Bro. Winslow had not been writing to us about him, and we refused to give him any name but yours. We have never cast any reflections on Bro. Winslow, and I will pay Cargile to face me and say we did. And as to telling him that the correspondence was unsolicited on Bro. Leggery's part, I simply say it is a malicious falsehood, and should I ever see him again I shall hold him personally responsible for it. [These things I never heard of before. Dr. Q. must have written them. J. A. C.] We never conceded the point;

it is all a lie. He said with the certificates we ought to be satisfied. We told him that L. B. Quackenbo was endorsed by the M. E. C., South, and that we must hear from him before we would say the charges were false. I told him that I had had but little to do with it, but since he had denied these things I intended to find if he was guilty, and if you had wilfully made up such a long list of false statements I wanted to, and would, know it. We are after right, my Bro., nothing else if we know it, and justice we intend to do if we know it. These things should be cleared up. I think the church demands it, and if you will but send the proper evidence that he did say that Jeff. Davis, Lee, and others, should be hung, and all rebels disfranchised forever, with the explanation you have given, I am willing to let it drop so far as you are concerned. Cargile has surely "stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." He will never say but once in my presence what you write me he says about Leggery and McGimpsy. You may show C. this letter or tell him its contents if you wish. Please see Bro. Winslow and disabuse his mind about this matter. Write soon.

Yours, in Christ, S. K. LONGFELLOW.

I am sure I said nothing hard about Bro. Winslow or any other man. The above letter intimates

that Dr. Q. had written something that I should have said about Leggerly and McGrimpsy. I know I did not say anything hard enough to cause such a bitter remark from a Christian.

### THE LONE STAR, WITH NO SATELLITE.

STEVENSON, ALA., Nov. 20, 1876.

I certify, that at a meeting of some of the citizens of Jackson County, Ala., in the town of Stevenson, during military rule, for the purpose of restoring law and order, John A. Cargile did advocate a measure introduced by some person in said meeting to disfranchise all Rebel soldiers; said measure was voted down by the meeting.

U. S. BLANK.

I am willing that the certificates already given by ex-Confederate soldiers should suffice for the present.

The next spring I wrote the following letter to Arkansas, in reply to a request sent me in a letter from another party:

STEVENSON, ALA., May 2, 1876.

MY DEAR BRO. LONGFELLOW:—I received a letter from Dr. J. yesterday, in which Dr. G. requested me to send you a copy of Bro. Quackenbo's confession. That you desired to prosecute



him before the higher authorities of your church and have him silenced. I have studied and prayed over it nearly all night, and I will now tell you my feelings about it. I do not wish you to do so, and I hope you will not. I do not wish him any harm and hope that he will not be injured in the least by what he has done. Let him do all the good he can.

Every man has his influence, and Quackenbo might persuade some sinner to come to Christ and be saved. So please do not prosecute him. I have no hard feelings toward him. I wish him well, and hope God may bless him abundantly. You can get a copy from Dr. G. I repeat, my dear Bro., let us forgive him and let him alone. Bro. Winslow says I told him that you said you had seen a letter from him. My recollection is that I told him you said you were "not at liberty to tell me," and that I knew by that expression that you had. If I did tell him so, it was only a slip of the tongue, for I meant Bro. McGimpsey, who told me at Mr. Huddleton's gate that Brn. Winslow and Quackenbo were all who had written. But I hope the thing will stop, and that we will all be humble and devoted to God. Give my love to all of *our* Father's children. Please pray for me.

Your Loving Bro.,      JOHN A. CARGILE.

Dr. R. H. Dixon, a Methodist preacher who signed the statement from Catchings, Tenn., gave me the following letter, saying, "You can use this as you see proper; I gave him [Quackenbo] as good as he sent." I give only that part of the letter which alludes directly to the matter in question.

Dec. 17, 1875.

DR. DIXON, *Dear Bro.*:—I am deeply grieved and wounded that you signed that paper at Catchings. That persons not members of our church should sign it is not surprising, but that you, a brother minister, should be so ready to cast reflections on the character of a brother preacher, is mortifying to my feelings. All that I ever did in the Cargile case was done with reluctance and at the earnest solicitation, frequently made, by brethren of the ministry of our church in Arkansas. The paper that was sent back here had been revoked by me, and another sent in its place which contained interrogations only in order to give C. an opportunity to vindicate himself on all the charges against him, which I am able to show by letters in my possession from Arkansas. I said nothing against C. only what I had heard from others repeatedly and thought was true—some two or three charges I now think are not correct, but the

balance are. How you can arrange it consistently as a Methodist minister to endorse a man who preaches such heresies,—that a man has no soul, and denies the future punishment of the wicked, and the annihilation of the devil and hell, etc., as a learned and worthy Christian preacher, I am unable to determine. In your church trial and difficulties with T. I gave you my aid and influence in the way of advice, etc. But thus it is with you and others; you return evil for good instead of following God's word. I have stood up for the church a long time and in this case I am fighting her battles against this boasting Goliath of Gath. I have left my practice here and my family and travelled on the train at my own expense and preached a great deal, and no man has given me as much as \$5.00. I have been sorely persecuted by the enemies of religion and of our church in this country, but the hardest of all is your opposition. It was through your influence, in a great measure, I first came here, and you promised me it forever and promised never to be in my way. How have you kept your word? God knows my heart, and I appeal to him as my judge that I have done the best I could, and have never wronged you or any one else here. When you wrote your name on that paper you endorsed an enemy of your church and of your pastor and of our cause.

Cargile wrote to Arkansas that there were but two Methodist preachers in this country of any respectability, and that they were of limited ability, etc. I told him of this the other night and he denied it, and said it was Dr. Bankson who wrote it; but the brethren out there say it was C., and I believe it. Where does this leave you, Doctor? And a Methodist preacher! Where is your self-respect when you endorse him? He can't preach without challenging or casting slurs on some of us. He had the impertience, the other night after all he has said against me, to ask me to go to Bolívar or Stevenson and preach with him. I told him I would not go, nor will I.

Now, dear Doctor, this is not written to offend you; no, indeed; I come from my knees to write, and often while I have been writing I have felt the blinding tears falling from my eyes. I am ready to meet you as a brother and talk over the matter and forgive and look over this. I have many other things I have had put on me. I love your wife as a true Christian sister, and would love you if you would only treat me like a brother.

Your deeply wounded brother,

L. B. QUACKENBOS.

In the summer of 1876 I attended the National Campmeeting at Springfield, Mass. Bro. Geo. T.

Adams, then Business Agent of the Advent Christian Publication Society, and Treasurer of the American Advent Mission Society, came to me and said, "Who is J. M. Stewart, down in your country?" I replied, "He is one of our preachers." Bro. Adams asked, "What does he keep meddling in your business for? He keeps writing us to know if we gave you any money, and wants to know just how much we gave you in round numbers last year. I concluded that he was meddling where it did not concern him, and let him go." I thought for a moment, and asked, "What kind of handwriting is it?" Adams answered, "*Splendid.*" "Well," said I, "Stewart did not write it, then, for he can hardly write a legible hand." I thought no more about it until, after campmeeting, I was in the *Crisis* office in Boston, when Bro. Adams handed me a paper, saying, "Here is Stewart's letter." The very moment I glanced at it I remarked, "Ah, that's the handwriting of Dr. Quackenbo, a Methodist preacher in my country."

The letter expressed great friendship for me, and extolled my work, exalted my Christian character, and hoped that the Mission Board was helping me as he thought I deserved, and was anxious to know about it.

The week following I was at Seabrook, N. H., campmeeting. Bro. A. P. Moore, then clerking

in the office of Bro. H. L. Hastings, came to me and said, "Who is L. B. Quackenbo down in your country?" I told him that he was a Methodist minister. "Well," said Bro. Moore, "he does not like you very well, does he?" I replied, "Oh! I don't know, why not?" He answered, "He does not write much like it." I procured the letter and compared it with the one in Bro. Adams' office. One of them, signed J. M. Stewart, says that I was a Christian gentleman and doing a grand work; the other, signed L. B. Quackenbo, says, "As Mr. Cargile treated me with great injustice and unkindness I declined to receive any favors from him." Strange as it may seem, the letters were both in the same handwriting.

I often met the Doctor after this, and always spoke to him very kindly, but he refused to speak to me in return. Once I said, "How is your family, Bro.?" He turned from me abruptly, saying: "It's none of your business." One time, at a Sunday School picnic, he stood talking to another man; I walked up to him, and taking him by the hand, I said, "Good morning, brethren." The moment he saw me, he dropped my hand and turned his back on me. One day I met him on the highway; both of us riding mules, and both traveling alone. I called out, "Good morning, Bro. Quackenbo." He did not halt or look toward

me. Stopping my mule, I said to him as he rode along, "Look here; you and I both claim to be ministers. We tell the world that religion is love. Don't you suppose the devil laughs in his sleeve when he sees how you act? You know you tried to ruin me in Arkansas, without a cause, and you did not do it. I love you, and mean to speak to you every time I see you, and you might as well bury the tomahawk and stop this foolishness."

By this time he was too far away to hear any more. The next time I met him was at a Methodist meeting. He spoke very kindly, and invited me to pray after he had preached. By invitation I preached in the afternoon. Six came for prayer. I asked him to pray. I shall never forget the first sentence of his petition. "O! Lord, bless the dear brother who has preached to us this evening." The preacher in charge clapped his hands and shouted, "Glory to God." The fire spread from heart to heart, and several were made to rejoice and two souls were happily converted. From that day to the day of his death we were true friends, as I always had been to him.

After the battle was all over the kind people of De View, Ark., shipped me a box containing over four hundred pounds of pork, and an Irish friend composed and sent me the following poem:

## "A CLERICAL SCANDAL

Fabula! come, my verse inspire,  
 And while I sing touch thou the lyre  
 With charity. Oh! let me handle  
 A sacred subject, holy scandal,  
 Foisted by the public teachers,  
 Most holy men and reverend preachers,  
 Combined and worked by every wile  
 To ruin the cause of John Cargile.

Against such odds 'tis hard to fight,  
 Though doubly armed in being right;  
 Truth may die just for a season  
 And lie buried without reason,  
 Yet 'twill triumph, good men know why,  
 Over the wrong and prove the lie,  
 And put to shame all evil-doers,  
 E'en though they may be De Viewers.

Not long ago, I'll not go back  
     To dates and places unimportant;  
 But I'll put you on the track  
     Where you can follow my informant.

There came from Alabama here  
 A man, who showed how sinners could  
 Secure a crown, by earnest prayer,  
     In Christ's own kingdom if they would.

Preached on universal love  
     And duty to each other,  
 Spoke of Him who from above  
     Came on earth to call us brother.



He told how all men, after death,  
Lie passive till Christ's coming;  
That the good possessed the earth,  
And the bad found no room therein.

Against these truths the priesthood rose  
And vowed with determination  
Such truths and tenets to oppose,  
And send the author to damnation.

First in order Longfellow came,  
Backed by many a reverend name,  
With a record long, to shame  
John A. Cargile.

His papers all were well made out,  
Evidence clear to hang no doubt,  
To say the least, he'd turn him out  
The church and foil

All his hopes of ever making  
One more Adventist, or taking  
One more member without breaking  
The common rules.

But Cargile still kept on his way,  
Ever rejoicing and would pray  
For the men who were heard to say  
He preached to fools.

Next in order Parson Leggery  
Thought his cause would come to beggary,  
Said he'd stand no such humbug'ry,  
'Twas not his style.

He knew, he said, of men who'd lend  
A hand to him towards his end—  
The disgrace of our honored friend,  
John A. Cargile.

So that very reverend gent  
 Straight to Asia Minor went—  
 Some few here say he only sent—  
     For information

Of this man's record, *where 't was black*,  
 That he might shoot behind his back  
 And send him where he'd have to smack  
     Of sweet damnation.

And thou, McGimpsy, with a will  
 Of evil intent, backed by skill,  
 Didst try thy very best to kill  
     A noble cause;

A cause to every pilgrim dear,  
 His heart to warm, his life to cheer,  
 And while on earth to live in fear  
     Of God's good law.

Quackenbo next, without alias,  
 A worthy man and very pious,  
 For which his brethren all rejoice,  
     Of course, why not?

Knowing he'd neither lie nor sin,  
 Ne'er played poker—but to win,  
 And when thirsty drank but gin,  
     By him were taught

To swallow all he said, or says,  
 Whether in preaching or at prayers;  
 As Christians ought to do in these days  
     Of holy treason.

Now, charges made by such a man,  
 Drawn up by him in his own plan,  
 Deny or contradict who can?  
     'Tis beyond reason.

Winslow, thou, with hard-fought struggle,  
By all means of sleight or juggle  
Didst on Cargile try to smuggle  
    Damning slander.

But he, like gold when tried by fire,  
Came out purer despite the ire,  
And stands in the public favor higher,  
    Ay, and grander.

Thou and thy clique are shown to be  
But sorry reasoners who can't see  
Beyond their noses one half degree  
    On top of earth.

Sillier than so many lasses  
Who ne'er looked beyond their glasses,  
Worse than long-eared Spanish asses,  
    Look not to birth.

#### TO JOHN A. CARGILE.

Then go thy way, thou honest man,  
Thou hated of a hateful clan  
Which tried to ruin by every plan  
    Thy cause and thee.

Go nobly forth and take thy stand,  
In this or any other land,  
Among the pure, the true, the grand,  
    For thou art free."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE BEAR STORY AND THE PICKPOCKETS.

The Lord sent the ravens to feed Elijah, and he never yet has called out a man to preach the gospel and then left him to starve.

When I relinquished all chance of worldly preferment to sound the note of the coming King in his glory, I started out trusting in the Lord. I have had many trials, a few of which are given in other chapters in this work. Here is a very peculiar story. I call it the bear story. We will soon see why it is called so. There lives a farmer in the State of Maine whose name is Locke. He raises quite a number of sheep every year. The woods were infested with wild bears, which often prowled through the pastures at night, and made havoc among the sheep. This dear Bro. Locke, with others, procured a supply of traps and began trying to catch the roguish bears. In 1877 Bro. Locke caught one bear only. People were losing sheep often by the ravages of the bears, which became so damaging to the farmers' interests that the State of Maine passed an Act to pay two dollars bounty for every bear that should

be caught. Just how many traps Bro. Locke had, I do not know ; but he took his heavy traps in the fall of 1880, and went into the woods and climbed the steep hills in different places to set each trap in a position where he supposed Bruin would be likely to get caught. He has a faithful Christian daughter, a school-teacher, who was then sweet little blue-eyed Carrie. Her busy little hands gathered acorns for papa to bait a trap with. After tramping from place to place till all the traps were set, Bro. Locke fell on his knees, as he wrote me, and prayed, "O Lord, give me success with these traps, and I will send the bounty to Cargile in the South, to preach the gospel with." How wonderfully the Spirit impressed his mind ! What else could cause him to think of the unworthy writer, who was then passing through a terrible trial unknown to any save God and his dear companion ? How we prayed for the way to open for us to have "food and raiment" that we might prosecute the work of the Lord ! Strange as it may seem to the skeptic, those traps secured seven bears. I wish I could give my readers the very interesting story just as Bro. Locke could tell it. He could describe how his traps were dragged away, and how he, after searching the woods, found the tremendous big bear, whose trap had become fastened, and which had gnawed down quite a large tree ; then the finding of the old

she-bear and her half-grown cubs, each in a trap, and hid in different places. When the faithful servant of the Lord had succeeded in slaying all of the seven sheep-killers, he was almost exhausted physically ; but he fell on his knees in the woods and told the Lord : "Well, Lord, I thank thee that thou hast done a good thing for Cargile."

A ten-dollar bill and a couple of twos made the seven bounties of two dollars each. It was placed in a letter without registering, and addressed to me. I was in a strait at the time. I had an appointment in East Tennessee, my family in need, and I had not a penny in the world. How Satan did try my faith ! I prayed earnestly over it. Finally the day came for me to start. With a heavy heart I packed my saddle-bags. Wife said, "John, when are you coming back?" I told her, "I don't know that I am going." Looking at me for a moment, she asked, "Why are you packing your books, then?" I told her that I intended to do my part. That I had no money, but I should go to the depot, and then if the Lord opened the way, I would go on to the meeting. But if I could see no way opened to get a ticket, I should "consider the way hedged up and return home."

When I got to the post-office I received two letters, and, hearing the train coming around the

spur of the mountain, I knew I had no time to read the letters then. I ran into the depot, and said to the agent, "Give me a ticket for Chattanooga, and I will pay you next week when I return."

I knew the people where I was going were very poor, and during eight years' service they did not give me enough to pay my fare a dozen times; but I *felt* just what I said, without thinking where the money would come from. The agent stamped the ticket, and handed it to me without saying a word. Soon I was aboard the train, and began to read my letters. The first one was from an old friend. The second was from Bro. Locke. Imagine my joy and surprise if you can, when the greenbacks dropped out of the letter. I had my pocket-book, as usual, in my pants pocket, and I invariably put paper money in it for safe keeping. Being so carried away with joy at the unexpected sight of the money, I thoughtlessly stuffed the bills into the right-hand pocket of my vest, and began eagerly reading the wonderful letter, which was long, and contained all the *minutiæ* of catching the seven bears, which I wish I could remember. When I got to Carpenter, Willie and Nettie, children of Eld. J. J. Smith, got aboard the train to go with me to the meeting in Tennessee. In Chattanooga we had to wait till nine o'clock in the evening for the train. Hon. Horace Maynard, I believe, who

was then postmaster-general, was making a political speech under the car-shed, and I presume there were ten thousand people present, standing as closely as they could be packed.

The brass band was playing, and Willie was delighted with it, as he was not used to such things in the country. Our train stood ready to start as soon as the schedule time arrived. I knew that when the time came to start, there would be a rush; so I said to Willie, "I will go to the sitting-room and get Nettie, and go aboard, and you keep your eye on that train, and when you see it moving jump on." I took my saddle-bags in my right hand, and Nettie's valise in my left, and edging our way through the crowd, we reached the train.

The gentlemen's car was open, but the door of the ladies' car was locked. When we mounted the platform between the cars, the porter was inside, shaking the stove-grate. I told Nettie to "just wait till he stops rattling the grate, and I will shake the door-knob, and he will come and let you in." While we thus stood waiting, three men climbed on to the platform of the open car; but, instead of entering it, they came over to us. They were all stooped over, seemingly trying to hide their faces from us, and each carried a shillalah about three feet long. The gas-jets being just over the cars made it quite dark where



we stood. They got between us, and began to crowd us farther apart. I told them that that was the ladies' car, and that they would better go into the open car. Paying no attention to me, they nodded and "mumbled" something to each other which I could not understand. Finally they crowded Nettie nearly off on one side, and I on the other. My right hand, which held the saddle-bags, hung over the iron railing to keep me from falling. I called out, "Get away from here, gentlemen ; that lady is my company, and you are crowding her off." The third man from me reached around the other two, and, seizing the handle of the valise, which was in my left hand, said, "Well, hold up your valise, and let us pass." I suppose he thought that I would let go of the handle, but I did not. As we both stood pulling at the handle to decide which of us would have it, the other two men crowded between us, abreast, and passed under the valise. As they rubbed through, they tapped my pocket, and took my pocket-book out of my pants pocket, and then the third man, seeing that I meant to hold on to that valise, turned it loose, and, jumping down between the trains in the dark, they ran like so many March hares. Imagine their looks and curses when they reached their den and opened that pocket-book to find that it did not contain a cent of money. God's bear-money was still in my vest pocket. The pocket-

book had been a present to me by a Sr. Woolworth, who died at Worcester, Mass. It contained one note for \$16.70, and another for \$30.00, on two of my neighbors, who are honest men and paid me without the notes. So I lost nothing but the pocket-book. I can see the hand of Providence in this. What else could lead me to put that money in my vest pocket instead of the pocket-book?

Bro. Locke was wonderfully blessed in his work of trapping the bears. He caught seven more at different times, for which he received two dollars each, and sent it all to me. I praise God that the bear-money always came just at a time when I needed it most. The State then, in order to more effectually check the ravages of the bears among the sheep, raised the bounty to five dollars each. After this time till June, 1890, Bro. Locke caught twenty-six bears, and sent every bounty to me to use in spreading the gospel. If anybody else caught a bear I never heard of it.

Dear reader, see how God answered the Christian trapper's prayer, and thus enabled him in ten years to send one hundred and fifty-eight dollars into the Mission field, every cent of which has been used in spreading the blessed gospel of Christ. Besides the bear-money, Bro. Locke had one sheep which had been the favorite of a dear boy who died. He called it the "Missionary

lamb," the proceeds of whose yearly fleece has been sent to spread this gospel of the kingdom. So often have his faithful wife and loving daughter, with willing hands, spun the yarn, and knit the stockings to warm so many little feet while papa was out preaching, and mamma was burdened with so many cares, that I append the following beautiful poem by Bro. Libby : —

#### THE CHEERFUL GIVERS.

I know of a home with its loving three,  
Quiet and happy as often you see,  
In a country town in the State of Maine,  
Where the hills look down on a narrow plain,  
Streaked by a river which farmers love,  
If it be not mad from the slopes above.

I will name not one, and yet all are known  
In places where their gifts have been sown ;  
And Heaven is storing from many a field  
The harvests the scattered seed may yield,  
To give them back in bounteous measure,  
Here and hereafter, a home full of pleasure.

In various ways are the means secured,  
Through toil and hardship by each endured ;  
Out of the soil must some dollars grow,  
And the teacher from school her share will bestow ;  
The flocks lend their aid to the hands that will give,  
For the thoughts of the three are — the needy must live.

All costly apparel from choice is denied,  
To save means as well as to crucify pride ;  
They think not of feasting, since common fare  
Gives them what they need, and others a share.  
No lavish arrangement the house-rooms adorn,  
For the mansions of heaven their eyes are upon.

The rifle and trap are as sanctified wares,  
 Oft hidden and leveled to capture the bears ;  
 So the curse proves a blessing, since bounty and price  
 Go off to the mission, a virtue for vice ;  
 And war with the growlers hath after its cease  
 This sweet satisfaction — it maketh for peace.

Go on, noble trio, we bid you God speed  
 In every endeavor with soul-cheering deed ;  
 The hearts you have lightened from burdens of pain  
 Are not lighter than yours from the gifts of your gain ;  
 And Heaven remembers with waiting reward  
 Each one who has given as unto the Lord.

J. ALBERT LIBBY.

I will now relate some more experiences with robbers, that my young friends who may read this may be on their guard when they travel in great cities.

Robbers are generally fine-looking men, whom you would hardly suspect. On one occasion I was in the city of Memphis, Tenn. I went into the park, and near the grave of Gen. Andrew Jackson stood a man who entered into conversation with me very familiarly. He said that *his* name was Jackson, and that he was a relative of the old general. Next day I found him in the same place again. While we stood talking like old friends, there came a little red-headed, dandy-like fellow, who was introduced by my supposed friend as "Mr. Wilson, from Texas." He, too, was very affable indeed. I had traveled but little then, and of course I appreciated such social friends in a

strange city. As we engaged freely in conversation, we walked together up Madison Street. Suddenly Mr. Wilson said, "Oh! by the way, Mr. Jackson, I have a ticket in the lottery, and to-day is the drawing; where is their office?" Pointing to a stairway through a solid brick wall, he said, "There it is, up those stairs." Wilson said, "Let's go up, and see what I draw, just for the fun of the thing." When they had gone about halfway up the stairs he said to me, "Come up, stranger, and see what I draw, — no harm in it." I had often heard of lottery-wheels being fair, and I felt a curiosity to see how it was done, so I started up the steps. Jackson stood till I passed him, and then followed after, while Wilson went before me. We entered, and passed through four empty rooms, turning first to the left and then to the right through the doors, all of which Jackson closed behind us; but I thought nothing of it at the time. As Wilson entered the fifth room ahead of me, he did not say, "Good morning, gents," — and I don't know why I did not notice that, — but his first words were, "I have a lottery ticket here, and I want to see what it draws."

By this time I had entered the room, and Jackson had closed the door, and stood beside us. Two fine-looking men sat behind a counter on the opposite side of the room toward the right-hand corner. In the left-hand corner sat a very large

black man on an inverted nail-keg. That was all there were in the room. I can look back now and see that their manner proved that they were well acquainted, but at the time I was too "green" to catch it. In answer to Wilson, one of the men pulled a drawer from the counter, and taking therefrom a large book, and opening it, said, "What is the number of your ticket?" "Twenty-one," said Wilson. Looking over a page of the book, he answered, "You have drawn twenty-one dollars." Wilson replied with profane words, "Pretty good for a one-dollar ticket." The man handed him four five-dollar bills, and said, "We do not cash anything less than five dollars here, but I can give you a check down to 35 Madison Street, and *they* will cash the dollar for you. Or, if you prefer it," said he, taking out four little blocks the size of a fifty-cent piece, and a box of dice, "I will give you four of these for the dollar, and you can try your luck." Wilson said he did not care to walk down to No. 35, so he would take the four throws. When he had thrown four times he had won four more blocks, which he handed to Jackson, saying, "Here, Mr. Jackson, I will give *you* a dollar to start on." Then four more throws won four more blocks. Offering them to me, Wilson said, "Here, stranger, I will give *you* a dollar to start on; try *your* luck." I turned on my heel, saying, "Thank you, gentlemen, I profess to

be a Christian." As I turned, casting my eye to the left-hand corner of the room, I saw that big colored man spring to his feet, and start to the door. As I was directly opposite, I was about two jumps nearer the door. As I opened and passed through the door I saw that Wilson and the black man were both coming with all their might. I went through that and the four other rooms, and bolted every door after me with all the activity there was in me. I could see now why Jackson had closed every door behind us. While they had to stop to open and pass through the doors, I was making tracks through the rooms in a hurry. That is all that saved me, for either of them could have outrun me but for the doors.

When I got to the head of the stairway, and started down to the street, Wilson was only about three paces behind me ; and seeing that he could not catch me before I reached the light where my voice could be heard, he stopped, saying, "Oh, I forgot my handkerchief," and I went on down that stairway the worst scared man you ever saw. It seemed as though I could feel the hairs of my head pushing my hat off.

In the afternoon of the same day, while walking through the city, I met Jackson again. He turned and walked along with me. I told him, "That man Wilson was mistaken. I am a minister of the gospel, and do not gamble." Just then, break-

ing into my remarks, he exclaimed, "Oh! by the way, you say you live at Stevenson, Ala.; of course you are acquainted with the postmaster there?" I replied, "What, Mr. Howe?" He said, "Yes." I can see now what a fool I made of myself. Why did I not ask him, "What is the postmaster's name?" I then told him, "Why, Mr. Howe is one of my best friends." "Well, now," said Jackson, "that is just into my hand. His wife sent a very fine diamond ring down here by me to be fixed, and I know she would much rather have *you* carry it to her than to risk it by mail." I told him I would deliver it with pleasure. "Well," said he, "just stand here a few minutes while I step across to that jeweller's and get it for you." He was in the store only a few minutes when he returned and said, "The ring is not fixed yet, but it will be done in about one hour. Now where shall I meet you with it to-night?" I told him that I would not cause him such trouble, but that we could step to the door, and he could tell the man to let me have the ring when I called for it. But he insisted that I should not do that, but name the place and he would meet me.

I said, "Well, meet me at the International Hotel to-night at six o'clock." The question of time and place being settled, we parted. I began to reflect. Everything came vividly before my mind. I could see through the whole of the intention in that



lottery room. They had planned to get their dupes to gambling and win their money, or, failing in this, they had that old negro trained to seize the unfortunate victim, and they could rob and murder just as they pleased, for a voice could never be heard through five brick walls with doors all closed. Failing to get me in that scheme, the next plan was to meet me at night and murder me. They saw I was unsophisticated. They did not know whether I had any money or not; but they knew I had a watch. I had but one friend in the city, and that was Colonel Williams, whose bravery in the late war had won for him the rank and the honorable title he bears. I went and found him. I said, "Colonel, let us get a couple of good navy revolvers; and I want you to go with me to-night." I then related the whole story of the ring and lottery room to him, and told him that I had concluded that they had a plot to rob me, and I wanted him to go with me and let us be prepared to meet them. He thought the matter over awhile and said, very positively, "*You are not going.*" I insisted that we must go, but he was firm, and said "No" every time. I can see now that he was right.

When I returned home I asked Mrs. Howe about the diamond ring, and she knew nothing about it.

Some years after the experience I have just

related I was on my way to Texas. In Memphis I fell in with a family consisting of husband, wife, and a niece, with whom I was acquainted, who were on their way to Texas. The most of the night was spent in the sitting-room. Bro. N—— said to me, "Do you remember Billy Carter who fell dead at the hotel door in Stevenson a few years ago?" I told him I knew the man well. He said, "One of his cousins is here." I asked, "How do you know he is Carter's cousin?" He replied, "Well, I got to talking with him and asked him his name, and he said it was Carter. Then I asked him if he was a relative of Billy Carter, and he said, Yes, they were cousins. He lives in the very town I am going to in Texas and has a store there." I remarked, "You just let Carter's cousin alone." He said, "Oh, he is all right; he is a nice man."

Next day on the train Bro. N—— said, "Carter is on the train." While we sat together talking a little, curly-headed dude, with red mustache, came through the car, when Bro. N—— called to him, saying, "Here, Mr. Carter, I want to introduce you to one of my friends from Alabama." Placing his index finger on his lips, Carter said, "In a minute, sir," and passed on; but he never returned for the introduction.

We reached Little Rock at noon, and had to wait till midnight for the Iron Mountain train for

Texas. About four o'clock in the afternoon Bro. N—— came to me on the platform, and said, "Why, Carter is here; I have just been talking with him. He is a nice man, and says he will furnish me my family supplies out of his store in Texas to make my first crop, and will wait for the pay till next fall." I repeated the words, "I have told you to let Carter alone." He replied, "Bro. John, you are mistaken in that fellow; he is a nice man."

About two hundred emigrants were waiting for the train, and when it rolled into the station there was a general rush. I was among the first to board the train and get seated. A long, lank fellow got about midway of the car, and, playing off drunk, he stretched himself across the aisle, making an obstruction from there to the rear end of the car. Bro. N——, his wife, and niece were all standing. Carter came crowding along and yelled out as one having authority, "Look here, gentlemen, have you no manners? Some of you give these ladies seats." Supposing that he was an official, two seats were at once vacated just opposite where I sat. Having seated the two ladies in one, he said, "Here, Mr. N——, be seated here," and when Bro. N—— took the inner end of the other vacated seat, Carter occupied the end next to the aisle. Just then another dude entered the car hastily, and tapping Carter on the shoulder,

said, "See, Mr. Carter, you have not paid me that freight." Looking surprised, Carter replied, "Well, I declare! I had forgotten that; I will send it to you as soon as I get home." "No," said the man, "we don't do business in that way. I shall not ship the goods till you pay the money." Carter drew a paper from his pocket and handed it to the would-be agent, saying, "Here, cash this, then, and take out your freight." The man looked at the paper and said, "Pshaw! cash a thousand-dollar check for just twenty-five dollars. No, I won't," and he started out. Turning to Bro. N—— Carter said, "Mr. N——, have you twenty-five dollars that you can spare till we get home? If so, I will hand it back as soon as we get there." Bro. N——, as innocent as a child, said, "My wife has twenty-five dollars," and turning to her said, "Give me that money." She spoke very pointedly, saying, "I would not let him have it, Pleasant." He said, "Oh, it is all right; he will pay it back as soon as we get home." She passed the money over to her husband, who handed it to Carter. As soon as he received the money he crowded his way toward the door as fast as he could through the crowd, calling for the agent to "hold on there." Just then the train started, — the man who claimed to be drunk went out of the front end of the car, and we soon found that eight persons had had their pockets picked in those few minutes, and

Bro. N—— had loaned the rascals the last dollar he or his family had, and that money had been given his wife by a loving son when they started. They were several hundred miles from their journey's end and with but scanty rations.

When we got to Sherman, where we were to separate, I bought my ticket for Collinsville, and had three dollars and twenty cents left. I said, "Here, Bro. N——, is all I have; take it to buy something to eat on your way." He said, "Bro. John, I don't know when I can ever pay it back." I said, "I don't want you to pay it back, you are welcome to it." He turned away as the tears started in his eyes, saying, "I never can do that, Bro. John." That is the last I ever saw or heard of that dear man or his family.

During the Centennial I passed through Philadelphia at two in the morning. When the train stopped, two men, with great clubs in their hands, came and tried to pick up my valise from between the seats, but I spoke so loudly they turned and ran out of the rear end of the car; but as they passed by the third seat from mine, they seized the valise of a man who was asleep and ran out with it. When the poor man was awakened he told us that he lived in South Alabama, and had come to visit the Centennial, and that his valise contained his wallet with eight hundred dollars, which was all the money he had with him except a

few dollars for pocket change. I have learned by experience that when traveling in strange cities I need but very few intimate friends. And I propose to get along without the aid of strangers who feign friendship to get a chance to steal. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

## CHAPTER IX.

### EXPERIENCES IN 1873 AND 1874.

When I was excluded from the Baptist Church on account of the truth, I told my wife not to leave them, but to go to meeting every opportunity, and that I would go with her when I could. A few weeks afterward, being at home at the time of *their* regular meeting, I attended with her. Uncle Sam preached, and closed the meeting without giving me any attention. He had always treated me with such kindness that now his apparent coldness was a little more than my wife was prepared for. After the meeting was over she approached Uncle Sam and said, "Bro. Beene, I would have called for a letter of dismissal from the church to-day if you had not turned me out." Looking her eagerly in the face, he said, "Why, no, Sr. Nannie, we only turned Bro. John out; you are still with us." She asked, much to my surprise, "Don't the Bible say that John and I are one?" Of course he could only answer in the affirmative, when she replied, "Well, then, when you turned him out that let me out too." So say-

ing she walked out, and that was her last experience with them.

Without any premeditation, when I was on my knees before God, I said, "O Lord! wherever you will give me *seven* members, I will feel it my duty to organize a church." I don't know why I said "seven," unless the Spirit led me, and I have ever kept the pledge sacredly.

I was pitching a corn crop for the season, expecting to cultivate it myself. I plowed hard all day and read nights, and my night reading furnished food for thought next day while in the farm. In April I had my ground broken and began checking it into rows for planting. I would start from the fence with my rows a proper distance apart, and then in my mind I would take a text and begin to preach. Forgetting the plowing and everything else, except my subject, I let my horse take his own way. First, I let the plow run into the last row. Feeling ashamed of myself, I turned back to the fence and started again, feeling thankful that nobody was passing along the road to see me. Soon I was preaching again, and the next thing was to find my horse and plow ten feet from the other row. I took my horse from the plow and fell on my knees by the trunk of a black-walnut tree and made a new consecration. Going to the house I said to wife, "Nancy, I am not going to plow any more!"



She asked, "What are you going to do?" I answered, "I am going to preach!" She replied, "Yes! and what will become of *me*, and these three children?" I told her, "Down yonder, under the big walnut-tree, I gave you to God a few minutes ago, and if he lets you starve, it is not *my* business!"

Some of my brethren who had excluded me from their fellowship spread the news that the Adventists up North had bought me for six hundred dollars, and that they were to give me so much for every sermon. Everybody knowing that the Primitive Baptists did not believe in paying preachers, would more readily believe that I was leaving them for money. While I was a Baptist I worked all the week and preached Sundays, which made it pretty easy living. But when I got hold of the grand old Advent truth, it took me right out from between the plow handles, and sent me in different directions, and kept me preaching all the time.

Soon my scant supply ran down, and I was sorely tried. It would not do to say "Money," for then everybody would believe just what had been reported, and so I suffered on in the work. I went over to Salem church, where I had been pastor. Dear Bro. Wilkinson said to me, "We want you to organize a church to-morrow!" I asked, "How many members can I get?" He

said they had six names. I told him about my pledge to the Lord, and that I could not organize with less than seven. "Well," said he, "you've got to baptize Andy Gass and me, anyway!" I told him I could do that. So next morning we started to the Millpond to baptize them. On the way a brother said he should like to be baptized too, and go with us. I told him I would gladly take him. He was baptized with the other two. While at the water a widowed sister said, "If you think *me* fit, you can put my name on that paper too."

So I returned to the house and formed my first church, with eight members. God blessed us wonderfully. I shall never forget the remark of old Father Gass, who did not belong to any church: "Gentlemen, you need not fight it. If it is of God, you can't overthrow it. If it is not, it will fall of itself!" I returned home as I had gone, on foot, twenty miles, to find my home affairs anything but encouraging. "Papa, we are out of meat, and we need some flour and meal too." Besides, I had promised a man three dollars, and it would be due in ten days. I had three weeks' appointments out, and what should I do? If I stopped and laid up my Bible to work it out, I could not earn more than fifty cents per day, and that would not more than support us, and I could see no possible chance to gain anything to pay the

debt. How the enemy tried me there ! I looked back only three months to my vow made under that walnut-tree, when I left my plow in the field. I was tempted to say, "I will not go to my appointments, but will see if I can get any work." I thought I would pray about it. My wife was asleep. I rose from my sleepless couch and went out behind the smoke-house, and, stretching myself on the ground, I cried unto God. I told him that he would not let me plow, and that I had left all in his hands, and had gone for his glory, and the good of the cause of truth. I begged that if it really was my duty to go in his name, that the way might be opened for me to get through that strait honorably. It seemed while I continued to wrestle in prayer with almost a broken heart, that a flood of light came into my soul, and the burden of care left me. The remainder of that night I rested well. Next morning a Methodist neighbor sent me a whole side of meat ! I don't suppose that he ever knew our condition. This encouraged me, and I bought meal and flour on credit, and went on to my appointments. I returned after the first week, to look after my family, not having received a single cent on the way.

A letter awaited me which I opened. It was from dear Sr. Hastings, and in it was another letter which began as follows : —

A —, MAINE.

DEAR SISTER HASTINGS:—There is a man somewhere in the South whose name is Cargile, who preaches the gospel. He lives, I think, in Tennessee. I feel deeply impressed to send him ten dollars. I can't shake it off; and, believing it to be a divine impression, I inclose it to you. Please forward it to him."

How my very soul leaped for joy, while the tears ran down my face!

That was my first experience on this line, but I said, "I will never distrust the Lord again." I started out anew, and with fresh courage I took the cars to Whiteside, Tenn. Leaving the train, I carried both my heavy satchels, filled with tracts, five miles to Bro. Hale's, who was one of my good primitive brethren. Next morning he kindly furnished me a horse to ride to Trenton, Ga., where I found the Devil held the fort and the church doors locked. The people were excitedly discussing the matter. An unconverted young man opened the church, and I preached to about twenty men. That night, despite a heavy rain, the house was full.

One minister thought he had ruined me on the soul and kingdom. I replied the next night; and the people said I proved everything by the Bible. I spent the days alone in a room of the court-

house, writing my reply to Dr. Newton. Everybody seemed cool, or at least I thought they did. One day a young lawyer came to the window and tossed a little ball into my room about as large as a small marble, saying, "That is yours;" and walked away. It rolled under my chair. I picked it up, and, on opening it, found that it was a five-dollar bill. God blessed my labors there during the week.

At Shiloh, in October, Brother Smith and myself spent seven days, and saw fifteen converted. The twenty-sixth day of October, this year, 1873, fell on Sunday. It was my thirtieth birthday. I was at Ooltewah, and preached three times, and baptized eight precious young people. Thence I went to Nashville, Tenn., and crossed the river into Edgefield, where I rented a hall belonging to two brothers who were said to be infidels. One of them came out the first night, and heard me on the 7th of Daniel from the chart. I was then informed that the hall was at my service, free, as long as I wanted it.

I came back to Manchester, Tenn., and spoke in the Presbyterian Church. Back home one day, then to Trenton, Ga., again, where I found the people were quite different. Homes and church were all open to receive me. It made me feel happy. After preaching there I went to Bird's Chapel and Rising Fawn, and scattered the blessed

truths. I was much encouraged by the first year's success as an Adventist. Instead of standing alone now, churches had been formed and helpers raised up, and everything indicated a grand victory for the truth.

In January, 1874, with Sr. Cullar of Ooltewah, I went to Philadelphia and Mouse Creek, Tenn. She had a daughter living at each place. When we arrived at the first-named place it seemed like anything but "brotherly love," as the name signified. One man said there was a preacher in North Carolina who had stolen a man's wife and ran away, and that they would better have nothing to do with me. At Mouse Creek they had no chapel: the school was in session, so I could not use that house. We were refused the freight-room of the depot. It was raining, but I proposed to stand in the mud and preach to the people in their wagons and standing on the street. One unconverted man invited me into his house, where the power of God came down; and while I spoke from the words, "When the Son of man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?" Luke 18:8, everybody was melted to tears. After I entered the train a man handed me \$6.25 they had made up in the crowd after I started.

Returning home I made my second trip to Nashville, where Bro. Fraley, a Methodist preacher, allowed me to preach in his harness-shop on

Cherry Street. I found Bros. Barr, Hooberry, and Stone, who claimed to believe the things I preached. Bro. Barr joined the Christian Church, and I never knew what became of the other two. On my way home I called at Manchester again; and the Christian Church refused to allow me to speak in their chapel. That was the first time I was ever denied the use of a chapel belonging to that denomination.

I have since been refused once more by the same denomination, or their officers, in Augusta, Ga. They are generally a very liberal class, as their name indicates. But God was with me, and truth spread rapidly, as reports I have taken from the old file of the *Crisis* will show, a few of which I give my readers.

## TO THE A. A. M. SOCIETY.

FROM TENNESSEE, ALABAMA, AND GEORGIA.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I have been trying for some time to labor more earnestly for my Master than I have ever done before. I have had great reason to rejoice and thank the Lord for the blessing on my feeble efforts. The first Sabbath in May I attended two funerals, sons of Colonel John F. Anderson, at Catchings, Tenn.: spoke to the largest congregation I ever saw. I hope some good was done. The second Sabbath I was at our

church "Shiloh," in DeKalb Co., Ala., and preached the funeral sermon of Sr. Sarah Daniel, one of the beloved and faithful of our little company. Bro. J. J. Smith was with me, also a Bro. S——, who voted to turn me out of the Baptist Church. He is now preaching the same things he then called heresy. Had a good meeting from Saturday till Monday, only I was very weak, and not able to labor much, except at the funeral, and then I became so exhausted that I had to close a little too soon.

The third Sabbath I tried to preach the funeral sermon of Sr. L. S., in Georgia. At the close a minister told the people he did not believe God would let the old thief into Paradise the day he was crucified, and then keep that sainted sister slumbering there till the resurrection. He then affirmed, "She is in heaven." We merely told the people we were surprised to see him take such a course on a funeral occasion, and, as he had misquoted the Scripture, we would not reply then. We have since written to him, by the advice of three of the most prominent citizens of his county, two of them his brethren, proposing to give him a fair opportunity to defend his position, and prove his assertion ; have not heard from him yet.

Fourth Saturday at Bethel Church, near Ooltewah, Tenn. I had a good time. Sunday we had the communion, which I really believe was the



most melting, precious sacrament I ever enjoyed. We received one into the fellowship of the church, and closed with an overflow of the Spirit. Here I met Srs. Phifer and Fleming. The former lives in Philadelphia, and the latter at Mouse Creek, Tenn., where we spent a week last winter. We were much encouraged to learn from them that the seed sown in their locality has taken deep root; and I hope and believe in good soil. We expect to revisit those places again some time this summer. Those people up there have convinced me that they love God's word in its purity. I am praying that while they read these glorious truths they may be filled with love for God, and drawn to the cross of Jesus more closely every day; for they will need more and more of his grace to sustain them as they advance to charge the breastworks of Satan.

Brethren, I have gained a standpoint in my religious course where I can just see where I *must* be to enjoy "perfect love," and fill the gospel mold as a watchman on the walls of Zion; but oh! I am not so near the point as my soul desires. I have been earnestly praying for two weeks to simply be altogether absorbed in God's love. Pray for me, all ye that believe Father will hear his children when they pray. I am in the field, and if I die before the Master comes, I want to die at my post, telling the church he is near. Oh, that

the time might be ushered in when we as a people could *all* be "a peculiar people, zealous of good works"! J. A. CARGILE.

*Stevenson, Ala., May 26, 1874.*

### FURTHER FROM THE *CRISIS*.

"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD TO THEM THAT LOVE GOD."

Friday before the fifth Sunday in May I started to meet Bro. J. J. Smith at Goose-pond neighborhood, where I found an appointment for me at night, which I tried to fill, in a Presbyterian house jammed full of very attentive listeners. The next morning when passing a cotton-gin with two brethren I observed, not far distant, and at a spring of good water in a group of half a dozen trees inside the field, a lot of seats thrown together by placing some logs and then some loose planks over them. Between those seats and the water a pole was stuck in the ground, standing about six feet high, on the top of which was a piece of board about six inches square. I asked the brethren, "What does this mean? Have you been having a picnic-party, or a barbecue here?" to which the owner of the farm replied, "No, sir; old Bro. Smith has been preaching there by moonlight, and that pole held the lamp by which he read the word." He continued: "They would not open their church to him; and I told them that I wanted

the *very dews of heaven* to moisten his old gray hairs as a witness against them."

I found that Bro. S—— had done a mighty work in that community. Many of the most influential citizens are awakened to a new energy in vital godliness, and diligently searching the Scriptures. I then met Bro. S—— at Concord, and found the same interest. I returned Sunday evening to the place where I spoke Friday night. One minister told the people that that was "the only soft place Cargile and Smith had ever found, for people everywhere else were too sensible to go out to hear them."

After my return, I spent the week and following Sunday in my own community, preaching almost every night, and baptized one. The second Sunday I visited "Shiloh" church, and had a precious time. Had a Sunday school; baptized one, and spoke three times. The following week I visited a new place near Tantallon, Tenn. Had a good time and much interest. Have spent this week, day and night, preaching at home. To-day I baptized two more dear ones considerably advanced in age. This makes fifty-three I have buried since I became an Advent preacher. The prospect is very flattering at present. I spoke on the bank of the stream to-day from Rev. 1: 7, and tried to show that the coming of Jesus is the only hope of the church. Had a precious time and left an

appointment to form a church. In three weeks I have tried to preach about forty times.

As I see the day of the Lord is coming, I feel that I must be continually in the field. I have rested two nights in three weeks, and now my work is arranged so that I will only rest one night until the second Sabbath in July. Dear brethren and sisters, pray for your unworthy brother in tribulation.

On Saturday before the fourth Sabbath in June, I started for Ooltewah, East Tennessee, after having stopped to rest from preaching one day. Found the church (Bethel) well, and struggling hard against the wiles of Satan. Sunday morning, baptized one dear sister, who was received into the fellowship of the church. Had a good time preaching on church discipline. Monday, I went to Mouse Creek, in McMinn Co. Visited as many of the dear brethren and sisters as I could, and tried to speak Monday and Tuesday evenings in the village, and Tuesday at eleven A.M., two miles out, where we spoke in the dwelling of Bro. Madison Johnson, who, with his aged and sociable companion, made us feel at home. Wednesday, went to Philadelphia, and spoke in the M. E. church. Thursday at ten A.M., being very kindly invited, I spoke in the Baptist Church, which was closed against me last winter when there. Found all the people at Mouse Creek and Phila-

delphia very kind, and manifesting great interest in the truth. The precious seed sown there last winter by such poor instrumentality has taken deep root in good hearts, and they are now rejoicing in the light.

Thursday I returned home, stayed only one day, then left my dear wife and children to attend two funerals on Sunday. Saturday night, spoke to a very large and attentive audience in the doorway of the dwelling of Bro. J. West. On Sunday morning, learning that a son of the deceased whose funeral sermon I expected to preach, having recently arrived from California, manifested some objection, we refused to preach the funeral sermon, but spoke on the Bible hope of man. Four ministers were present. One old blind brother, a Baptist minister, being invited to close, gave a few cross fires, such as, "When the body dies, the soul goes to God till the resurrection; then it is reunited with the body. Then will the saints be made perfect and enjoy perfect happiness," etc. As he was blind, we asked the privilege to explain the difference between soul and spirit and correct his quotations from Solomon, which was granted. Sunday night at Bro. John F. Anderson's, near Anderson Station, we had a precious season in telling the nearness of the Lord's coming.

Monday morning came to this place (Cowan, Tenn.), and found several strange brethren who

were very kind. Spent the day with brother J. M. Stewart, at whose house I am now, and who, with his amiable wife, has made us feel welcome. Monday night spoke from Acts 1:6. Three ministers were present, two Christian and one Methodist. They were invited to seats if they loved Jesus. The Christian Church believe the kingdom was set up on the day of Pentecost, and of course their theory was in jeopardy. They both endeavored to overthrow what had been said. They seemed very much agitated, and very abruptly, as I thought, gave the people to understand that I missed the truth. I submitted myself into the hands of God, who filled me with his love, and made me perfectly happy, so that I could not be offended. We had considerable cross firing, much to the interest of the audience, as it was the first sermon they had ever had on our views at this place. It all passed off in love, and I believe God sanctified the effort to some good. I spent the night and following day with Bro. James Sargent, who had invited me to this village, and who with his family evinced much love for Jesus. Tuesday night I spoke on the inheritance, and had a good season. A Bro. Darrell of Winchester, Tenn., freely and fully indorsed the sermon, and we closed with good feeling in the audience. Went with Bro. and Sr. D. D. Burke to spend the night, and till noon next day. I must say that

the people of this place, as a general thing, have manifested more Christian courtesy toward me than at any *new* place I have ever visited. God always has broken down prejudice for me, after my first sermon in any place; but here I found none manifested.

Yesterday I was closely reading a work on "The Gospel Plan of Salvation," of 661 pp., by Dr. T. W. Brents, of the Christian Church. He was endeavoring to prove the establishment of the kingdom on the day of Pentecost. I was reading to a crowd of gentlemen, and carefully marking what I thought to be error with a pencil. The train rolled up to the office where we were investigating; a stranger stepped in, listened a moment, and asked what book we were reading. We replied, "The Gospel Plan of Salvation." He proved to be Dr. T. W. Brents, the author of the work. We had about thirty minutes to talk, while the engine was being repaired. I told him that according to his view the stone smote the image on the legs, when Rome was in her glory; whereas it was not to strike till it reached the feet. Last night closed our meetings here, and to-day we start for home, to stay till morning, then to DeKalb Co., Ala. So you see the Lord keeps me in the field. I am blest with better health than when I last reported.

Dear Brethren, I must tell you the Lord is gra-

cious to us though we are poor in this world. We love the Lord, and expect to be rich in his kingdom soon. The people of this place have helped me after a godly manner, so that I have lost nothing by coming to see them. Also at Mouse Creek and Philadelphia, some dear ones proved their faith by their works by ministering to my necessities. I received from the people within the last month ten dollars, which is more than I had received from my audiences in two years before. Pray for me, dear ones.

STEVENSON, ALA., AUG. 31, 1874.

Two weeks ago, by the blessing of God, I formed another church in Alabama, near this place, with eight lovers of truth, one of whom is a minister. He has become convinced of the truth, and has followed me in casting in his lot with the despised followers of Jesus. Thank the Lord! We now have four preachers here, within twenty miles, and we have good reasons to look for others soon. The following two days after the church was formed we continued the meeting with Brn. Smith, Waldrop, and Stewart. The next Monday night, at Bethesda Church, Bro. J. J. Smith and myself ordained Bro. D. B. Waldrop to the work of the gospel.

The following week we spent in a revival meeting, conducted by the M. E. South brethren.



Seventeen have been converted and much good done.

Friday night we started for Philadelphia, Tenn., to hear a discussion on the immortality of the soul, between Bro. A. M. B. Graham of our faith, from the Michigan Conference, traveling in the interest of a sewing-machine company, and a Bro. C. B. Martin, of the Baptist Church. Found considerable excitement. The Baptist Church was closed against us, but we were told the Methodist brethren would open their house for us, and desired us to preach that night. We consented. A little after sunset we were informed that they had refused the use of their house to us.

Bro. Graham and myself replied, "All right." An aged gentleman told us, if we would empty his wood-shop, it was free for us. Many true friends came to our assistance, and we soon cleared the room of some wagons, buggies, and other lumber, and by seven o'clock a small audience was comfortably seated and ready to hear us preach Jesus. It was the first time we ever had met Bro. Graham, and God blessed us. We had a good time.

Next morning, Sunday, Bro. Martin was on hand in good time; but it was very wet and rainy. We mutually agreed to postpone the debate until the next Sabbath. We tried to preach at eleven o'clock A.M., Bro. Martin at four P.M., and Bro. Graham at seven in the evening.

I thank God for sending Bro. Graham to my help just at a time when my hands are so full of work for the Master. He is a young man of fine talent, and with a mind well stored with Bible truths, and a heart brim full of God's love — just the man I need. We were only together about twenty-four hours, yet I love him as well as if we had known each other all our lives.

In September, 1874, I visited the church at Shiloh, baptized three, and received two into fellowship; held a meeting with the church last organized, called "Nazareth." Bro. J. J. Smith was with us, and gave us one of his best efforts on holy living, after which we received one into our little church. At night Bro. Smith preached. Here we understood that the Baptists and the Methodists had given us a few theological shots. Some expected us to reply to them, but, to the disappointment of some and the pleasure of others, I tried to speak from Gal. 5 : 1 — "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty," etc.

Monday morning I met the M. E. brother, — a good Christian brother, too, — and told him that I had heard he had challenged any man to prove the destruction of the wicked, and if he had, I was ready for the effort. He said he did not throw it out as a challenge for a debate, and did not want one, and if I could refute his position, to do so, but he should defend the doctrines of the Methodist Church anyhow.

November 3, I wrote as follows :—

“The past month has been one of sore trials with me. The little I have done in the vineyard of the Master has been through much suffering of the lungs, besides leaving my wife on a sick-bed. But I feel that in weakness and weariness I have done what I could.”

The first Sunday in October I visited a new place, and met a large audience who seemed to be impressed with the grand and glorious truths relating to eternal life only in Christ. Next day went to Ooltewah. Tuesday morning, with Bro. Smith (familiarily known as “Uncle Silas”), I rode on horseback to Catoosa Co., Ga., where the people had heard such terrible things about “the soul-sleepers,” that only five men and about a dozen women dared venture out to hear the “strange doctrine.” We tried to give them the Bible doctrine of holy living, with which they seemed well pleased.

The next week, on Monday, went to Shiloh Church in DeKalb Co., Ala., where we ought to have gone on Friday night before, but my wife was so ill I feared to leave her. But the Lord sent Bro. J. J. Smith and D. B. Waldrop, who kept the meetings running.

The meeting closed Wednesday night. Five were converted, the church encouraged, and many anxious ones left at the altar of prayer. The

next Friday, Saturday, and Sunday I was in Sinking Cove, in Franklin Co., Tenn., where we met very large crowds. Some rode twenty miles to hear the man, who (as had been reported) had gone wild on the study of the Bible. I tried to preach day and night, and it was said that such crowds were never known there before. The attention was all that I could wish.

On Sunday three ministers were out to hear me on a funeral occasion. Monday I returned, nearly exhausted, and found wife so ill that I wrote Bro. J. J. Smith to go in my place to Goose Pond, Ala., which he did. Here he met Bro. Stewart, and held meetings a few days, baptized eleven, and formed a church of thirteen members. On Wednesday, I had considerable hemorrhage of the lungs, which made me feel that perhaps my arduous work for my precious Jesus would soon be finished; but I said, "Thy will be done." The next Sunday in Peatown, baptized one in Tennessee River, and with Brn. Waldrop and Stewart (Advent) and Brn. Hulsey and Edwards (Methodist) meetings continued till Wednesday.

Last Saturday morning, at two o'clock and forty-five minutes, I started through a heavy frost and severe cold, and walked twenty miles, after parting with my wife in tears, who was still sick. I kneeled and asked the Lord to make duty plain, and the answer was something like

this: "You tell others to trust me; now leave Nancy in my care and go, for there is work for you on your way." So I took the heavy cross and started for Trenton, Ga.

On the way, I stopped at Shiloh Church, and baptized four. Then to Trenton, Ga., with twenty of the brethren and sisters of Shiloh Church who all went with me on foot, a distance of six miles, partly over and down Sand mountain. At night spoke to a few in town. Sunday, A.M., one mile from town at the old Baptist Church, we spoke on a funeral occasion. Sunday night, back on the mountain to an appointment, where, in spite of the cold, the house of Bro. and Sr. Gass was jammed. I was so nearly worn out that Bro. Willie Moore (Methodist) spoke first, after which I called for anxious ones to come for prayers. Fifteen came, and we enjoyed a melting time. Then seven joined the church, and one came for baptism. Praise the Lord! The little church I formed under fire of the enemy, with eight trusting ones, has now increased to forty within less than one year.

Yesterday I came home with such a cold that I suffered all last night. This evening at seven o'clock (D. V.) I take the cars for Memphis, Tenn., where I am to stay over one night, and preach; thence to Arkansas, where I expect to spend this month, telling the people of the coming kingdom. Glory to God!

My wife is much better than when I left her last Saturday morning, and I am encouraged to trust the Lord, and leave her in his hands again, feeling that if I go in the cause he will raise her to health. Bless his holy name! I have never been disappointed yet when I have gone with an eye single to his glory. Bro. I. C. Wellcome has kindly sent me two packages of tracts, which, with a few of "Bible Theory of the Good Time Coming," is my supply. I mean to use them judiciously in the work. O brethren, pray the Lord to go with me!

On the eighteenth of November I wrote a little of my experience as follows:—

I will tell you how much good a little article in the *Crisis*, written by Bro. George E. Lee, has done me. It was on consecration, and written about the last of September, 1872. I was then and had been a slave of tobacco for years. •

I was reading aloud to my wife, and at the same time "mumbling" a "quid" in my mouth, which was saturated with the filthy "slop." I had never heard any one say a word against the use of the filthy weed, and so I was innocently and thoughtlessly setting a bad example before the church for whom I was trying to preach. In that article, Bro. Lee said, "Some ministers would stand and exhort their hearers to abstain from all manner of filthiness of the flesh, and to present their bodies

a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to the Lord, as temples for the Holy Ghost, and at the same time roll the petted quid under their tongues, while the juice might be seen in the corners of their mouths." I paused, looked at my wife, and really felt ashamed of the idolized quid. I was astonished to think I had never seen this evil before. I had *tried* to quit, but not from a sense of duty to God. I turned to my wife, and with a determined resolution spoke to her as follows :—

"Nancy, by God's grace I have taken my last chew." And, praise the Lord, right there I gained a glorious victory. I have had no "hankerings" for tobacco since, and I have felt like a new man. My lungs were very weak, and I could hardly stand to speak thirty minutes; now, glory to God, I can talk four times as long, if need be, and not feel exhausted. I want Bro. L—— to know that he was the instrument through whom the Lord showed me this evil, and induced me to give it up.

On the third day of this month I left my dear family in Alabama, to preach the gospel of the kingdom in this western country. I met many warm-hearted friends about De View, in Woodruff Co., where I have been laboring, I trust with good results. I started for this place to take the cars for Fort Smith. Came to the place appointed

for preaching last night. Found the church closed against me, but a few strange friends met us in an old waste house, where I tried to give them the first talk, on our views of the nearness of the Lord's coming. To-day we reached this town, expecting to find an appointment out for us; but learned that none cared to hear us speak, as it was reported that we were preaching "dangerous heresy." No one said, "Come in and tarry with us," as Lydia did to Paul and Silas; so we went to the Tate House, and put up for the night. The landlord soon told us he could not furnish us with a bed, so I went out, and found lodging in a lunch house.

Now here I am snugly "stored" for the night. The place is better than I deserve. After looking over the *Crisis* of Oct. 28, 1874, and reading another article from the same pen, on the trials of Father's dear children, oh, what consolation it gives me! I take encouragement from it. I learned to-night that the railroad over which I must travel to-morrow is very dangerous, but the thought comes up, I am going in God's cause, and trials are necessary if we would wear a crown. So I determined to trust God, and go on sowing the precious seed through joy and sorrow, under lowering clouds as well as bright sunshine.

DR. R. H. GOODE writes as follows :—



“DE VIEW, ARK., NOV. 17, 1874.

“EDITORS CRISIS:—As a friend of the truth, permit me through the columns of your paper to drop a few random thoughts to the faithful ones in Jesus, that they may learn something about what has been done for the cause of truth in this out-of-the-way part of the world.

“Some eight or ten days ago the Rev. J. A. Cargile, a Second Advent minister from Alabama, and a faithful and humble Christian, came into our community. He came scattering religious tracts, and preaching day and night to large and attentive audiences, and the solemn truths enunciated by him have sunk deep into many good and honest hearts; and in the morn of the resurrection, we trust they will shine as stars in the kingdom of God. So intensely interested were the people that at times you might have heard a pin drop. Milton speaks of ‘darkness visible,’ to express intensest want of light; and we may with the same freedom of speech term that deadly stillness as ‘silence audible.’

“Bro. C—— came among us a stranger, heralded by no high-sounding titles, and with no recommendation save the love of God in his heart, and commenced preaching the beauty and simplicity of the Scriptures. The effect on the minds of his hearers was electric. Old theories and pet dogmas in theology that have been handed from

parent to child from generation to generation, until they have become as near and dear to us as the parent who taught them, were uprooted and torn from us as chaff is blown before the wind ; and to-day our people are better Christians and stronger believers in the Bible than they were before.

“The Methodist officials closed the door of their church against him, but God did not forsake him. Friends sprang up, and private dwellings, schoolhouses, and Masonic halls flew open for his reception and use, and men and women, irrespective of creeds or denomination, flocked to hear.

“Thus you see the power and effect the word has, shorn of the shackles thrown around it by the opinions of men.”

The following letter from the same writer was written after I had passed through the clerical slander detailed in Chapters VI. and VII. It should have gone into the 7th chapter, but as that is already in the hands of the printer, I put it in this. He says :—

“DE VIEW, ARK., Dec. 24, 1875.

“EDITORS CRISIS :—As a subscriber to your excellent paper, I beg the use of its columns a short time, while I say a few words in behalf of a good man. In the fall of 1874 Eld. J. A. Cargile, of Stevenson, Ala., visited this place by

request. He was a stranger to the most of us at the time, but his gentlemanly deportment and Christian zeal soon won for him the confidence of the people. Bro. Cargile remained on this occasion several weeks, holding meetings at various places during the time, and while here no one said aught against him or his preaching.

“Ministers of the Christian and Baptist denominations took part in these meetings, and manifested a becoming willingness to further the cause of Christianity in the community; but the Methodists held themselves aloof. Not so, however, with the lay members of the church, many of whom were earnest and attentive listeners to Bro. C——’s preaching; and we trust when the Lord comes to make up his jewels they may be found worthy to receive the welcome plaudit,—‘Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’

“Upon the eve of starting for home Bro. C—— promised a number of friends that he would return the following spring or summer, and establish an Advent church if so desired; but owing to circumstances he did not arrive here until Nov. 21. In the meantime the devil was not idle. Word had gone forth that Cargile was coming back to organize a church, and some-

thing must be done to thwart the organization to alienate the affections of the people from C——, and trample under foot the doctrines of which he is an able and devout advocate. The step taken to accomplish this purpose was well worthy the satanic genius of Lucifer himself, and, had the foul plot succeeded, a good man's name would have been covered with obloquy, and his influence for good forever destroyed in this community. Bro. C—— had hardly reached home from his first visit to us ere the evil tongues of persecution commenced the work of detraction. He was pronounced crazy, and stigmatized an infidel ; accused of preaching the Advent faith for money ; branded as a renegade in politics, and thrashed by the Red Men of the Moon. He was held up before the community as an expelled member of the Baptist and Presbyterian churches for lack of Christian conduct, and so obnoxious at home as to be unable to get audiences to hear him preach.

“These and kindred misrepresentations emanated from a Methodist minister of Alabama, and were promulgated by Methodist ministers here at home, whose aim was the downfall of Cargile, and the perpetuation of the immortality dogma upon the minds of our people.

“As soon as Bro. C—— learned of these reports he hastened here, and, like a Christian gentleman, went to work to prove them false. This

he did by certificates from Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists living in and around Stevenson, and from the Probate Judge and Sheriff of the county, and nearly every business man in the town of Stevenson. He also wrote his accuser to meet him here and substantiate his charges, or, like a Christian, acknowledge his error; but he failed to put in an appearance.

“How strange that men, professing to be followers of Jesus and ministers of his word, should so far forget themselves as to become instrumental in circulating statements wanting even the shadow of accuracy! Cain slew Abel because sin had entered into him, and men backbite each other to-day because of iniquity in their hearts. Bro. C—— immersed four the day before leaving for home; three of them were Methodists. Others will be baptized when he comes again. May God bless and prosper his work in the ministry, and shield him from the tongue of the evil-disposed!”

The month of November and a part of December were spent in and around De View, Ark., where I began at Beard's Church, and thence went to Cyprus Church, in a swamp which is called the “dark corner.” Some call it “Pull-tight.” I put up my chart and began preaching on the prophecies. In the midst of the sermon a lady rose in the audience,—I think she was the tallest woman I

ever saw, — and raising her hand as high as she could, she said, at the top of her voice and with considerable show of earnestness, “That man is a false prophet, as sure as this world! Our Lord said they’d come, and he is one of them! Kick him out of this house, and drum him out of this country!” I paused till she got through and resumed her seat. I thought “Pull-tight,” sure enough. I finished the sermon without further trouble. I preached in Tollerson’s schoolhouse, and in the dwellings of two widows, — Sisters Cox and Hough; and in a splendid hall built for the Masonic Fraternity, but owned by Sr. Edmonds, who kindly allowed me to preach in it. She was afflicted with rheumatism, but came out in her buggy and took much interest in the meetings. The people received me very kindly, and urged me to come again. I found the standard of piety quite low. It seems that the preachers care more for the fleece than they do for the flock. Cotton seems to be not only king, but almost the god of Arkansas.

From De View I started for Fort Smith in company with Bro. Gifford. After four days of hard traveling and loss of sleep, we reached the place almost exhausted. The Memphis and Little Rock Railroad was then in a bad fix. We traveled nearly forty miles over trestle-work which looked so rotten as to be liable to tumble down at any

time. We were going in the Lord's cause, and I told Bro. Gifford, while looking through the window at the rickety works, shaking behind the train like the slender tail of a fox-hound when on a chase, that if we were on a trip for speculation, I should feel fearful, but as that was not the object of our journey I felt perfectly safe, believing that if it was duty to preach to the people on the line of the Indian Nation, the Lord would see us through. In Little Rock we found no train, and had to stop over. Next morning we started in a mixed train over the Little Rock and Fort Smith Road for Clarksville, the end of the road at that time. It was one hundred miles distant, and it took all day to make the trip. We found the stage waiting, which is the first close connection since we left Memphis. The stage was open at both ends, and looked more like a city milk-wagon than a stage-coach. We felt *lank* about the stomach, and ate some cheese and crackers. I never could like cheese before, but that night it seemed that I was hungry enough to eat a piece of a dead mule. The distance from Clarksville to Fort Smith by the stage route was sixty-five miles. We traveled all night, only seeing fire once, at one o'clock, while the horses were being changed; then I was so benumbed with cold that I had to be helped to the fire, the heat of which made me very sick. That cheese — well, I read in my speech-

book in school-boy days, about a man who threw up three black crows. That was comparatively nothing. I felt as though I could dislodge a dozen crows with less heaving and retching than it took to elevate that bait of Limberger, which now seemed *rank* enough to bait a fish-basket for a pond a mile square. The road was the worst I ever traveled over; and we found that the best way to keep our seats was to lie on our backs, with hands fast hold of the straps, fastened in the stage for that purpose, and both feet set against the top.

I could but think of the carpeted parlors and cushioned sofas of ministers who get fat salaries, live at ease in Zion, and close their fashionable churches against God's servants sometimes. Then I looked at Paul's shipwrecks, perils, and privations, and took consolation by thinking that the heavier the cross the brighter the crown.

About half-past one o'clock the next day we arrived in the flourishing village of Fort Smith, with aching heads, bruised bodies, and sick stomachs, but, thank the Lord, no broken bones. We found Bro. John Maxwell waiting for us, and glad to see us. He took us in a coal-wagon ten miles to his pleasant home.

When we arrived and were seated, he came with a large basin of water and a towel thrown across his arm, and said, "Pull off your boots, Bro. Cargile, and I will wash your feet, and you can lie



down and take a good rest." I said, "No, you need not do that." He insisted that I could rest much better. I said, "Well, if my feet *must* be washed, *I* can wash them myself." He replied, "No, the Lord says I ought to wash them, and if I don't do it I shall think hard." I could resist no longer.

When he had lovingly washed and nicely dried my feet, he started to leave the room with the wash-bowl, when I said, "Hold on, my brother; get your shoes off, while I put my boots on, and I will wash *your* feet." He said, "Oh, no! I am at home." I replied, "If I am not, I will go home, and that quickly too! If I don't wash *your* feet there will be another one think hard."

He submitted without further remonstrance, and we enjoyed this our first meeting each other.

Sunday morning the meetings began, and increased in interest all the week. I have a terrible cold settled on my lungs. I shall never forget that stage-ride. We paid ten dollars each for the privilege of being bumped and jolted all night, which I would not do again for twice the money. On my way home I had quite a hemorrhage from my lungs, but said nothing about it. I knew that if my people knew it they would oppose my preaching any more; and I had made up my mind to wear out in the cause, and to fall, if fall I must, in the field with the armor on, face toward the front.

Bro. Maxwell brought us to Clarksville in his wagon. On the way we camped in a little town called Caulksville, in Logan Co. (which was then Sarber Co.). About eight o'clock a Dr. Knott came to our camp and took me to his pleasant home, where I enjoyed a sweet rest. He went to a lodge which was in session, and invited them all out to hear me preach next morning, which was Sunday. Only a few came out in the morning, but in the evening the house was full. At the close of the meeting, on going away from the hall, I overheard one say to another, "What do you think of that?" The answer was, "Well, sir, I never heard the like in all my life. He just proved everything by the Bible."

On my way home I stopped in Brinkley, Monroe Co. Ark. I called on a Methodist minister to get permission to speak in his church; but he bluntly refused because I did not advocate the immortality of the soul. I told him I would give him one hundred dollars if he would prove by the Bible that the soul *is* immortal. He felt sure he could do so by the Rich Man and Lazarus, Thief on the Cross, etc. But he found that he could not, and bade me a sudden good-bye. I then called on Squire Lynch, a member of the Presbyterian Church, who heartily consented to let me preach in his church. After I had posted up and circulated printed notices, one Dr. E— objected to

my using the house. He is not a member of any church, but is one of the building committee. I asked permission to ring the bell, and he consented. "Well," said I, "that will bring the people out, and I can speak to them in the street." But when I told Bro. Lynch that I felt deeply impressed to give his villagers a talk on the coming kingdom and signs of the Lord's coming, he said that he would take the liberty to open the door, which he did ; had a good fire in the stove, and the bell rung in due time. I spoke to a very curiously attentive crowd till the train was due, then dismissed the meeting, and started hastily for the train. I was informed that should I ever pass that way again the house would be free for me.

When I was in Woodruff Co., walking away from meeting in Masonic Hall one night, I overheard the following dialogue between two men who did not know that I was walking just before their horses. I knew neither of them :—

First speaker : "Well, sir, I *used* to think I knew a little about the Bible."

Second speaker : "Well, what do you think about it now?"

First speaker : "Why, since listening to this fellow, it don't seem as if I know anything at all!"

Second speaker : "I'll tell you now, if they

will all *do* just as he tells them, they will not miss heaven far, certain."

First speaker: "It gets me to know what to call him. I have heard all denominations, and he don't preach like any of them. I don't know what to call him; but I reckon I will serve him as Barnum did the unknown animal in his museum, I will call him a 'Wot-is-it,' and let him go."

I reached my home so worn out that I had a high fever for several days, and was unable to do much more in the closing month of the year.

Retrospecting the work of 1874, I see about four thousand miles traveled, on foot, horseback, in buggies, stages, wagons, boats, and cars, at a cost, including family supplies, of \$477.85. I preached two hundred and ninety-eight sermons, saw one hundred and twelve converted, and baptized over fifty, and organized two churches. My total receipts were less than three hundred dollars. Our privations and denials have been sanctified to our good and the spread of truth, and we are willing to work hard, live hard, and, if need be, die hard, if by that means we can further the glorious cause of our blessed Redeemer.

## CHAPTER X.

### EXPERIENCES IN 1875 AND 1876.

In January, 1875, I met a small congregation in Roarks' Cove, Tenn. The weather being very inclement, people could not get out during the week, but on Sunday the house was pretty well filled, notwithstanding the snow and piercing cold winds. I spoke at some length on the world's conversion and the signs of the times.

At the close of the sermon I told the people that it would be unreasonable to ask them to listen to another discourse before returning to their homes ; but they unanimously called for a second service, and in thirty minutes we began again. I spoke one hour on the coming kingdom. Although shivering with cold in the open house, and around a poor stove, the people gave the best attention, and showed their appreciation of the truth by contributing enough to pay the expense of my trip.

Here I met one of the heaviest trials I have had to bear. A good sister of the M. E. Church, thought to be in the last stages of consumption, requested me to *sprinkle* her and call it *baptism*.

The friends seemed to think that, as she was too weak to be immersed, I ought to yield to her request. But I could think of nothing but "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin ;" and believing that baptism could only be performed by immersion, and that it would be an abomination to say, "I baptize thee," and then only *rantize* her, we prayed together, and I told her I could not sprinkle her and call it baptism.

Sunday night I spoke to a large crowd at the University of the South. Monday I came down the mountain on a carload of coal, and met several of the kind friends with whom I formed a pleasant acquaintance last July. I spoke to a crowded house last night, two ministers being present. The friends here proved their appreciation of God's plain truth by showing that they thought a minister's traveling expenses should be paid.

The first Saturday and Sunday in the month I was with Bethel Church, near Ooltewah, East Tenn. The church again asked me to preach for them this year.

The second Saturday and Sunday I was with Shiloh Church in DeKalb Co., Ala., where Satan is doing all he possibly can to sow the seeds of trouble in the body ; but I trust they will be choked out before they take root deep enough to be a serious reproach.

The third Saturday and Sunday found me at Oak Grove, Ala. I found the little flock in the midst of persecution, but struggling hard for the cause of Jesus. The ministers use long-range guns when we are miles away, and in several instances have grossly misrepresented our position and people. But, instead of refuting their statements behind their backs, I made a proposition to meet them, to see who had the truth. Not one would accept. One said he was no man for controversy ; another that *Boston* was the birthplace of my cherished dogma. I consider that a poor argument against the truth. The Lord has raised up help for us here in the ministry to partly bear the burden of looking after the churches, so I am at liberty to seek new fields more extensively. I have felt for some time that my duty was that of an evangelist ; and I feel that the Lord is opening the way for me to labor in my proper place.

On the 20th of April I wrote : "The Lord has been gracious to me another month. The prospect in this field is very encouraging indeed. The churches seem to be coming up to the Bible standard of piety."

At Bethel we had a pleasant season. On Friday, April 9, I was called by telegram to the city of Chattanooga, Tenn., to attend the funeral of Sr. Henegar, the wife of a steamboat captain, who was led to embrace Jesus six months ago

through my humble efforts. The circumstances were as follows: I was on my way to fill an appointment, passing through Chattanooga, and while waiting a few hours for my train I walked about the city. Passing down Alabama street by a block of houses, I felt impressed to enter one of them. As I rapped at the door a faint voice said, "Come in." This I did, and found, sitting by the fireside, a woman wasted to a skeleton, and in the last stages of consumption.

I talked to and prayed with her, leaving her under deep conviction. Calling again on my return the next Monday, I found her weaker in body, and anxious about her eternal welfare. While I prayed with her she found salvation in believing in Christ. Bro. A. M. B. Graham was also with me, and took part in the funeral services.

Saturday morning I went to Shiloh Church, where I met the little band of pilgrims, all buoyant with hope. Satan had been doing his best to sow seeds of trouble here, and divide the flock; but, praise the Lord! some of the sisters, through faithful effort and earnest prayer, overcame him, and now all is harmonious.

Sunday we had a blessed season around the Lord's table. Bro. D. B. Waldrop was with me, and preached the gospel with much earnestness. Thursday night I spoke in my own town. Friday, A.M., went to Goose Pond; found the church



doing as well as could be expected for a young vine. Here I spoke Friday night and twice on Saturday.

Met Sunday morning, at nine o'clock, assisted in organizing a Sunday school, and gave a lecture on the subject; after ten minutes' intermission I preached an hour and fifteen minutes; then ten minutes' rest and we gathered around the Lord's table to commemorate the death of Jesus. Twenty-five minutes more for rest, and I preached again, one hour, and then it seemed (judging from their patient attention) that the people were not half so wearied as I felt. Then I rode on a mule five miles to Scottsboro and preached that night. At Goose Pond Bro. John A. Bryan was excluded from the Presbyterian Church because he would not refrain from preaching the precious truths of the Bible as we believe them.

The following letter was published in the *Crisis* of May 26, 1875:—

“I feel grateful this morning that it is well with me, even here, away from home and among strangers. I want to tell the dear ones scattered abroad how the Lord has led me during the last ten days.

“On Saturday, a week ago, I visited Oak Grove Church, four miles from Stevenson. Found the dear brethren and sisters struggling to hold up the true light for the people. Spoke at eleven o'clock A.M., and at five P.M. baptized a brother

in the name of Jesus. At nine o'clock P.M. went, with lamps and oak board torches, back to the stream, and buried a sister in the likeness of Christ's death. Started at eleven that night, and walked into Stevenson. Got on the train at two, and Sunday morning, six o'clock, found us in Ooltewah, East Tenn. Met Bethel Church in communion.

"At Bethel we had a pleasant meeting, and found Uncle Silas Smith still living, who has been expected to die at any time for the last twelve weeks. He is still in the crucible, and rejoicing in the hope of eternal life.

"Reached home last Thursday, at eight o'clock A.M., and at ten bade adieu to loved ones and started on horseback, with Bro. J. S. Bankson, M.D., of Stevenson. Came to Tennessee River, and found it very rough on account of a high wind. We waited two hours and then started on. The ferryman informed us that he would not be responsible for our lives or horses on the rough waves, and in an old rickety boat. But we started, trusting in God to see us over. Water came over the gunwale occasionally, and it was with much difficulty our horses stood up in the rocking boat. The surging waves made me think of stories I have read of sea life. By the help of God we landed, and started at two o'clock P.M. from the river, and rode across Sand Mountain, which is

about eighteen or twenty miles wide, and reached the edge of Wills' Valley just at dark. Stopped with a Baptist man, Bro. Crow, who treated us kindly and charged us nothing.

"Friday morning started early across the valley, and ascended Lookout Mountain about ten o'clock, and rode across it some nine or ten miles. On this mountain I found a large stream, some thirty yards wide. It seemed strange to see a river rolling along on top of a high mountain. At three P.M. we arrived at Spring Creek, where there is so much confusion on account of some brethren having read Bro. Sheldon's 'Life Beyond Death.'

"The Baptist church here has divided, and about twenty out of thirty one or two members have taken a firm stand for truth. A Baptist preacher, Henry Blalock, has made several sweeping efforts to upset the truth by stirring up the minds of the people and filling their hearts with prejudice; Bro. Blalock said he would debate with any Adventist. Bro. Bankson wrote for me. I came to meet him in the name of Jesus, and found on my arrival that about six or seven hours before the champion, having heard I was coming with God's word, hurriedly packed his valuables, bade adieu to all his friends, and started, saying that he was bound for Illinois. This the people told me.

"I am sorry to find in this community so much confusion on account of the truth being preached

by Brn. Bankson and Livingston. Bro. Livingston is a fearless, humble, bold defender of truth, who has been excluded from his church for heresy.

"We began meetings Friday night, in a private house. On Saturday visited the church where the trouble started. Heard the following resolution adopted in Conference: 'We will not let certain parties, who teach materialism and annihilation, have the use of our house.' Saturday night we had a good audience, and announced that we would speak on Sunday, at three P.M., at a place prepared by the brethren.

"On Sunday, A.M., we visited the church in order to show brotherly love, and, if possible, throw cold water on the devil's fire, which is eating up the Christianity of this neighborhood. At the close of Bro. Moon's discourse a kind-hearted sinner arose and asked the church to let Mr. Cargile have the use of their house in the evening, saying that it was the request of outsiders entirely. Said he, 'Come, now, show a Christian spirit.' But hearing what I did the day before, I told them that I was not aware that they were going to make that request, and said that I felt grateful for their respect, but had been excluded by them, and did not wish the house.

"In the afternoon we met a large congregation on the spot prepared for God's worship; and we had a good time, and saw the spirit of love beam-

ing in several faces. Sunday night tried to preach again. Bro. Livingston invited us to go ten miles, to Cedar Spring, and preach again last night. We went, and found a good number, who gave the best attention, and some of them showed their appreciation of truth by contributing to aid me on my journey.

“This morning, May 4, we came back with Brn. Bankson and Livingston, and will hold meetings here till Wednesday, and then start for Dade Co., Ga. The truth here has spread like wildfire, just from that one copy of ‘Life Beyond Death.’ There are five ministers already breasting the storm, and they will not flinch for love or money.

“Oh, how sad I feel to see those claiming to love Jesus refuse to speak to each other! I pray that all parties may submit to Christ, get up to his cross, and let go their old and long-cherished *churchanity*, and lay hold of a pure and soul-cheering *Christianity*. If we do not possess a forgiving spirit, how can we expect to be forgiven? It is vain for us to pray with our hearts filled with hatred, malice, or prejudice.

“Dear brethren and sisters, here are several good people on both sides of the question, who honestly think they are doing God’s service by contention. The two parties are in law about the possession of the church house, and I do feel so sad over it. Oh, that mine eyes were a fountain

of tears, that I might relieve my burdened soul of its troubles by bitter weeping and prayer!

"Let us pray that this may soon pass away, and love and Jesus prevail.

"Pray for me and mine. I am now in the field, and expect to die there unless the Master comes soon. Pray that I may be strengthened. Yours in Jesus."

Then, on the 31st of May, I wrote the following, which was published June 16, 1875:—

#### NOTES BY THE WAY IN ALABAMA AND TENNESSEE.

My last left me, May 4, at Spring Creek, Cherokee Co., Ala. Meetings were continued with interest till Wednesday noon. As I told you the awful condition of the church there, being divided on account of the truth, I can now report the good news of better prospects for the future. Twenty members embraced our views as truth, while eleven opposed. Both parties had formed a conference, calling themselves *the* church, and had excluded the other; and so, of course, they were all out, and there was no church. Now came the contest as to which party should have the house. The minority put a lock and chain on the door of the church, and so kept the majority (*heretics*) out; while, I am sorry to say, *our* friends sued at the

law for their "rights," which, as I told them, was not in keeping with the spirit of Jesus. Notwithstanding they had gained the case in one court, by the help of Jesus, they were induced to withdraw the suit and *build* a house for God's children. As soon as they consented to stop the suit, the Lord poured out his Spirit upon us, and we had a blessed time in parting. The friends showed their appreciation of our visit by a godly example. We had been invited to speak on Wednesday night at Pleasant Hill, but found it closed against "the infidel," as some called me. The Lord had an old Bro. Baker open his chapel for us, where we had one of the hardest struggles we have had for years in trying to speak. We felt the great need of the prayers of God's dear children.

Thursday, started to cross Lookout Mountain into Wills' Valley, to meet an appointment at Head Spring's Church; but found they would not allow me to preach in it. A friend, Mr. William Lee, opened his dwelling, where we had a free time on the coming kingdom, and spoke to a crowded house. Friday, eleven o'clock A.M., at the celebrated Sulphur Springs, DeKalb Co., Ala.; the Baptist brethren very kindly opened their house to me, an unworthy pilgrim. After I had finished my first effort in that place, I heard one man say he was disappointed, for he had "come expecting to see a bear turned loose," but had "heard nothing but the truth."

I rode over one hundred miles on this trip and reached home so nearly worn out that I was confined to my room three days. Thursday, the 13th, rose early and took the train for Cowan, Tenn., where I met a large, attentive audience. A young minister told the people there was no use to preach the resurrection, as the only hope: the only thing necessary was to be ready for the reward. I then showed that the unconscious state of the dead is a dispensational truth, and the only thing with which to meet the Spiritualists with success.

Friday, the 14th, I took a train on the Sewanee Coal Road for the University of the South. Then down the mountain by moonlight, four miles, into Roarks' Cove, where we lectured on Saturday from Bro. J. J. Smith's chart. Sunday A. M. tried to preach the funeral sermon of Sr. Phillips. In the afternoon spoke from the chart again, and buried a dear sister in baptism. Monday, spoke to a full house, then bade adieu to the many kind friends who had helped me after a godly sort, and came up the mountain to the University, and spoke at the house of a Sr. Dorsey. House and yard full. All gave the best attention.

Tuesday, back to Cowan. Spoke again to a crowded house. Good attention. Bro. S—— again intimated that there was no use in preaching these things. Here a few friends gave me scrip



for my journey. Reached home, thirty miles, Wednesday at two o'clock, almost worn out. Thursday, was not able to sit up or eat anything until evening. Oh, how I sigh for home, where we will never get weary! On arriving at home, we learned that Bro. C. K. Winslow had used a long-ranged gun at us in our absence, on immortal-soulism, in which he grossly misrepresented our position and doctrine. Some time ago I asked him to discuss the question, but he was "no man for controversy;" but after we get fifty or sixty miles away, he is a noble "war-horse." I think the people have sense enough to see the unfair and unchristian manner in which he spoke of us as a people, saying we are selfish, etc. I have offered a reward of one hundred dollars for the Scriptures used by him positively proving his position. I learn that many took notes, but as yet I have had no call for the money.

Saturday, May 22, with the church at Oak Grove. Baptized one, and left Bro. J. J. Smith to conduct the meeting on Sunday, while we went to Bethesda church. Had a large crowd. Bro. Crawford and myself spoke to them. Bro. Wal-drop and myself ordained Bro. Crawford to the work of preaching the coming of Jesus. We then gathered around the table, and enjoyed a good time. Then down in the valley to Pea Town, heard a M. E. Bro. Price preach at four o'clock

P.M. He manifested much Christian courtesy toward us. At 6.30 P.M. we preached in the house of the ferryman on the riverside.

Monday night, preached in McMahan's Cove, ten miles away and across the river. I walked it through the swamp. Wednesday night, at Catchings, Tenn., twenty miles farther, and over a rough mountain. Thursday night, near my own home, at the house of a kind neighbor. Yesterday (Sunday) morning, spoke to a large, attentive audience in a lovely grove on the land of T. Boyd Foster, Esq., who kindly gave me permission to preach our faith on his land near N——'s Chapel. Mr. N—— had refused us the chapel, saying that no Adventist should preach in it. I put a large printed poster on the tree, saying, "On the fifth Sunday in May I will preach under this tree at eleven A.M. from the word of the devil." Men came several miles to that meeting who had not been to church for years. A great many came out, and we spoke from the devil's lie, Gen. 3:4. Good was done. In the afternoon Bro. Smith spoke from the chart. Praise the Lord for his goodness! For eight weeks I have preached on an average one sermon a day. I start to-night for Icard, Burke Co., N.C. Dear brethren and sisters, pray for me and mine. Let us be faithful till Jesus comes.

## NOTES BY THE WAY IN N. CAROLINA.

I left my home June 1 to proclaim the precious truths of the Bible in this hilly country. Stopped over one day at Ooltewah, Tenn., and saw a few of the brethren and sisters. The church there is very sad over the death of Bro. Silas Smith. June 2, I took the cars at six A.M., and at six P.M. found myself nearing Johnson City, Tenn., where I met Bro. O. F. Goodwin, who had come with mules from Caldwell Co., N.C., to meet me, a distance of eighty miles. As we had only two days in which to ride over that long road through the mountains, we thought best to start immediately, and try to go ten or twelve miles that night. At seven we mounted our mules and started. Notwithstanding we heard it thundering in the distance, and saw a heavy cloud rising, we thought perhaps it would not rain.

We rode at a rapid rate till about dark, when it began to rain terribly. We called at a farmhouse to stay over night, but they would not take us in. When I took my shawl from my saddle, I found I had lost one pair of my saddle-bags, in which were my clothes and all my books save my Bible and hymn-book. By this time the rain poured in torrents. The lightning flashing very fast, gave us some chance to see the road before us, in which

ran much water. We started back in search of the lost saddle-bags, having learned, too, that we had missed the right road. We had gone perhaps a half-mile from the house where they refused us lodging, when a tremendous stroke of lightning came so near us as to darken our eyes with green smoke, and fill our nostrils with fumes of sulphur. Bro. Goodwin was about six steps in front of me. I called to know if he was "all right." No answer came. I felt sure that he and his mule were both killed. I really felt sad beyond expression. He was a stranger to me. We had met for the first time about one hour before, and had spent that hour talking over these glorious truths which he had written me to come and preach in his community. And now to think he is killed here in this strange woods, and I left alone with him, and it so dark! I could see nothing save by the flashing lightning. A few minutes more of horrible suspense, when another flash enabled me, through the heavy air yet filled with the smoke of the heavy stroke, to see that he was still on his mule. I praised the Lord for it.

After a few minutes he heard me, and I found that he had been so stunned that, for a time, he was almost insensible. We rode out of the little skirt of woods into an open lane, to get as far from trees as possible. Here we sat on our mules. The rain — it seemed as though the very heavens

were opened. Here I thought of Bro. Bowman's expression in the *Crisis* last year — "Boston preacher with a New England gospel." Then I thought of Bro. Grant saying that he was greatly annoyed with "dust" over a part of his homeward trip from California. Well, I thought, if Bro. Grant were with me now, and if it were daylight, he would not find much "*dust*" to annoy him.

Here is a great field for work, but not much for ease and pleasure. Wish some of those brethren who see good times would try it a while. After some time we rode on, and luckily found the saddle-bags by the lightning. We then wandered till we came to a magnificent farmhouse, owned by Bro. Narrowheart, who, it is said, "belongs to the church, and always fills his place;" but he has forgotten the command, "Be careful to entertain strangers," and would not take us for love or money. May God bless him, and teach him that "not every one that saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that *doeth* the will of God" (Matt. 7: 21.) I pray that he may never be turned away in a strange country on a rainy night. We then gave a colored man on the place a dollar to guide us back to the hotel, and at ten o'clock we called at the house which we had left in the evening, and praised the Lord that it was even so well with us.

Next morning (Thursday, June 3), we started

again, and Friday night arrived at Bro. Goodwin's, having rode eighty miles in two days, all the way through the mountains, where there is some grand scenery—deep ravines, magnificent rocks towering in some places above the tree-tops. It is said that the road through this mountain-pass, from East Tennessee to North Carolina, makes one thousand short turns around rugged hills and deep hollows. Some places it seemed that we rode a mile and could look across the deep hollow, and see the road within a few rods of us.

We were almost worn out with the trip, but Saturday morning began meetings in an apple-orchard belonging to Bro. Patterson Coffey, near Bro. Goodwin's mill. I spoke twice on Saturday and twice on Sunday. Good attention and much interest manifested. There was some little excitement on Sunday by some questions being asked. The good brother undertook to upset the truth, but a signal failure caused him to become apparently agitated. May God bless him, and enable him to come to the truth!

Tuesday night we held meeting in Bro. Goodwin's house. Wednesday morning, went to John's River, eight miles, where we met Bro. Drivehim-out, a prominent Baptist minister, who kindly invited us to speak in his church. After entering the church, he asked the privilege to follow us and upset anything I might say that was **not** in har-

mony with his feelings or faith. I spoke forty-five minutes. When I closed I asked him if he had anything to say. (He had refused to sit in the desk with me.) He replied, "You come down here, and I will come up and preach." Like a good boy I walked down to a pew. He then spoke fifty-four minutes, and told the people that he found but little objection; but perhaps I had ingeniously given them a bait for the first, knowing that honey would catch more flies than vinegar. I told him that he was like the lion who kindly invited the fox into his den, just to eat him up.

Thursday night, back to Bro. Goodwin's. Had a pleasant season. Friday, back again to John's River. Met Bro. Drivehimout again, with his Bible, ready for a battle. I learn since that he had spoken to an old citizen to preside over the meeting. I told the people that I would prefer speaking in Bro. Coffey's mill, where I could feel free. When the time came to open meeting, I invited Bro. Drivehimout to take a seat and follow me. I then told the people that I came there not to tear down churches, or to build up churches, but to preach truth. That I thought in a free country I should have the right to preach what I believed to be truth unmolested, as would a preacher of any other denomination. I told them that if Bro. Drivehimout wanted to tear up our views, let him submit a proposition to me, and as soon as a mod-

erator could be appointed, I was ready to discuss the matter in a spirit of kindness. He then said he would not challenge me, but would preach his views when he pleased, charging the people not to say that he was afraid of me; "for," said he, "I am not afraid of any of you." I thought that surely it did not require carnal bravery to carry on God's work, but deep humility of soul. He carried his Bible away without discharging his heavy load. The best of feeling prevailed in the audience.

Saturday, 12th, spoke A.M. and P.M., with good attention and increasing interest; but Bro. Drivehimout had gone to another appointment. Last night, had a pleasant social meeting at the house of Bro. Drury Coffey. Bro. O. F. Goodwin has assisted in the meetings with much zeal, also an aged Bro. Healand, of the M. E. Church from Lenoir, has freely assisted us, and proved to the world that he loves Jesus. I have been here nine days, and held eleven meetings. Will speak twice to-day (Sunday). Pray for me.

*Colletsville, N.C., June 13, 1875.*

I will relate another incident in connection with that first meeting in the apple-orchard. An unconverted man whose wife was a strong Baptist wanted to come to the meeting, but his wife opposed it bitterly. He went to the field as usual with his horse to plow. When the hour for preach-



ing came he released his horse from the plow, and, with his soiled clothes on, rode to the apple-orchard and heard me. This made him late to dinner. His wife said, "Where in this world have you been?" He told her frankly. She confessed to me that she was enraged about it, and said, "I do wonder in my heart if you have been to hear that old Advent!" Tears came in his eyes as he said, "I tell you, M——, I have, and I do wish you had been there too. Why, I never heard the like in my life, and I tell you that he is a good man; they can all say what they please about him."

She felt condemned for having opposed her unconverted husband's going. Next morning she came with him to the apple-orchard. I soon afterward baptized that husband, and they came into the church together when I organized the first one in that State, and live to-day to honor their profession by their works.

My last left me at Collettsville, N.C., Sunday morning, June 13. Bro. Drivehimout had told me I could not speak in the Baptist Church, unless he was present to let me in; but having learned that he was not a church officer, but only a member, the brethren of his own church in his absence opened the door and invited me in. Bro. Powell is the regular pastor.

We had an audience of about six hundred. At

eleven A.M. I spoke from Dan. 2 : 44. The large crowd listened with almost breathless silence, and thus showed their eagerness to hear our views. I spoke again in the afternoon. Sunday night, spent the time with Bro. Henry Coffey and family. Had a pleasant time with his aged mother-in-law, who seems to love Jesus dearly. Monday, spoke in a schoolroom jammed full. The people requested us to speak again in the afternoon. We did so, and at night a crowd came where we were stopping, and we preached again. My lungs were almost worn out.

Tuesday Bro. Goodwin and Bro. Patterson Coffey came with a hack and took me to the beautiful village of Lenoir. I spoke to a few on short notice at four o'clock P.M. in the courthouse. Left an appointment for seven, but a stranger came forward, being a physician, and said I must not, for I was too nearly exhausted. I had a bad hemorrhage the night before, but said nothing about it. The people were then notified to meet next day at three P.M. I then went with Bro. W. M. Puett, who with his Christian wife made us feel at home. Wednesday, audience small. Went with Bro. James Healan, a Methodist minister, who treated us kindly. The regular clergy in this town gave us no countenance. I learned that they feared, if they should, that some of their flock might be encouraged to believe the heresy.

We closed our meetings here on Thursday night. Spoke to a fair crowd, from the words, "If a man die, shall he live again?" (Job 14:14.) Stopped with Bro. Spainhour, who with his good, motherly wife made us feel at home. In this village of Lenoir are several churches, none of which were we invited to occupy. This is the first village where we were not invited to occupy a church since we left De View, Ark. I fear that a great deal of the religion among the dignitaries consists only in Churchanity instead of a pure *Christianity*. We feel sure that men full of the Holy Ghost, who preach for salvation instead of "bread and butter," have hearts filled with love instead of selfishness.

I should like to pitch a tent in this town, into which I can invite God's children of every denomination to come and worship with me and call on sinners to prepare for the coming kingdom.

This (Saturday) morning, June 19, I feel some better, thank the Lord! Last night I stayed with Bro. and Sr. P. Coffey, of the Baptist Church. They love the truth, and Bro. C—— is very earnestly investigating, like the noble Bereans, to see whether these things are so. Dear Brethren and Sisters, pray for me and my family in Alabama. The battle is hard, and tribulations and privations are around us on every hand; but when the Master comes he will adjust all these things and give us

joy for heaviness. I feel that he is soon coming, and will find but little genuine "faith on the earth." May God keep us unto the day of his coming is the prayer of your brother in hope of eternal life.

JOHN A. CARGILE.

*Mulberry, N.C., June 19, 1875.*

The Bros. Coffey mentioned in the above letter have long since embraced the truth and put on the armor. The dear old mother died in the faith of soon seeing Jesus in the clouds of heaven.

I pray that her loving children may all be ready to meet her in that day.

Sunday, June 20, I went again to John's River and preached my farewell sermon. Monday morning I started for the cars (with my little friend Finley Coffey, who was then fourteen years old), eighty or ninety miles through the mountains on horseback. Stopped at Blowing Rock and preached at night to a crowded house. Next morning, by 8.30, the house and porch were filled with people who were eager to hear more. I spoke from Matt. 5 : 5, and the Holy Spirit was there. We mounted at half-past ten, and rode seven miles to Shull's Mill, where, despite the rain, I found a crowd gathered into a schoolhouse waiting to hear the man who they had learned would pass there. I spoke one hour and a quarter, and went out in the rain, and mounted to start.

Some said, "Come again," but nobody said, "Have dinner," and we rode off in the rain. We rode nearly thirty miles, and I preached again at night in the dwelling of a Baptist minister who had invited me to leave the appointment. Next morning he charged me fifty cents for my lodging, claiming that he did it only to keep his brethren from bringing charges against him for entertaining me. On my way home my wife met me in Mouse Creek, Tenn., and after enjoying a visit there we went to Philadelphia, Tenn., and enjoyed some good meetings.

The result of this visit to North Carolina can be seen by the following extract from a letter which I received soon after their next regular meeting:—

"DEAR BRO. CARGILE:—A note will inform you of the state of feeling here now. We have held our church meeting. Brn. Drivehimout and Powell were both there. Powell preached a good sermon. Drivehimout seemed out of humor. Church seated ready for business, I called for the 'Articles of Faith' to be read, which was done, and all sanctioned it cheerfully. This did not satisfy them. They wanted a committee to be sent,—for Drivehimout to select his own committee. We offered all that any Christian could conscientiously ask for, and noth-

ing would do ; so about twenty of us withdrew from the church. . . . We are keeping still. We calculate on putting up a house soon. We can say of a truth that such tyrannical dealing you never saw, surely. James C—— has been up, and such a thrashing as he gave you, and said he would challenge you if you were only here. I hear very favorable reports from other places where you preached.

With respect, etc.,

D. D. COFFEY."

A short time afterward I received the following from the same pen : —

"COLLETSVILLE, N.C., Aug. 13.

DEAR BRO. CARGILE : — As Bro. Goodwin is here, and we have just received your postal card, we hasten to reply. We are shoving with all our might. Our man will be here to-morrow, to commence plastering. We have a large, portly church, painted, one-third larger than the other. There will be stirring times here for those that live to see it. People for ten miles around are anxious to know when you will be here. You have set the world on fire, so to speak, down here. We hear it rumored around that Bro. Drivehimout will have his big guns from Raleigh. We will

want the house dedicated, and probably a church organized.

We are getting along better than any one anticipated, I think. We *all* send our love to you, and hope you are engaged for us in our destitute condition. Write immediately, and let us know what to depend on. We want you to be here by the second Sunday in September. I could write many things, but will omit this time.

With respect,

D. D. COFFEY."

Oh, praise the Lord that the little grape and canister thrown from God's fort (the Bible) have produced some disturbance in the enemy's camp! O how I feel the pressing duty to be there now! How natural it will seem when I get within range of the huge field guns of the devil's battery, and begin to feel his shot and shell. How much I crave your prayers that God will enable me, weak as I am, to hide in Jesus, and glorify his name, and that the truth may not suffer.

To the kind brethren and sisters who have shared their substance with me, I would say, God bless and abundantly reward you. I sent it home to my dear wife, who writes me that it came just in time to save her from being forced to contract debt for supplies. Thus have you by your liberality made our poor hearts glad.

Do pray for me in my field of labor that God may still strengthen. Pray for my dear ones at home in their loneliness.

Yours for the war,

J. A. CARGILE.

*Alton Bay, Aug. 21, 1875.*

In this year (1875) I made my first visit north, and attended the eastern camp-meetings, and on my return stopped over in Washington, and preached on the street by moonlight. From Washington I reached Morganton, N.C., Sept. 19, at two P.M. Met Bro. Israel Coffey, who drove me sixteen miles to John's River, where I found a very large crowd on Saturday at the beautiful new chapel recently built by the brethren whom Bro. Drivehimout had excluded from the Baptist Church. On Sunday I dedicated the house to God and organized a church with fourteen members.

Monday night eight came forward for prayer, and thirteen joined the new church. Thursday, rode a mule thirteen miles to Lower Creek. Passing through Lenoir, one said, "That fellow has broken up one of our best churches, and that ought to satisfy him." Finding the church door locked, I spoke in the yard. Wednesday the crowd increased. I started back to John's River and got lost, and rambled over hills and through hollows till dark. Finally, I was surprised to find a small cabin at the head of the hollow, where I



learned the way out, and then rode four miles, but was too late for the meeting. Next morning, rode six miles to the new church. Five came for prayer, two were converted, one joined the church, and I praised the Lord. I have preached day and night, and had chills too. People came from four counties, some on foot, in ox wagons, and others on mules and horses. Satan tried hard to keep the truth down by telling falsehoods, but still God blessed, and truth prospered.

From the 17th to the 20th of September I preached nine sermons, had eighty-three forward for prayer, eleven joined the church, and I baptized five. Praise God for success. Now we had forty-two members in the little church in nine days. Late in the afternoon Bro. D. D. Coffey and myself started twenty miles to Blowing Rock. I rode a horse, and Bro. Coffey and a sister (who happened to be going our road about half-way) rode mules. The sister carried, on the little mule, a bolt of brown sheeting, thirty yards of calico, and as much bleached domestic, besides a satchel of plates and a tin coffee-pot. It was very late, and we rode in a fast gallop. At Blowing Rock the priests were arrayed against the truth. An Episcopal clergyman opposed me, but would not debate.

On the 2d of November I wrote a report, headed, —

## THE WORK IN ALABAMA.

I will try to report my labors since I reached home from North Carolina.

The first Saturday and Sunday in October I was with the church at Ooltewah, Tenn. The second Saturday and Sunday at Shiloh Church, in DeKalb Co., Ala. We continued the meeting over until Wednesday. Brn. J. J. Smith and D. B. Waldrop, of our church, and Bro. Thomas Payne of the M. E. Church South, were with me and helped to preach the word. Seven were added to the church, among them Bro. F. M. Avans, a minister, and wife. Two years ago he wrote me a letter warning me to beware of "the rotten Northern doctrine." Now he is convinced it is truth, and comes out to defend it. The others who joined were Bro. Richard P. Shattuck, wife, and two sons, formerly of Whitefield, N.H., and Sr. Melinda Smith, little daughter of Bro. and Sr. J. J. Smith. The third Saturday and Sunday at Oak Grove, where the devil has tried so hard to ruin us by stirring up the minds of the people and filling them with prejudice. The audience was small, but we tried to give them the truth. Satan knows that the only way to keep the people from embracing God's truth is to fill them so full of prejudice that they will not go to hear. He has used his utmost skill here at Oak Grove, using some of

the Orthodox ministers as tools to do his diabolical work. Nevertheless, the "little flock" still loves the truth, and seems ready, if need be, to die for it.

The fourth Saturday and Sunday, Bro. D. B. Waldrop's meeting began in Pea Town, and it was my privilege to be with them on Sunday and Monday.

Friday night before the fifth Sunday at my uncle's (Jesse Cargile), near Bro. J. J. Smith's. I tried to preach. Saturday morning went over to Bro. Smith's, and found his son, Bro. Willie Smith, very low with typhoid-fever, and Bro. Smith himself almost worn out, as Bro. Willie has been sick three weeks, and Bro. S—— has done all the work, besides watching by the bedside nights. He is nearly sixty-four years old, and has spent about forty of that in the vineyard of the Lord.

Notwithstanding all the discouragements, he has agreed to go to North Carolina for me in two weeks, provided Bro. Willie promises recovery. I do not presume his family had a week's supplies, and he the only earthly dependence; but when I told him it was duty for me to go to Arkansas this month, he resolved to take my place in North Carolina. This is what I call preaching through tribulation.

Saturday, at 11 A.M., met a few at the school-room. At night, at the dwelling of friend Guess,

I met Brn. Smith, Avans, Waldrop, and Lowry. It was really encouraging to look back two years, when Bro. Smith and myself were struggling alone, so far as human help is concerned, and now see how the Lord has taken care of his word. Five Advent preachers at the same meeting, beside Brn. Crawford, Stewart, and Bryan, making eight in this county.

Sunday A.M., 10.30, house full. One Baptist and one Methodist minister in addition to our five Advent brethren. I tried to speak while I suffered terrible pain from rheumatism, after which we went to the water and I buried three in baptism—all in their youth: the two sons of Bro. and Sr. Shattuck, from Whitefield, N.H., and Sr. Melinda Smith.

I heard that the Baptist Church near Trenton, Ga., had sent a committee to wait on a young sister who had left them and joined "the Advents," to invite her to their next meeting to acknowledge she had done wrong, etc. She went, and told them she joined the "Advents" of her own free choice, and did not wish to be "pardoned" for so doing. The pastor, who had me excluded for heresy three years ago, then rose, weeping, and said, "Brethren, if something is not done to prevent them, the Advents will take this country in five years." I think Satan believes just as the old pastor did, for he is doing all he

possibly can to ruin us, not only here, but in Arkansas.

One of the severest trials and of greatest mental agony that I ever endured was upon me just as the Christmas holidays were approaching, and I was all discouraged. On the 23d of December, 1875, I wrote an article which was published in the *Crisis* of Feb. 9, 1876, as follows: Isa. 40: 1. "*Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.*"

Oh, how much God's careworn and tempest-tossed children need this comfort! These precious words are sweet this morning to me. With a heavy burden on my heart, I opened my Bible to read, thinking I would spend the day in reading, fasting, and praying the Lord to give grace sufficient to enable me to pass through these fiery trials, and to soon stand before the King in his beauty. The first thing, on opening the blessed book, my eyes fell on the above passage. Tears gushed from them as I in silence prayed, "O Father, give me this comfort now!" My eyes followed the sweet lines from verses 5 to 11. "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see *it* together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken *it*. The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh *is* grass, and all the goodliness thereof *is* as the flower of the field: The grass withereth, the flower fadeth;

because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it : surely the people *is* grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth : but the word of our God shall stand forever. O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain ; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength ; lift *it* up, be not afraid ; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God ! Behold the Lord God will come with strong *hand*, and his arm shall rule for him : behold, his reward *is* with him, and his work before him." How timely these blessed words are to my burdened soul this day ! He is coming to do his glorious work, a part of which will be "to comfort all that mourn ; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness ; that they might be called Trees of righteousness. The planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified" (Isa. 61, 2, 3). My heart responds, Yea, Lord, hasten the time.

These burdens, how discouraging to the minister of Jesus who really feels the "woe," as I think I do. How Satan works to pull down all our labors. Only a few days ago a dancing professor, at whose house I had tried to preach, said to me, "When are you coming back to preach for us ?" I replied, "When you quit dancing." How it made me feel that I had spent labor in vain,

when he said, "Prove to me that there is harm in it." Here comes news on another hand that a preacher had gone to a party and played "Snap." Then comes trouble to my almost bleeding heart. For a few days I have had the sorest trials of life. Satan has said to me, "Now see how it goes. Other denominations do these things, and *you* thought you could build up a people to live too holy to do such things: and now, if I were you, I would quit trying to preach." At one time when he had almost "exhausted" me, and had me battling just as Bro. Harding did on the Penobscot River, these cheering words came to mind: "And the Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord" (Isa. 59: 20). Bless the name of our God for the promise that in the Kingdom "the days of thy mourning shall be ended" (Isa. 60: 20).

Dear fellow pilgrims, we are amid the perils of the last days. Satan will get all he can to turn from Jesus. To the beloved who have been, in an evil hour, tempted to say, "Why, there is no harm in it," I would say, Would you not better be praying than playing or dancing? God knows I love you, and want you to be in the kingdom.

If you knew that Jesus would come at the dawning of to-morrow's morning, would you feel willing to spend the night in a social party?

Would you not prefer a prayer-meeting? "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world, looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works" (Tit. 2: 11-14).

Let me beseech you, dear ones, yield no more to the snare of the devil, but cling to the cross. "Return unto me; for I have redeemed thee" (Isa. 44: 22). "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith the Lord." To the churches: Grace be with you all. Oh, pray for me.

*Stevenson, Ala., Dec. 23, 1875.*

## NORTH CAROLINA AGAIN.

The blessed truths we as a people love so well are spreading rapidly in this beautiful, healthy country. To show how God is at work, I copy a letter received from this country before I left home. It is from a very able and prominent Baptist minister, who refused to publish my appointments last September when I came to this country; but he has been reading since then, and now writes as follows:—



“JAN. 12, 1876.

DEAR BRO. CARGILE:—To-night finds me doing what I would not have done twelve months ago without feeling that I had almost committed a crime ; but now rest assured, I do it with pleasure ; that is, addressing you as a fellow-laborer in the gospel. I begin to see what it is to be persecuted for righteousness' sake. I have been trying to preach the Bible as God gave it, which is an unwelcome message to the majority of my people. I have been thinking of writing to you for some time, but have delayed till after our regular church-meeting, which was last Saturday, as that was the time old Bro. — said he was going to have a general cleaning-out of *Flat Top Church*. We were all there ready, but behold the old man did not appear ; consequently not a thing was said about the Advent doctrine, notwithstanding I preached a *straight out Advent sermon*, as far as I was able, from 1 Pet. 1 : 3-5, and, as I told them that day, I never have felt more at liberty in my life than while preaching from this and kindred texts. I said I felt that God's hosts were with or around me. I can't tell what will be the termination of the matter at our church, but God being my helper, I intend to stand for what I see the word teaches, leaving the consequences with him who doeth all things well.

My time as pastor will terminate next meeting ;

then there will be a change in matters, and I pray God for the better. I long to see you return to North Carolina again. Come without limiting yourself as to time, if you can. I did not try to preach on last Sunday, as Bro. D. C. H—— was present with his *gun heavily charged with immortality*. Text: 'What is man?' His first position was that man was made of two parts—one mortal, the other immortal. I could but think, when he made this statement, how different from the statement made in Gen. 2: 7. The other statements were pretty much in harmony with this. When will the time come when we, as ministers of the gospel, will be willing for the Bible to speak?

I am still trying to preach to four churches, but understand they are going to close the doors against me at one of them, down in Caldwell, next meeting. This does not daunt me, as I feel I have the Bible for my theme, and trying to trust what Paul says in Rom. 8: 28, I tell them I will do like my blessed Master; I will preach it on the highway, to one or to a thousand, as opportunity offers.

There are many believers in the doctrine of the kingdom in this country, and the number is increasing in proportion as it is preached. A large field presents itself, where the people will readily embrace the truth, I believe, if it is presented to

them as it is in the Bible. The harvest is great, but the laborers are few. I have an appointment ten miles from here East, the fifth Saturday and Sunday, to preach 'The Kingdom.' Pray that I may have the Spirit to attend me. I never so much wanted to preach in my life as I have for the last few days. The cause I think you can explain better than I can.

I have just commenced to read 'The Plan of Redemption,' by Wellcome and Goude, in which I see things as I never saw them before, and, I think, in their true light. I have just read 'Ghostology' for the first time; I think it the most convincing I ever read. I have read many tracts and pamphlets since I saw you, but love my Bible the best of all. When I think of the saints' inheritance, and realize what it is, I often think this is too good for me. Who could help loving a being like our blessed Lord? who would ever offer such things to poor sinners like me? and with the poet I can say, —

'If there is only one song I can sing,  
When in his beauty I see the great King,  
This shall my song in eternity be,  
Oh, 'tis a wonder that Jesus loves me.'

I want you to write me as soon as you get this, and let me know when you are coming. Send your appointments. I will publish them this time.

Love to Bro. Smith. Tell him to come back when he can. Pray for me.

Yours in the gospel,

T. F. N——."

Thank God, this brother has the light, and is willing to breast the storm of popular opinion. His cheerful and Christian wife is with him. She said to me, I don't care what they say; I want the truth." Oh, I do praise God for the advancement of the work. I will now give a few "notes by the way."

After receiving Bro. N——'s letter, I left home Jan. 28. Stopped with the church at Ooltewah, Tenn., till Monday, 31st. Left Ooltewah on Monday 31st, and on the train met the editor of the Baptist *Reflector* of Morristown, Tenn. He never had heard of our views, and after talking a while said, "The parable of the rich man and Lazarus is all I can find that seems to favor the conscious state of the dead." I gave him some very strong tracts. He kindly invited me to dinner. I found his wife also was very kind and social.

Left Morristown, Tuesday, Feb. 1. Had a lively controversy on the train with a wealthy farmer of Cocke Co., Tenn., a Baptist, who believed folks went to heaven when they died. I asked for his Scripture. He replied, "Oh, if I was as well posted on my side as you are on yours,

I could find as many on my side of the question ; but I have not taken time to look them up." I told him that if the Bible was like an old fiddle — i.e., play any tune you want — I had no further use for it ; but that it was not yea and nay, but yea and amen, to the glory of God.

Tuesday night, stayed at Wolf Creek. It snowed, and the ground was frozen hard next morning. I started in an old open hack for Ashville, N.C., a distance of sixty-nine miles. When I had gone five miles, facing the keen North Carolina winds, I was very cold, and a gentleman came out from a store on the roadside, in Madison Co., N.C., who proved to be Bro. P. Scism, the owner of the store. He said if I would stop over he would send round and get me a congregation to speak to ; and as our views had never been proclaimed there, I felt it duty to do so. A small audience was out at "Antioch," M. E. Church South, in which I had the liberty of speaking. Spoke again at night to a large concourse of people, notwithstanding the extreme cold. The people seemed interested, and many invitations were given me to visit them again, which I will do, the Lord willing, on my return.

Thursday morning, Feb. 3, very cold, cloudy, and high winds. I started at nine o'clock in the same old open hack, went one mile over the rough, frozen ground, and had to leave it at a blacksmith's

shop on the roadside for repairs. I mounted a stage horse, with his harness on, and with my large valise, filled with reading matter before me, the driver on the other horse, we reached Ashville at half-past nine P.M., almost worn out with riding over the rough snow and ice, through the mountains, where a stage could not go till it thawed. During the day we passed much grand scenery and works of nature. Winding up the rapid French Broad River, we passed under many rugged rocks. Just after passing the celebrated Warm Springs, we passed through a narrow place between the river and the long-fabled "lover's leap." It is a huge and almost shapeless rock, towering two hundred feet or more over the bosom of the swiftly rolling river. About one hundred and fifty feet from the water, in yellow paint, are the words "J. C. Smith, 1843." I was astonished; and can not tell how any human being ever painted it there.

In Ashville Bro. W. P. Blair, proprietor of the stage lines, kindly refunded half of my stage fare for riding on horseback. Left Ashville Friday, the 4th, in the stage with Bro. J. H. Mills, former editor of the Baptist *Recorder*, which once published a warning against the dangers of Adventism. I had a pleasant time with him on theology, while being bumped and jolted and shaken down in the stage through the mountains to Old Fort, where we arrived at ten P.M., almost frozen.

• Saturday, Feb. 5, took the train for Morganton, still in company with Bro. Mills, also Col. S. McD. Tate, the President of this Western N. C. R. R. We had a pleasant time till at a station a gentleman came into the car, and Bro. Mills introduced him as Rev. Mr. Talker, and said he could talk to me on the Bible. Bro. Talker is a Methodist minister, who I found had so much zeal for his views that he would neither "give nor ask quarters." He said he had heard how I carried things "roughshod" with Bro. Drivehimout and others, in Caldwell Co., but I could not run over him that way. His eye showed irritation. I told him I proposed to be a Christian, and they (Christians) did not run over things "roughshod," but always worked with the mild spirit of Jesus. He challenged me for a debate, and began to take the position that Paul taught the immortality of the soul by "this earthly house of our tabernacle." I began to ask him questions about the distinction between the "earthly house" and the "tabernacle," when evidently seeing the absurdity of having an empty house in heaven at the resurrection of this old body, he turned very abruptly and left the car, saying as he went, "Well, I will end the conversation with one *not worthy* to talk to me." I thanked him kindly as he went. I accepted his challenge, and wrote him, after consulting my brethren, to come on the 14th.

In Morganton I met Bro. D. D. Coffey, who had come sixteen miles on horseback to meet me. We reached his house just at dark, took supper, and then with Sr. Coffey, his wife, we rode by the dim light of the moon through snow and ice to Bro. Henry Coffey's, where we had a good time with several of the brethren and sisters who met me there. It gave me pleasure to hear them tell how the Lord had brought them through tribulation since I left them in September. Sunday, the 6th, spent the day with Bro. Israel Coffey and wife, also Bro. O. F. Goodwin and Sr. Hutchinson, who all live in the same house. I received here by a messenger a proposition from Bro. D. C. Harmon (Baptist) to debate, in Wautauga Co.

Monday, A.M., I started with Bro. Goodwin and rode twenty miles to Blowing Rock, in Wautauga Co., and stayed with Bro. Nelson, a minister of the Baptist Church. He and his good wife love the truth, and by every possible way made us feel welcome ; and really we felt at home, and enjoyed their hospitality. The people were so anxious for the debate, that a Baptist brother started at twelve o'clock at night on horseback after Bro. Harmon to come and meet the Adventist. Tuesday, at three P.M., spoke in the dwelling of Bro. William M. Morris.

Wednesday, the 9th, spoke at the dwelling of Bro. Sherrill.



May God bless all the dear brethren and sisters in Wautauga Co. who love the truth, and have lavished so much kindness on his unworthy servant! Friday, the 11th, spent the day in debate with Bro. D. C. Harmon, Moderator of Three Forks Baptist Association. Had a pleasant discussion, and feel thankful that it was conducted in a kind spirit, and not a harsh word during the day. At night rode down the mountain with Bro. Elijah Moore, fifteen miles, to his home, where we arrived at eight P.M., having come the last four miles in a heavy rain, and so dark I had to call out occasionally to learn whether I was following Bro. Moore, whose mule would go home. Thank the Lord, we reached there in safety, and with the kind, motherly attention of Sr. Moore, we soon forgot the rain-storm, and went to bed with a severe headache from the hard day's work in debate. Thursday, the 10th, I tried to preach at eleven A.M. in the dwelling of Bro. John Estes, a Baptist brother. Meetings increased in interest.

J. A. CARGILE.

*Lenoir, N.C., February, 1876.*

## NOTES BY THE WAY IN NORTH CAROLINA.—No. 2.

Saturday, 12th, and Sunday, 13th, we spoke at our "Berean" Church, on John's River, in Caldwell Co. During the morning service on Sun-

day there came a terrible rainstorm, which kept the congregation from leaving at the close. Twenty or thirty minutes after I had finished my talk on the "authenticity of God's word," several came and said that as the people could not go, I would better preach again, which I tried to do, and endeavored to hold up Christ as the Redeemer.

Sunday night, social meeting at Bro. D. D. Coffey's. A few spoke, but no one would pray. In this country the minister does all the work, and the church seems willing to allow it. But I am working hard to get our brethren and sisters to work, and rejoice that I have some encouragement to push the battle in the name of the Lord.

Monday, 14th, went to the church to meet a Bro. Talker in debate who had challenged me, but he failed to come, and we had a blessed meeting. Eight came forward for prayer, and we all rejoiced that the debater did not come. It seemed as if the Holy Ghost had settled right down upon us, and all seemed to feel that God had begun to work. At night, at the dwelling of Bro. Henry Coffey, sixteen gave testimony, voluntarily taking the cross, and we did indeed sit together in a heavenly place in Christ.

Tuesday, 15th, spoke at eleven A.M. Seventeen came for prayer, and all were blest. At two P.M., spoke again. Thirteen came for prayer, one joined the church, and three came for baptism. To Mor-

ganton next day to meet an appointment left there some time ago by special request. Spoke at night in the courthouse to a few men ; no ladies out. A drunken man called me a liar and interrupted me very much by speaking to me repeatedly, and others sat in the audience and smoked cigars. I went to a hotel, paid \$2.50 for lodging, and found that the village paper, *The Blue Ridge Blade*, had published my meeting as follows :—

“The Adventists are making considerable head-way in the upper edge of Burke and in Mitchell and Wautauga Counties. We are to have them here the 16th. They preach that the wicked will be annihilated, like a horse or a cow, and that hell is all a humbug. Let 'em wait and see.”

With such misrepresentations from the editor, it is not strange that the servant of God should receive cold shoulders. Thursday, 17th, I called for my mule, and rode about twenty miles to Bro. Charles Coffey's, the community where the Baptist Church, called Lower Creek, allowed me so much room to preach out-doors last September. Bro. Coffey and family received me kindly, and bade me a hearty welcome, which was appreciated, like health to a sick man, after the cool treatment I had received in Morganton.

Friday, 18th, spent the day writing and studying ; the first rest I have enjoyed since I began my labor here. At night, spoke at the dwelling of

Bro. James Hartley. Saturday, 19th, spoke out-of-doors, one mile from Bro. Hartley's, to an attentive crowd. Social meeting at night at Bro. Charles Coffey's; a good time. Sunday, 20th, spoke out-doors at Cottrell's schoolhouse, where we had good attention during three discourses. Here is the place where they shut me out last fall to keep out the heresy. But truth, like water, must have its way, and it has found its way into the church, and several have taken a bold stand for it, which is causing some trouble. The following is a letter to them by a sister who had broken ranks and come over to "the Adventists," leaving a mother and sister in the Baptist Church : —

"TO THE LOWER CREEK CHURCH.

*Brn. and Srs.* : — In answer to the allegation of last Church Conference, in view of the discord now threatening this church, I gave my name to the Advent Church, but, after reflection, decided to remain in *this* one. I loved the Baptist Church in its *original* union and purity. I love her cause. I love every principle that distinguished her from other denominations, and I claim her fellowship.

As to the doctrine for which I am brought in question, I beg leave to submit the following : I believe the Bible. I believe it was given by Inspiration. I believe it is our guide from earth to heaven. I believe it requires man to search its

records. (1) I believe the Bible teaches the mortality of soul and body. (2) I believe it teaches the unconsciousness of the soul from death to the sound of the resurrection trump. (3) I believe it teaches immortality for the saints through Christ, after the resurrection and judgment. (4) That it teaches the righteous will be rewarded with everlasting life in happiness. (5) That it teaches the wicked will be punished with eternal death. If these views are in harmony with Baptist faith, I am with you; if they are obnoxious to a few sticklers for rigid discipline, I abide your decision.

I remain yours with respect,

C. J. E. C——."

The church, evidently seeing that they could not exclude Sr. C—— according to the Bible, realized that a law must be enacted to take cognizance of such cases, and then deal with her under this new law. Accordingly, the following resolutions were adopted, and Sr. C—— excluded under them; viz. :—

*"Resolved*, That we offer our unqualified condemnation of that system of doctrine which denies the immortality of the soul and the eternal duration of future punishment, as contrary to the faith of this church ever since its organization, and contrary to the faith of the Baptists in all ages.

*Resolved*, That if any member of this church

shall persist in teaching or holding those doctrines, we, in faithfulness to our principles, will at once withdraw fellowship from such members."

Thus it will be seen that truth is taking such a firm hold here that the priesthood is becoming alarmed.

Monday, 21st, spoke at the dwelling of Bro. Lee Coffey, whose wife has been sick for six years. Their son-in-law, Bro. Sion J. Sherrill, takes great interest in the truth, and is one of nearly twenty, including Bro. Cottrell and family, who consider themselves out of the Baptist Church by the above resolutions. It seems that every effort to stop the truth only serves to scatter it more widely. Five young brethren have agreed to hold a weekly prayer-meeting here. I praise God for it, and pray that he will help them to keep it up. Monday night, had a social meeting at Bro. James Hartley's. Tuesday evening, spoke at Bro. Joel Crisp's. Wednesday, rode to Bro. Patterson Coffey's, where I was permitted last summer to preach my first sermon in North Carolina. Bro. Goodwin came at night, and we had a pleasant time and enjoyed the hospitality of Bro. and Sr. Coffey, who belong to the Baptist Church, but treated us with great kindness.

Thursday, rode to Bro. Elijah Moore's, who with his good wife makes me feel welcome. I believe it is one of the hundred homes of Mark 10: 29,

30. Bro. Moore has given his heart to the Lord, and is one of thirteen to follow him in baptism before the meeting closes. Friday I suffered much uneasiness on account of my loved ones at home, and I prayed nearly all night for God to give me victory, and prepare me for the duties before me, and I obtained it. Oh, praise his holy name! Saturday, spoke at the church, and at night spoke at Bro. Israel Coffey's, where we had a precious social meeting.

Dear brethren, these social meetings are new to the people here, but this night made me almost imagine myself at camp-meeting. There were several prayers and many voluntary testimonies for Jesus. Oh, bless his dear name for his blessings on our feeble labors.

Sunday, 27th, spoke at the church, where it was said there were one thousand people assembled. I had to stand in the door and speak to the people in the house and in the churchyard also. We then repaired to the water, where I buried thirteen who desire to be ready for the Master's coming. May God keep them! In the afternoon, fourteen joined the church, and we then gathered around the table of the Lord, to show the death of our precious Saviour. I saw a Methodist and a Baptist brother come to the table together, and I did praise God that sectarian walls are tumbling down. I then bade adieu for the present to the many

precious ones, and started for home. Stopped at Bro. Scims, in Madison Co., N. C., and preached twice, where I had spoken on my way out. I reached home Friday, March 3, at 1.30 A.M. Found all well, and do feel to give God the glory for his goodness to my dear wife and children.

I left home on the 28th of January, and have rode hundreds of miles on trains, in stages, wagons, on horseback, and partly on foot through the mountains on my way to Ashville, and have tried to preach and hold social meetings thirty-four times; debated one day; but, better than all, have seen several start for the kingdom of God. I realize more and more every day the great need of being wholly the Lord's, and I do regret the low state of the churches; but I rejoice that here and there are some noble exceptions. I still feel encouraged to push on till the kingdom comes. Pray for me, that God will help me to stay on the walls till the Master comes. Thanks to the dear ones whose help was received by my wife in my absence. Also the friends in North Carolina for their kindness to me. Love to the saints.

Yours in the Lord,

J. A. CARGILE."

*Stevenson, Ala., March 3, 1876.*

In May (1876) I went again to Cherokee Co., Ala., crossed Sand Mountain and the war-



famed Lookout on horseback, Bro. Bankson having brought a horse to Valley Head to meet me. We rode thirty miles to his home in half a day, or from two to ten P.M. Here the brethren had built a new chapel on Spring Creek, since the difference with the Baptists. After preaching four times, I formed a church with nineteen members, who had been excluded from the popular churches for believing the truth. Then Bro. Bankson took me sixteen miles further, where I preached in Bro. Mackey's house. There I first met dear old Bro. Hood. I helped Bro. Bankson hoe his cotton, so he could go with me. Went home with Bro. Hood. The church shut against us, I preached under some nice oak-trees. Some sat on logs and chairs, and others on the ground, while I gave them the food fresh from Father's store. Bro. Hood took me eleven miles further to Gadsden, where I preached in the courthouse. I left home with only one dollar, and sold two hymn-books, and traveled over a hundred miles, and preached sixteen times in eleven days. My expenses were nothing, for I walked the first thirty miles, and the people furnished me horse and saddle free for the rest of the journey. I was all tired out before I started, having just returned from meetings in Bridgeport, and near Fackler and Shiloh Church, in Ala., and Ooltewah and Cowan, in Tenn.

## NOTES BY THE WAY IN NORTH ALABAMA. — No 2.

My last left me (May 24, I believe) at Gadsden, resting in the pleasant home of General Turrentine. In the evening a heavy rain and thunder cloud kept many away; but a few came out, and I spoke in the courthouse (the churches not being offered us). Thursday, 25th, the rain again kept the people away, save a few; but I tried to tell that few that the Master is coming. The town was thickly posted with handbills for a concert in a popular church on the night of the 26th, with the following words: "Vocal and instrumental music, *operatic* pieces, etc." Said Jesus, "It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves." So, thought I, your house is too good for "the soul sleeper" to preach in, but you can open it for "operatic pieces" and "tables of money changers." But I verily believe, and tried to faithfully tell those people, that Jesus is soon coming, and that he will overthrow "the tables of the money changers," and cast out the traders.

Friday morning, 26th, Bro. Hood and myself started for Lebanon Church in Coat's Bend of Coosa River, to meet at night in a schoolhouse. The rain stopped us, and we stayed at Bro.

Matthew Turner's till morning. Soon after we stopped, another heavy rain fell, which continued till near midnight; but notwithstanding the rain, Bro. Turner soon gathered in the neighbors, and we had a pleasant little meeting. Here I met Bro. Joseph B. Turner, another Baptist minister who has embraced the truth, and loves it dearly.

Saturday and Sunday we enjoyed a blessed season at the church, where we met also Bro. Hodges, another minister who loves these truths. The audience was large Sunday A.M., and we had indeed a precious season. Christians of all sects seemed to rejoice at the nearness of the Lord's coming. So mightily did God's Spirit work, that the woods were made to resound with many loud hallelujahs of happy souls. After closing the meeting at five P.M., we rode five miles to Bro. Hood's home, where, at eight P.M., I spoke again to a large crowd, who sat in the dooryard, while I stood in the porch.

Monday, 29th, rode with Bro. Hood back to Mother Bankson's on Spring Creek, about twenty miles. Met the church at night, and tried to preach again. Tuesday, May 30, by invitation Brn. Hood and S. O. Bankson went with me to the beautifully located village of Cedar Bluff, where I had been invited to send an appointment. Here is where Bro. Livingston had been excluded for heresy, and of course the high priests did not

wish any further trouble. So the Baptists and Methodists did not allow me the use of their house; but, instead of stopping the heretic, it only gave me more room in the open air, on the street, under the shade of a "sycamore" tree. I tried in my weakness to give those who came the teaching of the Bible on the hope of eternal life. At the close, a Bro. Stone asked a question in regard to future punishment, saying that it had been reported that I did "not believe in future rewards and punishments." The answer soon satisfied him, and I left him giving the village church-members some plain talk about their selfishness. I have had the honor (?) of preaching on the streets of Washington City and Cedar Bluff, Ala.

Here we parted with our dear Bro. Hood, and in company with Bro. Bankson rode for Galesville, where we arrived in due time for the evening service, having been overtaken by a heavy rain on the road, and getting pretty wet. We found a resting-place in the family of Dr. Lawrence, who had kindly invited me to visit the village, but who says he believes in the immortality of the soul. I asked him if it was true that mind is the result of an active brain? He said yes, the brain is as a musical instrument upon which the soul played, and the mind is the result, as the tune or sound of the musician playing on an instrument. "Very

well," said I; "after the brain is dead, what does the soul act on to produce mind?" After a moment's reflection, he very candidly replied, "Nothing." He opened his chapel, and furnished lights, and I tried to tell the attentive crowd about the incorruptible inheritance. Then I rode that night four miles to Bro. Livingston's, and stayed until morning. Wednesday, 31st, met at the church, where I tried to preach on Christianity, for the benefit of the newly organized band. Then elected church officers, and at the close gathered around the table to show forth the Lord's death. Took dinner with Bro. Lewis Blackwell; and in his wagon, with himself and four others, we rode to Sprout Spring, to meet a night appointment. It rained just at dark, but a house full came to hear.

Thursday, June 1, at McGeehee's chapel. Spoke to a few. On account of so much rain, others stayed away. At night a good crowd came out; among them the circuit rider, Bro. L——, who replied to my remarks on the state of the dead. I then replied to his assertions, and proposed to give a hundred dollars for one passage proving his assertion that men die and go to heaven. Meeting closed with good feeling; and I am sure the people in that place will read their Bibles with new light. Bro. Livingston and myself stayed with Bro. Frank Thompson, who brought us across Lookout Mountain to Valley Head, a distance of

twenty-five miles. At this place we had expected to walk to our appointment, but Major A. Lee kindly met us with a hack, and conveyed us out to his house for dinner; then to Bro. Beene's for supper; and before we had expected, — in fact, before sunset, — people began to gather from all directions: and by candle-lighting the church was jammed, and many had to stay outside. The people seemed interested. When meeting closed, we started for Cousin William Lee's, and when within two miles of his house, a heavy rain began which gave us a complete wetting. This is Bro. Livingston's first tour in preaching our views, and so far it has been pretty rough initiation; but nothing strange for me to undergo for the truth, which is dearer to me than life. We changed clothes, and retired about midnight.

Saturday, A.M., we ascended Sand Mountain to Crow's Church, where I had spoken on my way out. Met a very attentive crowd, and tried to preach. We then went to the water, where I buried two in baptism. At night Bro. Livingston spoke with much interest. Sunday, A.M., still further on the mountain to Pea Ridge, where we met an unusually large crowd for that place. They gave good attention while we tried to prove Jesus at the door. Sunday evening, at Bro. Painter's church (Methodist), Bro. Livingston preached with the power of the Spirit to a very large crowd,

while I suffered extremely with high fever and pain in my head from overwork, having been out twenty-three days, and preached thirty-three times, besides traveling in all about a hundred and fifty miles through the mountains and valleys.

Monday, June 5, Major Lee brought us to Sulphur Springs to meet an appointment, but the brother who requested the meeting was taken sick before reaching home and died ; consequently, we found no one expecting us, so we started on. Cousin William Lee, with his mule, came with us to Rising Fawn, Ga. From there we took our baggage on our backs, and walked to Bro. Thomas Payne's, where I am now writing. Bro. P—— is a Methodist minister, and, with his amiable, intelligent, and industrious Christian family, takes pleasure in making us both feel at home, while we rest our weary limbs. I rested sweetly last night, and feel much refreshed this morning. Shall rest over here to-day, and begin meetings again to-night. I often sigh for home, where we will never tire. It seems that I *must* preach, through storm and calm, and I can not see any room or time to rest till Jesus comes. I long to return to see my dear family, and rest a few days. I hope the dear saints will not forget to pray for us daily.

Your brother in tribulation,

J. A. CARGILE.

*Deerhead's Cove, Ala., June 6, 1876.*

From Bro. Payne's we went on foot to Trenton and Shiloh. Bro. Livingston was quite sick, and I left him at Bro. Stevens's, and went on alone till he recovered. Then we went to Tennessee again, and the Lord was with us in power. On this whole trip of over one month I did not receive over five dollars. We returned to my home, and rested a few days. Then with my family, Bro. and Sr. Carlton and Sr. Chandler, fifteen in all, we started with a yoke of oxen and wagon, and my little mule Paddy; twenty miles to Shiloh. We crossed the river and ascended Sand Mountain, and reached our destination at ten o'clock at night.

We had a glorious meeting, where twenty were converted. Ministers of other churches helped us. Eld. J. J. Smith was with us also. I then returned with my family, and rested one night at home; and next day went to Goose Pond and Pleasant Hill, and preached a week. Bro. P. C. Word, then a Presbyterian, was with me. On my way home I came to Mud Creek, in which I baptized Bro. A. J. Armstrong about six o'clock in the evening. Preached at night in the Baker Schoolhouse. July 28, in my humble home, we organized the Southern A. C. Conference with twelve Advent ministers. What a change in three years! Glory to God! In August I attended the eastern camp-meetings again. On my return I left the cars at



Johnson City, Tenn., where Bro. Moore met me to take me over the ninety miles' journey through the mountains to North Carolina again. Here I found a letter from my dear wife, telling me she was sick. That was a trying time for me. I prayed nearly all night, and felt it duty to leave her in the hands of God and go on, which I did.

We started at eight A.M., and drove hard through the mountains till near dark, when we called at a house to stay over night ; but they turned us away. We drove till nine o'clock, passing through deep hollows and narrow gorges, where it was so dark we could not see our team or the road only by the occasional flashes of the vivid lightning, for which we were thankful. Finally, a good Baptist brother took us in, and we found that we had traveled forty-one miles that day.

I remained in North Carolina one month, during which I preached about thirty-five times, and God blessed my labor in the conversion of souls. I found Brn. G. D. Sherrill and T. F. Nelson boldly preaching the truth. October was filled with the work in Alabama, Tennessee, and Georgia. Bro. S. P. Hayward, from Pepperell, Mass., came to help me. We were then struggling to build Cedar Grove Chapel.

Nov. 14, at night, Bro. James Anderson, a young Methodist brother, preached in my cottage home, and I started at midnight for Arkansas.

Preached in De View on Sunday, the 19th ; Monday rode through the swamps, and preached at night at Beard's Church. I remained on the preachers' battle-ground till Nov. 27, when I went to Newport, in Jackson Co., and delivered the first sermon of our faith they ever heard ; and they listened well. I have spoken about twelve times in Woodruff Co. since the 19th. From Newport I took train for Sebastian Co. Walked out ten miles from Fort Smith, and begun meetings in the neighborhood of Bro. J. A. McAllister, a Baptist minister, Dec. 2. In twelve days I preached twenty-two discourses, held six social meetings. Several backsliders started anew, and some were converted. Many came for prayers. The ice was broken, where I buried willing ones in the chilly wave.

This closed 1876, during which I traveled nearly seven thousand miles, preached over three hundred times, saw nearly as many converted, and had the happy privilege of baptizing near a hundred. My expenses for traveling and family supplies were \$666.50 ; my receipts for the year, \$659. The previous year I fell short over \$200. I had several hemorrhages during the year, but my zeal continued to increase as I saw truth gaining.

In Newport, Ark., I met in a store a stranger from Missouri. We began to talk on baptism. Becoming convinced that I was right, he said,

“White River is close by; what doth hinder?” I said, “Let us go.” We went through the cane and forest to the river, which was ice at the banks; we bowed together in prayer, and I then baptized him where none but God saw us; we were blessed. As we came back to town he gave me two dollars. I calculated to leave at four P.M., but my train was delayed till ten that night. About ten minutes before it arrived, standing in the crowded depot, suddenly I felt a hand at my vest pocket. Looking quickly, I saw the man I had baptized turning away from me in tears. As he caught my eye he said, “There, that is yours; I felt that I ought to give it to you as we came from the water, but I did not. I have been to bed, but could not go to sleep; and I am glad you did not get away before now.” He darted out of the room. On examination I found that he had deposited ten dollars more in my pocket. I then praised the Lord that the train was late, for I was very short of money.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE NORTH CAROLINA DREAMER AND HIS DREAM.

In 1877 I returned from North Carolina and rested a few days. I went to Cowan, Tenn., where I was engaged in a very interesting meeting.

One day, while in the office of Bro. Stewart, the railroad agent, I received a letter from the old Tar Heel State, and in it a dream, which had been clipped from one of their county papers.

I asked the agent for writing-paper, and he gave me some railroad bill-paper. Seated at his desk, as soon as I had read the dream, I wrote a tract, the title of which is, "A Wonderful Dreamer." I went to Scottsboro, Ala., and had five hundred copies of eight pages printed, and sent the "Dreamer" some of them, which called forth another article in the same paper some time afterward, in which it seems that the young man had been misrepresented to me. When the messenger came up-stairs, at Bro. D. D. Coffey's, he informed me, if I remember correctly, — now fourteen years after, — that the young gentleman below was the President of — College. I now give the pamphlet entire, except the correct name. It is as follows : —

## A WONDERFUL DREAMER. .

The Lord says: "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream, and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully." It is an admitted fact that in meeting opposition, men "put their best foot foremost," or, in other words, they use the best material they can command. If one is on the side of truth, he will fly to the Bible for refuge, but when he has only *dreams* to rely upon, when his false position is assailed, instead of flying to the Bible for help, he at once takes a "*snooze*," in order, if possible, to *dream* something that will help him out of the difficulty, and he generally succeeds in getting out some kind of a dream, however incredible, "for a dream cometh through the multitude of business."

Well, once upon a time, not necessary to mention, I visited the old State of North Carolina for no other purpose than that of preaching what I believed to be God's truth in its simplicity. My first discourses were delivered in a pleasant apple-orchard, on the waters of Mulberry, in Caldwell Co. Here opposition showed itself in a mild way. Thence to John's River, where I had a *hitch* with the indomitable "Bob Moody," as he was familiarly called. His chaffy theology could not balance with God's truth, so he let us alone, ex-

cept a furious tongue-lashing occasionally, when his zeal for his creed burned intensely. But that did not hurt anybody but my dear Bro. Moody, for whom I have Christian charity to-day. Next came a brother on the train, and proposed a debate. The time was set, but Goliath failed to meet little David. After churches had been formed, and the solid truths of the Bible taken a firm hold in many good and honest hearts, our annual conference set on John's River, on the 28th and 29th days of July, 1877.

I had heard it whispered that Professor Allen was coming to hear and upset these soul-sleeping doctrines. On Saturday, the 28th, we met and attended to the business for the Conference. On Sunday morning, the 29th, I was in an upper room, deeply engaged with my subject for the approaching service, when the message came to me that the expected *Professor* was below. Being anxious to meet him, I hastened down and received an introduction to a real good-looking young divine, as Professor Allen. When I say he was really good looking, that don't begin to tell it. I wish I was master of language to portray to the reader's mind just how beautifully the silken locks hung over his well-developed, youthful-looking forehead, which bespoke a large brain, well stored with *something*, but whether with "chaff or wheat" remained to be seen. Really, there was but little

favor between him and the bander-shanked, red-whiskered, and snaggle-toothed man described in his wonderful dream, which I shall pretty soon quote and review.

At the church, the renowned young professor was provided with table, chair, paper, and pencil, in front of the stand, where he seemingly very carefully noted the different arguments made in support of our position. At the close of our discourse, he said to me, "Well, you gave my Methodist theology some hot shot." I replied with a smile, "Oh, well, if it only hit your theology, and not you, that is all right." We both laughed and parted. I expected for a long time to receive a challenge for a debate, or to see my discourse entirely torn up in some paper. Sure enough, in October, here it comes. But to my surprise, it is in a secular paper, the *Blade*, published in Morganton, Burke Co., N. C., and not in a religious periodical. How eagerly I unfolded it and read the heading — "A DREAM" — with inexpressible astonishment. I paused with the question, "Is that all that Professor Allen has to bring against my position?" I then proceeded to read the wonderful dream, thinking that it was the *very best* the poor fellow could get up, and, if so, he deserved some credit, at least, for having done all that he could. I will now give the dream *verbatim* as published in the *Blade*, and the reader cannot fail

to see the close quarters into which he is driven to save a cherished EGYPTIAN FABLE. It is as follows : —

[For the *Blade*.]

### A DREAM.

On the 28th ultimo I was called upon to celebrate the rites of matrimony between two young persons living upon the waters of John's River in Caldwell County. In the evening, before the hour for retiring, my attention was called to the new doctrines preached in that community by one Rev. J. A. Cargile from Alabama, and an urgent request was made that at some suitable time I should send an appointment to that neighborhood and reply to Mr. Cargile's views. I retired that night with my mind much absorbed in the subject of doctrines, etc., and I dreamed the following dream, which I give the *Blade* as nearly as I can recall the items : —

In my slumber I was wandering along the margin of a beautifully clear and rapid stream, when suddenly I came upon a man in deep and seemingly solemn meditation, sitting upon the bank, with his head resting upon his hand, and gazing into the depths of the limpid stream below. The man was of small stature, intelligent in appearance, with high forehead, red whiskers and beard, and seemed to be about thirty years of age.

Casting my eyes at the same moment to the opposite bank of the river, I espied his satanic majesty, the devil, sitting upon his haunches, quite incog. to my red-



haired man, but gazing steadily upon him with a peculiarly devilish grin upon his countenance that indicated perfect satisfaction in the object of his contemplation.

Suddenly transferring my nightly vision from the devil to the man of thought, in a moment he became transparent as glass, and the working of his entire mental nature became as plain to my vision as the lineaments of his corporal being. I could see his soul and the very thoughts that flashed from the center.

The soul seemed to be something immaterial, but in the form of a globe of glass sparkling with an intense heat. I could perceive plainly, too, that that soul had once been filled with the divine nature, but now there was a visible dark center that darkened all the rays of light that emanated from it.

The following were the musings and soliloquies of my red-haired man, which gave his satanic majesty the grins: "I don't believe one word of all this nonsense about the materiality of God and the non-immortality of the human soul. Man *is* immortal, I do know; but here is a good opening among these simple-hearted people for me to collect together a large number, and get to myself a great name. Besides, am I not one of the elect? I'll go to heaven, anyway, no matter what I preach. Nor am I very sure that any one will be lost. So I shall do all I can for myself."

When he had finished these sentences my zeal burned within me, and I leaped upon my feet to chide this deceitful being; but the devil, anticipating my intention, stepped suddenly before me and said, "That man is my most faithful friend and beloved servant.

Touch him if you dare, or confute his false views, which I know you can, and calamities dire shall be your portion. Your fruit trees shall dwindle away and die; your poultry, hens and all, shall stand and crow themselves into skeletons till they are dead; your cattle shall stand and low day and night till each side shall collapse to meet its fellow side; your swine shall raise a universal squeal that shall collect every hog in the community about your premises; your dogs shall bark day and night till their eyes leap out of their sockets; your children shall go into a deep sleep from which no earthly powers can awake them; your wife shall elope with a long-legged, red-headed, snaggle-toothed fool; and you yourself shall become a cripple all your days with chronic rheumatism."

With these remarks his satanic majesty thrust a parchment into my face and bade me read the certificate of commission given to this man of the bank. I looked and read as follows:—

"To my most faithful friend and servant, greeting: You are hereby authorized, commissioned and appointed to preach Materialism to the simple-hearted people of Western North Carolina. Fail not, though you meet with many and great discouragements. When the church assails you, cry out persecution! persecution! and that will enlist sympathy in your behalf. Stop not to consider the result of the doctrines preached. That would ruin your success. Fail not. Given in hell, under my hand and seal, without date,  
Beelzebub, the Old Serpent.

The Devil, Satan."

The above, dear editor, was my real dream. It was only a dream, but I fear there is much truth in its statements.

Yours,

Vox.

No doubt the careful reader will just here pause with wonder, and look over this wonderful dream again to see if he can find one verse of Scripture which ought to be a preacher's companion.

I will give but a brief comment. It seems that he was blessed with this wonderful dream the night before he saw the "red-whiskered, snaggle-toothed fool." Is it not a wonder that he did not "look a little *scared*" next morning when he was introduced to this man of thought so accurately pictured in his dream the night before? Why didn't he look across the river for the devil, to see if that part of his dream was true? and when sitting before me, while by the help of the Lord I gave him Bible materialism, why in the name of common-sense did he not rise and tell this gigantic dream? Ah, perhaps he forgot while working up this wonderful composition.

When a man has his bread-and-butter in jeopardy, we must not expect him to be scrupulously exact in all he says. I presume he fixed up the soul to suit his theory. He says it "*seemed* to be something immaterial." That is a misnomer, and with all his learning he ought to see it. If he knows by looking at a soul that it seems to be

something immaterial, I presume he will take another snooze, and then tell us how his *immaterial soul looks*. But perhaps his vision is keener when asleep, which enables him to see immateriality, which is an invisible nothing. But stop. He did not say positively, but only said the soul *seemed* to be something *immaterial*. Well, if that is all the proof my brother has for his pet dogma of the immateriality of the soul, I do really pity him. His whole theory rests upon a "*seemed to be*." Not a word of Bible in his proof. It really ought to cause every heart to swell with pity for the man who clings to such a sandy foundation, only to be popular or for a salary. There is more hope for a real heathen than for such a man. He must not claim that his great love for truth is the cause, for there is not a word of truth in the doctrine of the immateriality or the immortality of the soul. When Mr. Vox, or any other man, brings a passage from the inspired volume, proving such to be true, there is a reward of \$12,060 offered, which he can easily get. If Mr. Vox is an honest man (and I hope he is), he will either come up with the passage and call for the money, or else he will forever abandon the dogma started by the devil when he said "*Ye shall not surely die*." — Gen. 3: 4. He was the first immortal soul preacher.

It sometimes stirs a man when you show him

his own profile. This, I hope, will not be so with my dear Bro. "Vox." When I say that he only continues the same old serpent's falsehood when he preaches the soul is immortal, or "Ye shall not surely die," — Gen. 3, 4 — God says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." — Ezek. 18: 4, 22, 30, etc. God says it shall die. Mr. Devil says it shall not die. Mr. Vox says it can not die. I wondered greatly why Bro. Allen, being president of a college, and a professed minister of Jesus, should sign Vox, instead of his name. I am sure "the simple-hearted people of western North Carolina," spoken of in his dream, would all know what A. L. Allen, D.D., means, but I doubt if they *all* know that the Latin word Vox means voice. I wonder what voice it is. It can not be the voice of Jesus, for there is not a resemblance of the spirit of Jesus in his dream. He dreams that the red-whiskered fool *thought* he would "go to heaven anyway." I simply wish to say that I am sure that part of his dream is false, for I do not think I ever shall go to heaven. Jesus says, "Where I go, ye can not come." — John 13: 33. Therefore, I don't think I shall ever go; hence, it follows, that if a part of his dream is of the devil, the whole of it must be, for what fellowship hath Christ with Belial? "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." — Col. 3: 4. Then, instead of

going to heaven, I expect that "the meek shall inherit the earth."

I now say with much tenderness and due respect for his faithful wife, that it is far beneath the spirit of Jesus for any man, a minister, or anything else, to speak of his wife in such terms. But my own dear wife, sympathizing with her, begs me to drop this part of the subject, and as I have the greatest respect for my wife, I shall take her wise, Christian counsel. But to show how low he stoops from his ministerial dignity, I quote another article from Mr. Vox, published in the next issue of the same paper. He wrote as follows:—

[For the *Blade*.]

MR. EDITOR:—In giving publicity to my dream in the last issue of your paper, I have called down the Irish wrath of a little woman called *wife* upon me, for having given her away to a "long-legged, snaggle-toothed, red-headed, etc." She wants to know what business I had stumbling along the margin of that river in my nightly slumbers, when good, honest men were folded in the arms of Morpheus. She thinks I only wandered in proximity with the devil, to make a league with his satanic majesty to supply me with the elements of that dream; and she declares that she never will comply with its requisitions if I debate with and vanquish all the Materialists in America.

So, Mr. Editor, my hands are tied, and I shall leave our Materialistic brethren "alone in their glory."

What a pity, however, that such a beautiful church building and schoolhouse as I saw upon the bank of that sparkling stream should be turned from their legitimate purposes of teaching men science and religion, to converting them into infidels and atheists! To teach that God is a material being, having hands, feet, head, as a man, is to teach that there is no God at all. It is positive, rank atheism.

And then to come out in the light of the nineteenth century and say that men and women have no souls; that the air we breathe is all the soul we have, is simply ridiculous in the extreme. What! are we to suppose that such men as Calvin, Wesley, Watson, Benson, and a host of others who had more Biblical knowledge in their little toes than such men as preach these infidelic views have in their heads, were all mistaken, and that this late Mr. Apostle is the only true gospel preacher in the land? I tell you, Mr. Editor, it seems to me to be a pretty high leap for a yearling.

But I must quit thinking such presumptions. I am becoming so disgusted that my *inards* are beginning to revolve, and I am fearful I shall not be able to enjoy a fat pullet my other half is preparing for supper.

Success to all honest, useful home enterprises, and bad luck to all evil ones, especially such as disseminate moral corruption among our people, is the daily prayer of  
Vox.

I don't wonder that he will leave his "materialistic brethren alone in their glory." They want truth, and Mr. Vox may be assured that if such

stuff as this degrading false dream is the best he has, that we are invincible.

Who are "infidels and atheists"? We teach that God is a real being. This learned youth says he is not a real being, only an incomprehensible mass of immateriality. And yet he says we must believe in and worship this incomprehensible nothing or be damned.

He says God is everywhere, and that dead men go to God. Then, of course, if God is everywhere, dead men simply go everywhere. The first article in his creed says God is "without body or parts." If that is true, he has no God at all. Then I ask, Who are infidels and atheists? What kind of a God does the celebrated Bro. Vox pray to? Is it a God without parts? If so, he has no ears to hear, or eyes to see his children. Then I don't wonder that Bro. Vox has so belittled his high calling. Because, if his God has no "body or parts," Bro. Vox can say or dream and write just as suits his bread and butter; his God can not see him or hear him, for he has no eyes or ears. Don't you pity the poor fellow? There is one glimmering hope for him, however, and that is, if he lives ten years longer he will know more than he does now, for he is a bright boy.

For the benefit of the candid reader, I will give a few passages proving that God is a real personality. Christ was made "in the *form* of God." —



Phil. 2 : 5, 6. He had the *image* of God. — Col. 1 : 15. He had the express image of God's PERSON. — Heb. 1 : 3. Then God is certainly a real personality. Now, see that he has HANDS, a FACE, and BACK PARTS. — Exod. 33 : 22, 23. God has eyes and ears. — Ps. 34 : 15.

This is reasonable and plain. I will pay my dear Bro. Vox any price for one passage proving that God is without body or parts, as his creed plainly teaches. Again, I sound the question to the intelligent, candid mind, *Who are infidels and atheists?* He says, "And then to come out in the light of this nineteenth century and say that men and women have no souls, that the air we breathe is all the soul we have, is simply ridiculous in the extreme." My dear brother is woefully ignorant of our position, or he willfully misrepresents us. The first is inexcusable, the latter is unpardonable. He is an intelligent youth, and ought to know that people of common-sense do not teach such things. Bro. Vox teaches that the soul is immaterial. If that be true, it is intangible, invisible, and does not occupy space ; hence, it is nothing. Now I ask, Who is it that teaches that men and women have no souls ? You see at once that it is Bro. Vox's theory instead of Cargile's. To my mind, it is very strange that when men can not resort to the Bible to sustain their position, they will indulge in such base misrepresentations and

low slang. But Jesus says, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Wesley, Calvin, Benson, and Watson were all good men, and I honor their memory, but they were not inspired. I prefer to learn of Jesus, Peter, and Paul. I really think that if the pious Father Wesley could rise to-day, he would blush to see the pretended dream of this young brother. I think he would quietly pat the boy on the head and say, "My son, if you can't find proof for your position in the Bible, give it up, and never bring shame and disgrace on the cause I struggled so hard to start, by the use of anything that is low and groveling."

In conclusion, I wish to say that I have the highest respect possible for the young brother, and I am very sorry indeed that he has taken the course he has. Not that it injures me or my cause, but it brings the shame upon his own head. I am sorry because I love him. We believe the "wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life." — Rom. 6: 23. And for believing this plain declaration of Scripture, and teaching the same in its simplicity, my brother has seen fit, with all his learning, to get off such a batch of the devil's stuff that it really makes me feel bad for him. I sincerely hope, if he ever has occasion to level his huge battery against the cause of truth again, that he will do it in a more manly, Christian way.

Several good Methodists have read this dream, and expressed deep sorrow that any man claiming to be a Methodist should stoop so low.

I expect at some future time to return to North Carolina, and I now say if Bro. Allen thinks me an infidel, it is his imperative duty to meet me face to face and publicly expose these doctrines. I have tried to write with the spirit of Jesus, and only to do good and show up his base misrepresentations. I have not tried to make a show of devilish wit. That does not belong to a Christian. May God bless my dear Bro. Allen, as well as the writer and reader, and bring us at last beyond the reach of strife.

JOHN A. CARGILE.

Having read the tract, the father of the young man wrote an explanation as follows :—

[For the *Blade*.]

REV. J. A. CARGILE, ETC.

EDITORS OF THE BLADE :— I am in receipt of a small pamphlet issued by one Rev. J. A. Cargile, formerly of Alabama, now of Tennessee, in which he gives a dream published some time since in the *Blade* over the signature of “Vox ;” and then he gives the junior editor of the *Blade* what he no doubt considers a good brushing, under the supposition that he is boring *me* with his nonsense.

It seems that the junior had an interview with this Cargile, and passed himself off as "Rev. A. L. Allen, President of the Rutherford College;" that in this interview the said Cargile preached upon the subject of Materialism, giving said junior paper and pencil to take notes for a reply. This seems, at least, to be the interpretation of the whole matter, whether the junior really did pass himself off for his father or not.

Now, all I have to say is this: I wrote that dream in sport of Cargile's pretensions; for I didn't think that the man and his subject were sufficiently worthy to be dignified by serious discussion. The publication of the dream, however, did call out one J. J. Harshaw, for whose special benefit, as well as for some other good but mistaken friends on John's River, I wrote several articles in proof that "Materialism is a lie." Rev. Cargile does not seem to have seen those articles; for he seems to think that "a dream" was all I had to give!

Now, I call Mr. Cargile's attention to those articles in the *Blade*, and I make this public announcement: Mr. Cargile may select two of the most learned and pious men out of each denomination of Christians in America, to whom as a committee those articles shall be submitted; and, if that committee do not declare that those articles do prove Materialism to be a lie, I *will*

*write myself with the Advent Church at the first opportunity.*

I do most candidly, and with the best of feeling, say to Mr. Cargile, that I do not consider either himself or any of his brethren able to discuss this subject, or even to understand it. It would, therefore, be a very little business in me to engage in a discussion with any of them upon it. It takes brains, educated and cultivated brains at that, to discuss sensibly such subjects as Immateriality and Immortality. You will hardly find such brains in any preacher who will leave an established church for such as the Adventists have.

I will inform Mr. Cargile that I am fifty-six years old ; am not the youthful chap of whom he speaks so fluently ; that I have never had the pleasure of seeing his face in the flesh ; that, upon the whole, I am about as good looking as the junior who interviewed him ; and, moreover, my mother who is in heaven *has been proud of me.*

In conclusion, I want the junior to shoulder his own sack ; for I am sure it is too filthy to carry.

A. L. ALLEN.

The junior has not now, nor never had, any quarrel with Mr. Cargile or his friends. He treated us with all the courtesy one gentleman could expect of another when we met him. We do not agree with him so far as his doctrine is

concerned, but cheerfully yield him the privilege of believing as his own conscience dictates. As to his "going for us" in a card, we have got used to that.

In reply to his last shot through the *Blade*, I wish to apologize for one expression. I said that the young man would know more ten years hence. But having learned that the real Dr. Vox is fifty-six, I take that all back, and confess that in all probability the gentleman is graduated. I have seen and carefully read the articles he refers to, and do not need his proposed committee from different *creed-bound sects* to see that Bro. Harshaw everlastingly demolished the Professor's theory of *immaterialism*. It may be possible that neither I nor any other Adventists have brains or education enough to meet this celebrated Vox in debate. He might have to humble himself. But "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted," is the promise. We have all the brains our Advent craniums can contain, and wish we had more education. I wish the doctor would give us one good, sound trial. He would find that a man does not need to be all education to understand God's simple word. Just a little common-sense is needed to mix along with the education.

## CHAPTER XII.

### EXPERIENCES IN 1877-1879.

Under date of March 8, 1877, I wrote: "The Lord says if we are without chastisement, we are bastards and not sons; and I can say that in this respect at least I have had the mark of sonship, for the hardest trials of my life have come upon me in the last three months. I have tried to do what I could in the Master's cause, and find sustenance for my family a part of the time. Amid it all my wife has been very sick; but, praise the Lord, she is better, and to-morrow I start again for the harvest field to sow the precious seed, which the angels will reap in the great harvest."—Matt. 13 : 39.

During the past three months I have labored in the churches in DeKalb and Cherokee Counties, Ala., and in our Wednesday evening meetings here at home. I do praise the Lord for the encouragement we have from time to time in our social meetings. Many of the dear brethren and sisters are taking up the cross by testifying in the meetings. It is a heavier cross here than in the North, especially so for the sisters, as they have

been taught that it is wrong for them to speak in the church. It has been said that "all Cargile's members have turned preachers."

Leaving home March 14, I rode on horseback, crossing the Tennessee River, Sand Mountain, Wills' Valley, and the war-famed Lookout Mountain. I held two meetings at houses of brethren on my way over, and preached several times in the vicinity. At Liberty Church I had the privilege of greeting and preaching to those who a short time before were expelled from the Unity (?) Baptist Church for believing, or rather *talking*, God's truth. As a result of these meetings, several came forward for prayers, and we all felt blessed of the Lord.

Started home on Monday, the 19th, in a dump-cart with Bro. Smith. We came up Lookout Mountain and crossed Little River. We rode thirty miles, where we preached to a waiting audience, then twenty miles next day, where another discourse was delivered at the house of Bro. Boak-outs on Sand Mountain, for the special benefit of young people. God blessed the effort. When in sight of home all the children (only five) met me, glad to see papa, as they always are.

On June 14, I wrote a condensed report of the work since March 31.

During April preached a funeral sermon to an attentive crowd. One young lady, nineteen years



of age, bright and intelligent-looking, had never been to church or heard preaching. What a need for more laborers !

In May I went to Ringgold in Catoosa Co., Ga., where I had an appointment. Found it a new place, full of bitter opposition, so much so that some one had taken pains to hide the lamp, which cast a gloom over the audience. Spoke again the next night, the brethren furnishing lamps. During June, preached the first Sunday at home; second at Shiloh Church; the Lord blessed.

The third Saturday and Sunday in June I visited Goose Pond, and tried to tell them "the old, old story." On Sunday, Bro. Word (Presbyterian) came, and after I had spoken on the Rich Man and Lazarus, followed in an able sermon, but did not controvert. Sunday P.M. walked six miles home with Bro. J. O. Gray, and spoke at night in Mitchell's Chapel. There was a crowd of young folks, and I felt a burden for them. Had a good time, and hope good was done. Fourth Saturday and Sunday at Bethel. Found much suffering physically, but spiritually all quiet; in fact, a quiet that I regard as really *dangerous*. Last Saturday and Sunday I went to Cowan, Tenn., and had two very interesting meetings.

My health for a week past has been poor. I took sick at Bethel, and this week have scarcely been able to get out. Tuesday, July 3, was the

day set apart for me to start on a month's tour in North Carolina. I was in bed suffering with pain. And now what shall I do? *Lord, lead me!* The railroad rates this side Chattanooga are higher than they were last year. They used to give me half-fare, but now do not allow ministers half-fare who live off their line. So I began to run short of funds after being out two days, and eating only breakfast each day. In Morristown I stayed at the Virginia House; received good fare at reduced rates. On Wolf Creek road, full fare. The stage to Asheville last year took me for \$2.50, now I pay \$6.50. So, having only \$1.50, I asked the Lord for help. Passing a house on the roadside, an impression seized me that I could get some money in there; so I called the stage-driver to halt a few seconds, ran in, and proposed to pawn my watch for \$5.00. The gentleman said he did not have it. I remarked, "I'll ride as far as I can, then walk," and ran back to the stage and started, when a bystander called us to stop, and running up handed me a \$5.00 note, but did not take my watch.

I then had money enough to get to Asheville, where I arrived at 7.30 P.M., on Friday, July 6. This place is twenty-four miles from Old Fort, where the trains leave at six A.M., and I must reach it that night, or not get to my appointment the 8th. I prayed for help, but I confess I did

not expect it, for I had made up my mind to walk the twenty-four miles that night. I told the landlord of the Central Hotel of my circumstances, and that I must get through that night if possible. I proposed, if he would send me through in time for the train at six next morning, that I would leave my watch with him till my return. He said he would send me to the train, but would not keep my watch, adding, "I am not afraid to risk *you*." So I started from Asheville at 8.30 P.M., and drove through the terribly rough mountain, and sometimes down precipices so steep that they almost seemed perpendicular, and so dark we could not see the faithful old horse before the buggy. But the driver knew his business, and just at the dawn of day we reached the train. Here a kind hotel-keeper favored me on my way by giving me breakfast. I felt indeed very sick, for I left home Tuesday night, and up to Saturday morning had slept only one night, and eaten one meal a day, every day but one, when I took two.

Now came another trial. How can I get a ticket to Morganton? The railroad was then finished only to Old Fort, which was a new station; and the ticket-office and everything else seemed to be only temporary structures. No time was to be lost, for the train must go in a few minutes. Lifting my heart to God in silent prayer that if it were duty for me to go the way might be opened, I

rushed to the window of the ticket-office, and said, "Give me a ticket for Morganton, and I will pay you a month from now, when I come back." The gentleman gazed at me about one minute, then stamped the ticket and handed it to me without uttering a single word. I ran to the train, which was starting when I got on.

At 8.30 I reached Morganton in Burke Co., N.C., where I met dear Bro. Israel Coffey. We drove to John's River, sixteen miles, in three hours; all the way I felt sick, and thought that when I got through I should certainly have a good rest. On the contrary, I found Bro. John Kirby waiting to take me to Lower Creek, thirteen miles farther, to preach that night. The people would be out and expect me. With Bro. Finley Coffey we started for the new church "Tabernacle," on Lower Creek; met Bro. G. D. Sherrill (the pastor) at the church, and enjoyed a good meeting with the beloved saints who had been turned out of the "Synagogue" for believing God's truth, and who have, through much tribulation, built a good house.

Sunday, 8th, met a crowded house, and preached at eleven A.M.; then took the Lord's supper, and had a good season of union with brethren and sisters.

Monday, 9th, preached at eleven A.M. Three joined the church. Tuesday, 10th, baptized two

sisters, and preached at eleven A.M., when four requested prayer. Preached again at night. I intended to go next day to a new place to preach, but I was told that night some one had declared if I went to Beaver Creek I would be killed; and another told me one man had sworn to whip me if I came there preaching my heresy. I thought of Paul's five times thirty-nine stripes; but I felt it duty to go, and I was sure the Lord would see me through. Bro. G. D. Sherrill went on horseback, while I rode in a hack with Bro. Clingman Powell and family. We drove till eleven A.M., when we stopped with a good Methodist, Bro. Kendall and family, for dinner. They treated us kindly, and himself, wife, and daughter went with us to the church, or place of threatened execution, where I met a strange crowd, and tried to preach at three P.M. The attention was all I could ask for. Preached again at night at the house of a good Baptist brother, who was eighty-one years old, Bro. John F. Ferguson. Here a Baptist minister came out, but refused to take part in the meeting. Thursday, 12th, feeling very much exhausted, I rested till eleven A.M., and heard Bro. G. D. Sherrill in a very able discourse on the kingdom. I followed by a short talk, and closed with good feeling in the audience. Preached again at three P.M., also at night. I preached on the Lord's coming; spoke one hour and a half, while they gave

the best attention to the first sermon they ever heard on that subject. The lions stayed away, or God kept them chained, and they never hurt me; but, on the contrary, I received every mark of hospitality that I could expect anywhere. Praise to God, and thanks to the people!

Friday, 13th. Drove to Jarmin's Hill, and preached to a large crowd in the yard of Bro. Harrison Pennel. At eleven A.M. rode alone to Bro. Jason Martin's, about twelve miles. Saturday, 14th, at eleven A.M., met an attentive crowd at the Yadkin Church. Then to the Berean Church at night. Sunday, 15th, preached twice.

Now I am preparing to go about thirty miles to another county to preach these last-day truths. I am now in the field, where I hope to remain till the Master comes. Plenty of work and self-denial now, but, praise God! pay-day is just ahead.

Yours, in the war for victory,

JOHN A. CARGILE, *Evangelist*.

*Collettsville, N.C.*

At Boone, in Watauga Co., I preached in the courthouse to an immense crowd, because they did not open the churches. A senator said, "If our preachers don't come out now, and show their hand in defense of their doctrine, we are gone." I gave them straight truth. Preached at Shull's Mills and Blowing Rock, then went to Collettsville for the Annual Conference, the 25th of July,

where five were baptized, and eight joined the church. The truth spreads like wildfire here in the community of the Wonderful Dreamer. July 31 I took a stage drawn by six beautiful gray horses, and, ascending the Blue Ridge, came to Asheville. Here the wife and little son of the merchant of whom I had borrowed the five dollars had come with a wagon loaded with mountain roots and herbs, which they had exchanged for sole-leather. He told them to watch the arrival of the stage from Old Fort, and if that preacher came to bring him out the sixty-five miles, and save him five dollars. I found the little boy at the Central Hotel awaiting me. We drove out to Alexander's, fourteen miles after sunset; and the country hotel was so crowded that they could only take Sr. Scism and a young lady who came with her. The boy, Emmet, and I slept in the wagon on the rolls of sole-leather, which was a very uneven and uncomfortable bed. Next day we completed the journey. We reached Antioch Church just at sunset the next day, took supper with Bro. Scism, and then tried to preach to an attentive crowd.

Thursday, Aug. 2, preached three times, and felt that God was with me. Here Bro. Scism and a Bro. Morris proposed to take a collection for me, but I would not consent. I love the precious cause of my Master too well, I hope, to have it re-

proached for "greenbacks;" but they gave me \$4.25 individually. May God bless them! I did not feel it duty to leave without preaching once more; so on Friday, Aug. 3, I began preaching at 9.30 A.M.; spoke nearly one hour and a half on "How to be Ready for the Master." Many were melted to tears. I closed just as the stage came in sight. In the road, as I bade the many strange but dear ones good by, one old brother who, it is said, had not been to meeting for years before, said to me, his eyes streaming with tears, "You can get a church here with fifty members if you will only stop and form a class."

Now, dear brethren, like Joseph in Egypt, I can look back and see the hand of God. I can now see why he let my money run short, and had me stop here to borrow the money. They invited me to preach, and God blessed. His name was glorified, and then I was satisfied.

Well, I entered the stage and went to Wolf Creek, then on the train via Morristown, Tenn. I came to New Market, and got off to go to the pleasant village of Dandridge in Jefferson Co., Tenn. A brother here had seen in the *Crisis* that I was in North Carolina, and wrote to me to give them a call. This is a new field. An Adventist had never preached in this county. The Methodist brethren allowed me to preach in their church on Saturday night, when I gave them God's plain



truth on the promised inheritance, and felt sure that the doors would be closed against me after that ; but on Sunday morning I was informed that I could occupy the Methodist or Baptist Church, either, as there was no other preaching in the village. As I had begun in the Methodist Church, I remained and preached twice on Sunday to large, attentive crowds ; and if there was a dissenting voice, I did not hear it. Indeed, the people of the place treated me with such kindness, and received the word with such readiness of mind, that I really feared that I had been mistaken, and that God had not sent me there.

But so it is : the seed is sown, and the kind-hearted people of Dandridge have heard the midnight cry, "Behold the bridegroom cometh !" I pray God to water the seed sown. It may be that after the ministry comes down on us for bread and butter, that some will lack backbone ; and it may be said, "See the faltering ones ; backward they fall." I feel sure, however, that many can sing, —

"Surely the Captain may depend on me,  
Though but an armor-bearer I may be."

I reached home Monday, Aug. 6, and found the Lord taking care of my loved ones. Oh, the simplicity and power of faith ! And yet how little of it there is in the world. All we need is to be

better acquainted with our dear Saviour, to place in him utmost confidence. Pray for us.

J. A. CARGILE, *Evang. S. A. C. Conf.*

*Stevenson, Ala., Aug. 9, 1877.*

At the annual Conference of North Alabama I made my report as their evangelist, from which I copy the following: "I have traveled on boats, trains, stages, wagons, hacks, dump-cart, on horse-back and on foot, through heat and cold, wet and dry, during the year, 7,625 miles, at a cost, including lodging, meals, and other incidental expenses, of \$228.75; family supplies, such as flour, meal, corn, bacon, sugar, coffee, butter, etc., during the year, \$150.10; clothing for myself and family, \$43.25; wages paid a man to work at home in my place during the year, \$125.00; payment on old debt on present home, \$100.00; total of all expenses for the year, \$647.10.

My receipts were as follows: Friends in North Carolina, \$82.60; Arkansas, \$44.20; Cherokee Co., Ala., \$2.75; Shiloh Church, DeKalb Co., Ala., \$1.00; Bethel Church, James Co., Tenn., \$9.65; Cowan, Franklin Co., Tenn., \$9.50; in private letters from the Lord's servants, \$40.00; American Advent Mission Society, \$358.00; a friend in Goose Pond Church, Ala., 50 cents; total cash receipts, \$548.10.

This shows that it costs something to preach

these unpopular truths. It is but just to say that during the year I have received, in addition to the above donations, as cheerful gifts from friends in Woodruff County, Ark., a box of meat ; from the church near home, two pieces of meat and a bag of corn ; from friends in James Co., Tenn., and North Carolina, twelve yards of jeans, four pairs of socks, and a nice double-woven bed-spread, amounting in the aggregate to perhaps \$30.00, showing an excess of expenses amounting to \$69.00. I have felt it duty, as your servant, to let you know what it costs to be an evangelist."

I copy from the pen of Bro. J. J. Harshaw of North Carolina, as published in the *Crisis* of Sept. 19, 1877, as follows: "A few months after Bro. Bowman came Eld. John A. Cargile of Alabama, a man full of the spirit of Jesus, who stood up, as did the Apostle Paul, and boldly preached Jesus and his second coming to the people. He also, as did his blessed Master, suffered persecution ; unmeasured abuse was heaped upon him, and in some instances personal violence was threatened ; but notwithstanding all this, he persevered and preached the truth as it is in the Bible. The doors of all places of public worship were closed against him, and he was compelled to preach in the open air and mill-houses ; but the "common people" from afar and near flocked to hear him,

and his labors were blessed. 'The Word of God grew and multiplied,' and a number were converted to 'the faith once delivered to the saints,' and we now (thank the Lord) have two very creditable church edifices, with about one hundred and twenty members in this county. We also have the sympathy and influence of a large and respectable class of people, not members of any church, besides a large number in other denominations, holding the same views that we do. We have great reason to thank God for the success of the cause of Christ in this part of North Carolina."

In August I preached twice for the Baptist Church at home. In September went below Scottsboro, Ala., and with Bro. S. P. Hayward preached in the open air a week.

One day we held the meeting in Sauta Cave, nearly a mile from the entrance. During the meeting I preached fifteen times in nine days and had a severe hemorrhage as I rode home. This and my recent work in North Carolina has proved to be too much for my weak lungs. Several were converted at the meeting and baptized. Friday night I received an invitation to go seven miles to Smith's Chapel the next night. Although my lungs were very painful, I could not say no. Saturday I preached at Goose Pond, at eleven A.M. Then Bro. W. J. Adams and I rode the seven

miles through the rain and mud to Smith's Chapel, a beautiful church belonging to the Methodists. Just as the people gathered, an "*order*" came from the trustees forbidding me to preach on the church lot. A young sister went in and lighted the church and said, "I belong to this church; come in and preach;" but I could not feel free to enter. The crowd stood around. One man said: "Just over the hollow, yonder, by the mill, is my dirt, and you are welcome to preach there." I said, "Let us go to it." Some said, "What shall we do for lights?" I replied, "God's word was David's light, and it will serve me too." We repaired to the spot without delay, and in the moonlight, while the ladies sat on shawls, and the men on the ground, and wet logs, brush, etc., I stood and spoke one hour from 1 Jno. 5 : 11, 12, without taking my Bible out of the saddlebags. God was with us in power. Next morning I baptized a man, who requested it on the roadside.

I suffered very much till the fourth Sunday, when I preached at Bethel Church, East Tennessee, at eleven A.M.; then five miles away at Ewing's shed at three P.M. Three Baptist preachers present, one of whom said his Mudsills were torn up. I returned to Bethel to speak again that night. I will here copy a statement from the *Times of Rejoicing*, edited by Eld. H. Davis, of New Britain, Ct., as follows:—

## A CASE OF HEALING.

It was at our request that Rev. John A. Cargile of Stevenson, Ala., a faithful missionary of Jesus Christ, sent us the following account of his healing.

Knowing the facts, we feel it would be for the glory of God and the good of many of the suffering ones in the household of faith if he would give them to our readers. ED.

I have been asked to write a statement of the dealings of the Lord with me, and I consent to do so for the glory of God. I was born in Missouri, in October, 1843, and when less than a year old I took the chills and fever, with which I suffered every summer and fall till I was eighteen years old. My oldest sister died with consumption.

The long siege of the ague had retarded my growth and the development of physical muscles, and seemed to settle on my lungs. I could not do stooping work, such as hoeing, or chopping with an ax, without producing hemorrhage from the lungs. Several physicians told me that there was nothing for me but a consumptive's grave. When called to preach, my father told me it would soon kill me because of the condition of my lungs. But I felt that I must tell lost ones the power of Christ to save. When I preached for several days in succession, did any stooping work, or took

sudden cold, my lungs would bleed, but I kept it a secret from my family and friends so far as I could till the autumn of 1877, I believe, when the hemorrhages weakened me so that I gave it up, believing that I must die. I ceased preaching for a while. Being requested to attend a special meeting near Ooltewah, Tenn., the fourth Saturday and Sunday in October of that year, I went. Wife said to me when getting ready to start, "Now, please don't go up there and try to preach and ruin your lungs." I replied, "I will preach *once*." When I arrived at Old Bethel Church, organized by Sr. Hastings and Bro. H. Davis, in 1871, I found the dear saints all glad to see me, and anxious to have me speak. I could not refuse. During my third effort, which was Sunday evening, the blood rushed from my lungs, and filled my mouth in a moment. I began to sink down in the desk; brethren helped me across the road to a house, where I spent the night in agony. I suppose I must have lost a quart or more of blood that night. Next morning, feeling miserable, I started with a cane in each hand to walk a short distance, where I hoped to borrow a mule to ride to the depot, to take train for home, where I expected soon to die and fill a consumptive's grave. As I thus went slowly on my way, reflecting on my condition, and that of my family, and the interests of the cause of truth, and wondering

who should take my place, an impression came over me like this: "You preach to other people to trust God, now why don't you put it into practice?" Instantly, and almost unconsciously, I knelt by the roadside, under a large chestnut-tree, and prayed thus: "O Lord, if you are done with me, let me die right here, for I don't want to live any longer in this condition. I am a misery to myself and a burden to my family; but if you have any more preaching for me to do, heal my lungs right now, and I will go to Arkansas next week. I have no will in this matter; I leave it all with thee."

The Spirit certainly made intercession for me, for I had not thought of Arkansas until I spoke it. Immediately I felt a very peculiar, soothing, cheering sensation thrill every fiber of my being—I remember I did not think "I am healed," but, not having drawn a good breath in three months without pain, my thought at that instant was this, "I will see if I can draw a long breath." And I never breathed so easily or so sweetly in all my life before. A moment before I could scarcely speak above a whisper; now I sprang to my feet and a loud *hallelujah!* rang out over those pine-covered hills which no doubt could be heard for a half-mile. I came home praising God, and told my loved ones I should never have another pain in my lungs or another hemorrhage. I went to



Arkansas the next week and preached day and night for six weeks. I praise God I have never been hoarse, I have never had another hemorrhage or another pain in my lungs, and I am solid in the faith that I never will. I have taken cold sometimes and coughed terribly, but it was only bronchial, and never reached my lungs. I can preach twice and three times a day and never get hoarse. The skeptic may cry "fanaticism," but I praise God I *know what* he has done for me. I want to spend all my years in the service of him who has given me a new pair of lungs and otherwise blessed me so wonderfully. "Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together."

JOHN A. CARGILE.

*Jan. 27, 1890.*

While in Arkansas on that trip I preached in De View, Augusta, Newport, and other places in the country. I had sore eyes and suffered terribly, but kept on preaching when I could not see to read a word. "Afflictions, though they seem severe, are oft in mercy sent."

In the *Crisis* of Jan. 9, 1878, Eld. T. F. Nelson, writing from North Carolina, says: "Who of the preaching brethren will trust the Lord for bread, like Bro. Cargile, and come over and help us?"

After suffering with sore eyes for several weeks, I wrote, March 5, 1878:—"I realize that the affliction has been for my good; by it I have

learned that I needed a little more patience. I thought I had patience for almost any trial; but when I could not see to read for so long, and the precious papers making their weekly visits and my Bible lying by, it was too much. Several times I have turned from them in anguish because I could not read them. Another sore trial has been, our finances have not been sufficient to supply our daily needs, and that troubled me. The enemy has often whispered to me, while I have been sitting by the fire suffering, and told me that I ought to stay at home and work for bread. But amid it all I praise God I am no worse. While passing through this sore affliction I preached what I could. I went to Ooltewah, and on Sunday morning a heavy rainstorm was raging, with prospect of continuing all day. Bro. Swinney, a Methodist minister, came to go with me: and now came a test of trust. My eyes were bad, and should I trust God, and walk about three miles through the rain, or stay in-doors and disappoint the people? I felt the burden heavily; we knelt together, and put our keeping into the hands of God and started, and in ten minutes the rain ceased, and soon the sun broke out and we had a blessed day. I spoke twice that day, and the Lord blessed the word spoken. Next returned home and borrowed one dollar and went into Lost Cove in the Cumberland Mountains, where they

had but little preaching. There were thirteen families in the Cove, and all named Garner but one, and *he* married a Garner. In one family there were fifteen children, and all at home. I saw the whole family gathered around five wild turkeys, which one of the boys had killed and brought in. Such a nice family reminded me of home.

The people were glad to see me. I preached several times, and on starting home one brother gave me fifty cents, which paid half my car fare. When I arrived at the depot a brother said, 'Here are two hams of nice meat for Sr. Cargile.' My heart rejoiced, for I knew how glad wife and children would be to get it. Soon a good sister came in and gave me a nice dress for my wife. I returned happy, for it was more than any regular church had done for me for a long time. I gave in my own meeting at home an account of the meeting of the Methodist Quarterly Conference, which I attended, and was kindly invited to take part in the service and assist in the administration of the Lord's Supper. I was to go to Georgia, but our boy Willis was very suddenly and violently attacked with pneumonia, so I felt it duty to stay with him.

In March, 1878, I visited Reynolds, in Georgia, where I met some Seventh-day Adventists, — the first I had ever seen.

They tried to show me from charts and the

Bible that they were right, but I could not see it, nor do I yet.

In April I came home all tired out. Rested one night, and started with a bushel of tracts and papers, for Huntsville, Ala. I could not get any church in the little city. I went to every store and rumhole in the place and left tracts, except in one place where a Catholic lady forbade me. The court was in session. A lawyer asked me, 'Have *you* a case here?' I told him I had. He asked, 'What case is it?' I told him, 'The Lord's.' He emphasized the question, '*Whose case?*' I repeated, '*The Lord's case, sir.*' He begged pardon and walked away.

I preached on the Courthouse steps at noon for three days. The last day my meeting was broken up by a mob of six hundred, which came in, broke open the jail and took one white and two colored men out, and hanged them all to the same limb of a tree.

The spring of 1878 I was sick till in May, but I did a little preaching and induced over sixty to sign the Murphy temperance pledge. In September I was on the camp-ground at Beebe Plains in Canada, and saw in a Boston paper that the yellow fever was in my village in Alabama; and that Dr. J. S. Bankson, my family physician, had died with it in Memphis. I trusted the Lord, claimed the promise of Ps. 91 : 9, 10, and started home. At

Cleveland, Tenn., I found quarantine against Chattanooga. I could not go into the city. I went to Dalton, Ga., and found that the stopping point for all trains on the W. & A. R. R. An engine ran into Chattanooga on an errand, and I went in on it. There were twenty-three deaths in the city that day. I saw no buggy or other wheeled vehicle of any kind on the streets. I never saw a man smile. Oh, it seemed that I was in the city of death. Finally, I got a train out home. I found a dead man in a vacated house. I proposed to take him out and bury him, but not a man would help me. That night some colored men buried him for forty dollars, so I was told."

In February, 1879, I was summoned by telegraph to attend United States Court as a witness, in Louisville, Ky., and when drawn up in a line with others I refused to swear. The clerk asked, "Why won't you swear?" I said, "Simply because the Lord tells me not to." He answered, "Oh, you are too fast; the Lord says, 'Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths.'" I replied, "Beg your pardon, sir, you are not quite fast enough; the Lord said you have heard that from them of old times; but said he, 'I say unto you *swear not at all*,' and I don't mean to do it, sir." As he stood looking me over, Judge Ballard said, "Mr.

Clerk, let that gentleman take a seat in the courtroom, and put these other witnesses under rule." For thirty-three days I sat there and heard all the testimony, and when my turn would come I simply told my story as a Christian. Col. L. H. Ferrill invited me to supper; his wife, now sleeping, wanted me to preach in their parlors. I did so a few evenings till the crowd became too large. Then I preached in a schoolhouse on the corner of Broadway and Clay Streets, where was formed a church of eleven members, and then crossed the river into Jeffersonville, Ind., where I spoke several times in the church of our late dear brother, Dr. N. Field. So the devil did not gain much by having me drawn from my field of work as a witness against counterfeitters.

June 2, 1879, I wrote, "My eyes are still too weak to answer the many cheering letters I have received; but I have not been idle. I have spent the time preaching when I could scarcely see the road. The work is spreading rapidly in Alabama and Tennessee." In June I went to Cowan, Tenn., and reviewed a sermon on man, by a sharp little Englishman calling himself Shelldrake. At Monday's Chapel, Ala., I had a blessed meeting with Bro. G. J. Hall, a Methodist circuit-rider. On Sept. 11, I wrote, "After nearly two years' afflictions I am glad to say the Lord has been gracious to me, and my eyes are now much improved.

I have been trying to follow the leadings of the Spirit, and rejoice that it has been so well."

I arranged to start to the Springfield camp-meeting, and expected to go till the day came. But for a week before I had dark forebodings about the trip. I tried in vain to shake off those feelings.

It seemed that the way before me was hedged up, I knew not why. I told some friends I felt as though if I went that some accident would befall me. So I declined going, and at once engaged in a meeting at our home church with Bro. W. E. Cameron, the Methodist minister. We continued sixteen days and twenty-eight were converted, and many backsliders reclaimed, and Christians of all denominations built up spiritually. We had almost pentecostal showers of the Holy Ghost, and I have seen seventy-five forward for prayer at once. We both opened our church doors. Eleven joined the Adventists and thirteen went to the Methodists. I baptized all of them except seven, who were sprinkled in the house.

Thence I went to South Pittsburg, Tenn., to help Bro. Cameron in another meeting. Bro. Douthitt was there. We had not met in meeting since he excluded me from the church in 1873. I tried to preach on love. When I had finished he rose and said if any one present would pray for him he wanted to shake their hand. Jumping from the

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stand, I threw my arms around his neck. From that day on we have been loving friends and brethren in the Lord. This closed the year 1879, during which I did a great deal of traveling and preaching, and was in want of much for comfort. I said nothing about it. I had not written much for the *Crisis* lately, because I heard some people say that I wrote for sympathy, and I did not wish to reproach the cause, and resolved that I would write no more for the *Crisis* at all. But brethren and sisters all over the country wrote me saying, "Why don't you write more for the *Crisis*?" So I have written occasionally, just to satisfy those who are anxious to have me write.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE WORK STARTED IN GEORGIA.

IN September, 1883, I received an urgent request from Bro. S. Davis, of Johnson Co., Ga., to visit his neighborhood and preach. He had lived in Florida years ago, and heard Eld. Phineas A. Smith, of Rochester, N.Y., preach these grand truths that I love so dearly. Bro. Davis embraced the blessed hope there, and was baptized by Bro. Smith.

He was anxious for his neighbors to hear it. He had an appointment for me, and I preached to immense crowds. One meeting there I shall never forget. It was on a Sunday. I attended with Bro. Moore, of the Methodist Church, and God blessed me with great freedom in preaching the word, after which we celebrated the Lord's Supper, and it was a wonderful scene.

The house (Powell's Chapel) was closely packed. Several Baptists broke the rules of their church by uniting with us in the communion. One Baptist minister was standing at a window without, and feeling the power of the Spirit's presence, he asked some men to lift him up. He knew he could not

get in at the door, on account of the crowd. Seizing him by each leg, they hoisted him up to the window, and he crawled through and made his way to the table and partook of the bread and wine. The crowds were great, and the excitement and interest high. Several said, "Organize a church." I said, "No, not now." One said, "You can get fifty members." I said, "I don't want them. I will go away and let the devil sift you, and after a while I will come back and gather up the wheat."

In a few months I returned, to find that the long-range guns had done their work well. Out of the great crowd who were so anxious at the first visit, only twelve were willing to step out and indorse the truth. I organized a church with that apostolic number, and preached several days in the woods at a place called "Gum Log." Many joined the little church, among them Eld. B. G. Fortner, the man who came through the window to commune with us.

I preached one night at the house of Dr. S. M. Norris, who was also a Baptist minister, but has since embraced the truth and belongs to our Conference. The house was jammed full. Another Baptist preacher, Eld. Jas. A. Townsend, sat near my feet on a wagon-seat, and often nodded assent to the "new doctrine." So he lost his position, and is now the evangelist for our Conference.

Behind the door stood a peddler from Augusta, known as Jack Thompson. When I had finished speaking, he looked from behind the door and asked me a few questions, which were answered by the word. He went home and read *three weeks*, almost, day and night. At last, springing from his chair, he said to his wife, "That man Cargile has the truth, and I am bound to indorse it." He lost his cushion in Kollock-street Church. I went to Augusta and preached on the streets, and ordained the said Jack Thompson in his house to preach the gospel.

Bro. T. P. Reynolds, whom I had recently baptized from the Methodist Church, was ordained at the same time. I do not approve of such ordinations where there is a conference to do the work, but this was a matter of necessity. I confess I have made some mistakes, too, which I regret very much.

I went to Mount Horeb Church (Baptist), in Jefferson Co., where Eld. S. C. McGahee was pastor. The door was locked and a crowd of people in the yard. Capt. Beasley gave me permission to preach on his land near by. The Pastor, Bro. McGahee, and another very prominent Baptist minister, who had been several times to the Legislature, Eld. Jas. Stapleton, were present, and both refused to pray. I gave them God's truth.

The same Eld. S. C. McGahee afterward embraced the truth, and is very ably defending it to-day. A church was organized in his neighborhood, called "Iron Hill," he being now pastor of it. Truth had now spread so rapidly that several churches had been organized, and the devil stirred up against us. Some of the very men who at first professed great friendship for me and the cause, on my visit to Powell's Chapel, are to-day the strongest enemies. They need backbone to withstand the popular current. While preaching in Jefferson Co. I received an invitation to visit Avera, a small town on the Sandersville railroad. I sent an appointment. The day before the time arrived, a man came fifteen miles to tell me if I went to Avera I would be killed. At the close of the service I announced that I would go to Avera next day. He said in amazement, "*Are you going to Avera?*" I answered, "Have I an appointment there?" He said, "Yes." I replied, "Well, it is my business to fill my appointments." He looked at me very curiously, and said, "*I'll swear they'll kill you!*" I told him if God had no further work for me, perhaps they might, and if so, I would as soon go that way as any other; but if the Lord had any more preaching for me to do, they would not kill me.

When I arrived in Avera I found that a notice had been tacked on the door of the depot, very

poorly written, and worse in orthography. It had at the bottom a rude drawing, intended, I presume, to represent a bundle of withes or rods, which I might expect to have laid on my back if I came. I obtained the notice, and here give a copy of it. I wish I could give my readers a *fac-simile* of the handwriting, but I can not. I give them the words just as they are in the notice, but correct some errors in spelling. It is as follows : —

“NOTICE TO ALL THE ADVENTISTS  
ROUND AND ABOUT HERE.

They had better look out, for we intend to stop their process of doctrine and keep our country from going to ruin. And McGahee had better be getting away from this settlement. And Jack Thompson had better keep out of this settlement, a-preaching his *Damned* doctrine; and him and McGahee had better write to Cargile not to come into this country to preach his *Hell-fired* doctrine. He will never preach again. We will be prepared for him. We intend to drive all the Advents out of this beat be — forty days, and horsewhip the last one of them till they can't sit nor rest. We are 1 hundred strong. We don't ask you no odds at all, and now look out for yourselves.

K, K, K, K,  K, K, K, K.”

I presume the K's were intended to impress the idea that they were a band of the "Kuklux Klan" there, ready to massacre me on my arrival. I preached the first sermon in the woods in sight of a meeting-house, to only six persons. The audience increased till there were hundreds out to hear the eighth sermon. I baptized one old man, and organized a church with eight members.

In my last talk I told the people I wanted them to tell the man who put that notice on the depot, that nobody but a coward would put up such a notice without signing his name to it. That such a man might hide behind a tree and shoot me, if he could be sure nobody would hear the gun ; but that he was not brave enough to face me and acknowledge that he wrote that notice.

To-day, praise God, our people have built a chapel there, and the church is earnestly contending for the truth. Satan has used men to peddle slander and falsehood, in order to stop the truth in its onward march, but still it spreads. We have a Southern Georgia Conference now, with about a score of preachers and more than a thousand members.

Nothing hinders truth so much as the unchristian conduct of some of its professed friends. "Perils among false brethren" have done more to cripple my work, and have caused me more sorrow, than all the other opposition combined.

I held an interesting meeting in Swainsboro, where I found true and appreciative friends. Went to Fortner (now Blackville) and preached in the woods in the Gillis Settlement till a church was organized there; they now have a house. There are true friends to the cause in Wrightsville, Condor, and many other places I could mention. Many times I have preached in different places in the great State of Georgia, and many honest people have accepted the truth. The ministers call them the chaff, but I never knew men to make so much fuss about losing a little chaff. It is the loss of *wheat* that causes the priestly howl. One said nobody believed it but a few of the most ignorant ones of the country. An old gentleman replied, "Well, if that be true, Cargile has a streak of fools fifty miles wide and three hundred miles long right through the State of Georgia."

## CHAPTER XIV.

MAJOR—GENERAL MACK AND CORPORAL CARGILE.

This chapter will be largely taken from a correspondence in the *Enterprise*, published in Gibson, Glascock Co., Ga. The first article giving rise to the discussion was in the issue of June 5, 1886, as follows :—

### A CARGILIST TALKS.

A CONTRIBUTOR WRITES UP HIS “HARMONY DOTS.”  
— No. 1.

JUNE 1, 1886.

On the third Sunday in May last was heard at the Rivers' schoolhouse, heavy firing from one of those long-range fellows at the Second Advent preacher, who was at that time about Battle Ground P.O., Johnson Co., Ga., on his way to this community. He arrived at Mount Horeb Church on Saturday, the 22d, according to appointment, and preached to a small, but an intelligent congregation of people, who live at home and board at the same place.

In the evening he organized a church at Har-



mony schoolhouse, but a short distance from that brave, long-range fellow, and preached to a large crowd. Next day (Sunday) he preached to a very large audience in the grove near the church where he preached the day before, on the subject of God's sovereign will and man's accountability. On that occasion were represented, besides this (Jefferson) county, Burke, Richmond, Columbia, McDuffie, Warren, and Glascock Counties. The people were uncomfortably situated, notwithstanding which fact they seemed to be much interested, and while it is not common under such circumstances, the very best of order was observed. That evening, night, next day. (Monday), and Monday night he preached in the neighborhood of that brave, long-range fellow, who all this time seems to have crawled into his secluded staying place, notwithstanding he had been solicited and urged to meet the Advent preacher, state his own proposition, and discuss the objectionable doctrine.

But he is gone now, and we listen for the long-range guns to begin to bang at him.

Under such circumstances we call to mind the hireling shepherd in the 10th chapter of John. Read and see how far he was interested in the flock.

Not in a boasting manner — for God forbid that we should boast — we take the liberty to invite any one, or more of any denomination, who objects

to the doctrine of Eld. Cargile, whose field of labor is as large as the Southern States, to make their own propositions and meet him when he returns in the fall. Let it be known in time, and we will arrange for the debate from one to five days or more. He will discuss the plain teaching of the Bible, leaving out Platonic philosophy or any of men's conjectures.

God's word was originally delivered in simplicity, and in the same manner does Eld. Cargile propose to preach.

He is not hunting controversy, for he contends that he is sent to lost and perishing sinners, to hold up to them Jesus as the only way and plan of salvation.

Many shoot at him without knowing which limb he is on; and idiots and bigots refuse to hear him. The first are to be pitied for knowing no better, and the last for doing no better. Bigots ignore the teaching or admonition of the word to prove all things: "Hold fast that which is good." 1 Thess. 5 : 21.

Some may object to hearing Cargile on account of his nativity; but he is a Southern man, was born in Henry Co., Mo., and came to his present home in Alabama at two years of age. As we understand it, he preaches the simple truths of the Bible. Is it possible that we live in the day when men will not endure sound doctrine? Or if it be

rotten, why will not our divines discuss the objectionable portions with him before the people whom they have been so long teaching?

It is often asserted that it is a new doctrine, and we admit to some it may be, and to all to whom the truths of the Bible are new. And it is said further by those that know no better that the Second Adventists have no creed. In answer to this we say, If the Bible is authority and a creed, we have one, and would have no other. "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." — Eph. 4 : 5.

Second Adventists claim to stand on the broad platform of religious liberty and Christian privileges and Christian Union.

Friends, we are crowded to a choice not merely of theology, but to a choice between destructive heresies and the "truth in Jesus." This includes his rights as Lord, God, Redeemer, Judge and universal Sovereign. Tremendous issues hang upon the swing of leading human wills. World-wisdom and antichrist press upon us. Shall we take "the wisdom of this world that perishes with the using"? Nay; verily let us keep "the word of God, wherein is hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, enduring forever."

Opposition is only building churches for Cargile. If he is preaching such dangerous doctrines, it certainly is the duty of God's faithful watchmen

to meet him and expose the heresy. This long-range shooting effects nothing. It is worse than the bushwhackers in the late war, for they did get close enough to the target to do execution sometimes.

Cargile says religion is love, and that sectarianism is *church-anity* in the guise of Christianity. He proves his love by his kindness and fellowship for all. His enemies are those who know the least about him. He is willing to meet any man of good, Christian character and discuss the difference in a loving, Christian spirit. Now let the churches get the man in whose hands they are willing to risk their cause, and let him and Cargile arrange for a debate. Or, if they won't do this, I suggest that they call off the hounds and stop the fight. Before closing I will say that observation has impressed my mind that a great revolution is agitating the minds of the people, especially where Mr. Cargile has been preaching. Not long since, and before Cargile came to his appointment in this county, some — had the audacity to put up a notice on the depot at Avera, as a threat over the letters K, K, K; a complete betrayal of his lack of backbone or —. Cargile, notwithstanding, went to his appointments, preached, organized a church, and left the insignificant wallowing in his wrath. *God help him repent!*  
REPORTER.

## THOSE "HARMONY DOTS." — No. 2.

In your paper of June 5 I see an article from "Reporter," and while I have no desire to engage in a religious controversy with any one, said article requires some notice.

Reporter is willing to arrange a debate with Cargile, and wants to know why he is not met by some one opposed to his teachings. R. has much to learn yet. These public discussions upon the stump stir up the worst elements of human nature, are of no service to the cause of truth, and will not do for politics, to say nothing of religion. They have originated duels and life-time animosities, have caused preachers as well as politicians to disgrace themselves under the impulse of passion or excitement. It is well known that both parties on such occasions meet to contend for victory and not truth.

In answer to the charge that his denomination has no creed, R. points to the Bible and says, "That is our creed." This reminds me of a little circumstance that occurred the other day. Meeting an educated tramp upon the highway, I inquired, "Where is your home?" "Home!" said he, "Why do you ask me such a question? Look out upon this grand globe with its verdant plains, majestic rivers, towering mountains, and rolling oceans; the whole canopied by as beautiful a sky

as ever awoke the melody of Tasso's lyre! This world is my home!" I soon discovered that the poor tramp had no home. In these modern times of isms and schisms, there are too many soul-destroying heresies that profess to be based upon the Bible to admit the validity of R.'s plea — and just here I will tell R. a secret, if he doesn't know it: a *creedless* denomination never was successful, and never will be.

R. remarks further: The "Second Adventists claim to stand on the broad platform of religious liberty, etc. Is that the reason why they hover around our churches and distract and divide them as much as possible? And drag to light every fault, real or imaginary, of our preachers and churches, thereby trying to cut the sinews of one of the great moral powers of the land, and weaken confidence in one among the mightiest instrumentalities that was ever wielded against satan and hell? Suppose, for the sake of argument, that they could succeed in pulling down our churches and establishing their miserable substitute upon the ruins thereof, is there any good reason to believe that the ministers and members of this slack-twisted concern would be any better than ours?

It is thought by some that Cargile is a more dangerous enemy to God's cause than a straight out-and-out infidel; for C—— preaches just

enough orthodoxy to sugar-coat his heretical pills : and because some Baptists do not turn out to hear this firebrand and disorganizer, they are called "idiots and bigots" — "O consistency, thou art a jewel !"

R. remarks again : "Opposition is only building churches for Cargile." Well, isn't it strange that people will fuss about the shower that makes the corn grow ?

But the strangest thing in his article is this : "Observation has impressed my mind that a great revolution is agitating the minds of the people, especially where Cargile has preached." Yes, a tremendous revolution ! A tempest in a tea-kettle ! Let him not deceive himself ; a great revolution may be agitating his mind, but that is neither strange nor significant. Observation has impressed my mind that there is something agitating the minds of the people not very complimentary to either Cargile or his system. A scheme so replete with absurdity and heresy might have made progress during the "dark ages," but before the blazing light of the 19th century it will melt away like the morning dew.

"Advent Christians ;" their very name is brimful of absurdity, so far as the qualifying adjective "advent" is concerned ; it has given scope to the wildest speculations imaginable, and has caused many, who looked at the Bible through Advent

spectacles, to make themselves supremely ridiculous! "While disappointment continues to laugh at hope's career." There is an old adage to this effect: "Look before you leap." Some have rushed prematurely and unwittingly into the trap that Cargile set for them, and the day is not far distant when they will be ashamed of their folly, and will wish that they had never seen or heard of Cargile. In the very nature of things, he can only feed on "pastures new." MACK.

*Jefferson Co., Ga.*

On arriving in Bartow, Ga., the second day of October, 1886, Dr. J. S. Bell handed me a copy of the *Enterprise*, published July 31 of the same year. It contained an article written by an able minister signing himself "Mack." It claims to be a reply to the above article in a previous issue, written by "Reporter," who had been to my meetings and had adopted the Adventual truths. I make an extract from Bro. Mack's article as follows:—

## THE CARGILITE AGITATION.

THE SECOND EDITION OF "HARMONY DOTS."

JULY 31, 1886.

"Reporter's" reply is flat, insipid, pointless. He was not able to muster up even a *quasi*-argument against any position that I assailed. He must have written some warm day, directly after



dinner, when his stomach was full of chicken-pie. But knowing him to be a man of decided ability, I must attribute his failure to the weakness of his cause rather than to want of brain. . . . But he has joined the Advent Church and can now get an office -- that of porter or doorkeeper of a bush-arbor. I once heard Bishop Pierce, in a sermon, make use of the phrase, "bush-curtain Christians." I do not know that he alluded to the Adventists, but the cap fits them remarkably well.

He gives us to understand that Mack's satanic dogma, "*thou shalt not surely die*," or, to quote it correctly, "ye shall not surely die," is in danger. I want R. to distinctly understand that I do not go to either Cargile or "old Scratch" for my dogmas. If he wishes to know my dogma in reference to the future punishment of the wicked, I refer him to the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew and Mark, where he will find it in the plain, unambiguous language of Christ himself: authority *ex cathedra*.

I gave reasons why a public debate with Cargile would not promote the cause of truth, that ought to satisfy every intelligent man conversant with history and the philosophy of human nature, but R. doesn't seem to be exactly satisfied, and so I will give him an additional reason why Baptists can not debate with Cargile, his Delphian Oracle. According to the "code of honor," both parties in

the fight must occupy the same plane of dignity, honor, and respectability ; but the Advent Church, compared with the Baptist, is nothing more than a microscopic bagatelle. Can a major-general stoop low enough to meet a corporal upon the "field of honor"? Can the majestic eagle that soars among the Alpine heights come down to fight a tomtit? I know that R. considers his man Cargile a royal lion of the desert, and imagines that when this mighty something — I hardly know whether to call him a man or a beast, as he claims to have no soul — shakes his mane in the breeze and roars, that the very earth trembles beneath his feet! But we Baptists do not view him in that light, but look upon him very complacently as nothing more than a gnat upon the bull's horn. Why should we meet him in debate and galvanize a little respectability into him and his bogus theology? What harm can he do us?

But a remark about the Baptist denomination, — we haven't space for statistics, or we could make an enormous showing. Suffice it to say, that its origin is hid in the dark shadows of a remote antiquity ; and that through the ages, though constantly confronted by the most formidable opposition that could be brought against it, it has steadily marched forward, conquering and to conquer, with victory inscribed upon its banner, and glory emblazoned upon its brow, until now "it

stretches out its arms like seas and grasps in all the shore!" Based squarely and firmly upon the Bible, with God's spirit ever ready to lead and guide, its achievements to-day astonish the world! It is marching, to say the least, fully abreast with the strongest and most influential denominations in Christendom; and with its vast numbers of churches, ministers, and printing-presses that are distributing Bibles, tracts, and religious literature to the ends of the earth, it is working a moral revolution in the present and future destiny of nations that nothing less than eternity itself can measure: and it will roll on in ever-increasing volume until Gabriel's trump shall sound earth's funeral knell!

The Advent Church! I opened a book the other day that describes the different denominations of the world, and found that the Adventists were scarcely noticed! Only seven lines given to them, and the most of these used for the purpose of stating that they do not agree with each other.

Well, who expects them to agree when they are creedless, and are constantly perverting the word of God from Genesis to Revelation, and running wild, visionary theories through the book of Daniel and the Apocalypse, that ought to disgust every fifteen-year-old boy!

Can the Baptist be expected to engage in a formal discussion with Cargile, who is the expo-

ment of this church, who is loaded down with sophistry and nonsense sufficient to overwhelm and crush him without any outside pressure? Give him rope and let him hang himself, that's the idea.

MACK.

*Jefferson Co., Ga.*

I replied to the above assault in a letter published in the same paper on Nov. 27, 1886, as follows:—

### CORPORAL CARGILE TO MAJOR- GENERAL MACK.

CARGILE REPLIES TO AN ARTICLE WRITTEN BY  
MACK, PUBLISHED JULY 31, AND DEFENDS  
HIS DOCTRINE.

MR. EDITOR:—By your kind permission I wish through your columns to give GENERAL (?) MACK a regular and polite *salute*, according to the best of my limited knowledge of military tactics. For you must know that I am green and awkward, having but recently been honored with a promotion to the rank of corporal.

I should consider myself dull indeed if I did not know that I am corporal, for Major-General Mack recognized me as such in his reply to "Reporter" in your issue of July 31.

And now, sir, realizing my unworthiness, and

feeling my insignificance, I address myself to His Royal Highness in deep and, I trust, with becoming humility.

My dear and much esteemed friend, Major-General Mack :— Will you please allow me, sir, to signify my inexpressible gratitude to you for the honor conferred on me by recognizing me as corporal in the King's army, in which army you take to your honorable self the distinguished title of Major-General !

And now, general, will you allow me, sir, to reply to some of your ideas as expressed in your communication to "Reporter," published in the *Enterprise* of July 31.

You say, sir, that "according to the 'code of honor,' both parties in the fight must occupy the same plane of dignity, honor, and respectability ; but the Advent Church compared with the Baptist is nothing more than a microscopic bagatelle. Can a major-general stoop low enough to meet a corporal upon the field of honor ? Can the majestic eagle that soars among the Alpine heights come down to fight a tomtit ?"

I must confess, general, that I thought that I had known arrogance before, but not in this degree, as manifested by your distinguished self. What would you think, sir, of those humble fishermen and tent-makers if they had exalted themselves to such a pitch ? On the contrary, they

were humble, unassuming, and loving. They did not exalt themselves even to a corporal's rank. They were content with a private's place, for they knew it was the rank and file of the humble but brave soldiery who did the execution in battle, while the major-generals stood off and did the crowing and got the honor. Now, general, I suggest that you consider well the character of and treatment received by our Jesus and his little band of despised followers. How does it comport with the spirit of the lowly Nazarene to boast of the "enormous showing"? We Adventists only have about three hundred thousand members in the United States, but when we compare our bundle of truth with yours, I think, sir, your noble comparison of the "microscopic bagatelle" is wonderfully reversed. No, general, the question is not who is most honorable in this world, or who has the biggest stock of arrogance, but the question is, *who has the truth?*

I hope some major-general, either self-styled or otherwise, will "stoop low enough" just to let the little "gnat upon the bull's horn" give him a fair chance to expose the doctrines he loves and preaches. You can never do any effectual work by shooting at me all the way from Georgia to Alabama. If your guns would hold up, your ammunition is too weak to throw your great (?) bombs so far. And then you would not be so

liable to misrepresent us as you do in the following language: "I hardly know whether to call him a man or a beast, as he claims to have no soul."

I believe, sir, that I am composed of soul, spirit, and body. — 1 Thess. 5 : 23. But I do not believe that any one of the three survives the stroke of death, and lives in a state of consciousness.

Now, general, can you produce one passage to prove that any one of them lives as an entity when separated by death? I ask for only one passage from the word of God.

If your honor can produce it, even by the assistance of all the other major-generals, Corporal Cargile will pay one hundred dollars for said passage. It would pay well to give the price, for then he could soon be a major-general, too, and oh, what a nice time he would have! But if you can not, all of you together, show such a passage, I shall have to content myself with a corporal's rank in the tomtit's cozy little retreat.

Now, general, in conclusion, let me say, if you or any other general want to refute the grand old Bible doctrines I preach, I hope you will do it like Christians. If you can't meet me like Christian men, why, then, have backbone enough to acknowledge the corn, and come over. We will find a "bush arbor" for you, as I have for over six hundred in your State since my first visit in 1882.

Don't be afraid of "galvanizing a little respectability into him and his bogus theology."

If you have no other kind in stock except "galvanized," just come ahead. "Give him rope and let him hang himself;" that's the best. Yes, you have been giving a long rope, and instead of hanging himself, as you say, he captures your sheep. Just see the Lord's words about the hireling when the wolf cometh. One of your generals intimated that we are a wolf, but we never met many shepherds in Georgia.

Well, now, general, in much love and due respect, I say, the Lord bless and keep you safely through.

Yours, for *truth*,

CORPORAL CARGILE.

The distinguished brother then wrote in the issue of Dec. 18, 1886, as follows:—

### MACK REPLIES TO CARGILE.

A DISCUSSION OF THE COMPARATIVE MERITS OF  
THE BAPTIST AND ADVENT DOCTRINE.

In the *Enterprise* of Nov. 27, I find an article from Bro. Cargile that purports to be a reply to one written by me, published in the same paper the 31st of last July.

If Bro. C——'s mental perceptions are as obtuse when brought to bear upon the Scriptures as upon



that article, his exegesis of holy writ is worthless. He holds me up before the public in the unenviable light of self-styled major-general. To call myself a general was a thought that never entered my head. I was running a contrast between the Baptist denomination and the Advent, not between individuals. Major-general and eagle upon the one hand, and corporal and tomtit on the other, represent in my article denominations, not individuals.

I don't charge Bro. C—— with misrepresenting intentionally, but the length of time intervening between my article and his gave him a fine opportunity to do so, if inclined. Then, again, he is so gifted in irony and wit, that representing me in a false light before the public would give him an opportunity to display his peculiar gifts to the best advantage. Such a temptation is rather too strong to be resisted by weak human nature.

It is very seldom that one of our major-generals or D.D.'s pays any special attention to the Advent speck that has loomed up upon the theological horizon. We never call out a "ship of the line" to accomplish what may be done by a small gun-boat. But let me whisper in his ear that our D.D.'s are lazily watching his cause out of one corner of the eye, and if it should make sufficient progress — which is very improbable — to alarm their fears, they will open fire upon it from Canada to the gulf, and in a short time it will be where he says

the soul of a dead man is — just nowhere! The Know-nothing party — I was a know-nothing — was allowed to march along unmolested until a certain point of expansion was reached, then Stephens, Toombs, Johnson, and other big political guns, opened fire upon it, and the result is too well known to need repeating.

Bro. C—— charges me with “arrogance” sublime, because I spoke in loving terms of the Baptist denomination. Well, if earnest and strong statements of facts are “arrogance,” I plead guilty; but I haven’t so learned the dictionary. But it is whispered round that Bro. C—— himself, when he preaches in one county, is very fond of telling what he has accomplished in other counties and places.

Now, Bro. C——, let us agree that it’s much easier to give advice than to follow it. Even in his last article he tells that in a few years the Advents have become six hundred strong in Georgia, the Empire State of the South. What a tremendous showing! and in the United States they claim three hundred thousand out of a population of sixty million — *Tremendous!*

He also tells us that I called him a “gnat upon a bull’s horn.” Here again he misunderstood the intention of expression. As the story goes, the gnat remarked to the bull that if he (the gnat) was incommoding him in any way, let him know it

and he would get off. Bull replied, "Make yourself easy ; didn't know you were there." My intention was to represent Bro. C——, when linked to his Advent theology, as nothing more than a gnat upon the great horn of Orthodoxy. So far as Bro. C—— individually is concerned, I am willing to endorse the general verdict of both friend and foe that he is a man of decided ability. But, nevertheless, a glance at the general contour of his cranium would convince a phrenologist that he is a man possessing both strong and weak points. The influence of the latter, I have no doubt, settled him upon the Advent side of the fence.

Well, if my gnat gave him offense, I hope that my explanation of it will not ruffle a hair upon the crown of his head.

He also tells us that we gave him rope, expecting him to hang himself, but instead of so doing he has "captured our sheep." In his sermons he gives us to understand that it is not right, when one proposes to join the church, to require an experience in order to ascertain whether the one is a Christian or not. "Oh, that would be judging, — and God is the only one that has the right to judge." Does he preach one thing and practise another? He has judged and decided the captured ones to be "sheep," even without an experience. I will close this point with a simple hint. The Baptist denomination is engaged in a

great work for the salvation of sinners and the glory of God. It needs solid men in every respect. The unstable and fickle-minded, that are shaken and moved by every wind of doctrine, will suit some other denomination better than ours. We have a few more belonging to the latter class still on hand, that we hope he will finally capture.

But his proselytes and others who follow him are not to be envied. They belong to a creedless denomination. One of the most gifted Advent writers says the reason why they have no written, definite creed, is because they want the liberty of "keeping up with the progress of light and truth." A very significant expression! How many changes will their faith undergo in the next ten years? Who is to decide when changes are necessary to keep up with "the progress of light and truth"? And how are these changes to be fastened upon the members? The truth is, they are floating about in the old Advent schooner upon an unexplored ocean of uncertainty, without chart or compass, not knowing whether the ice-fields of the Arctic regions, or the burning sands of Africa, or what maelstrom will finally scoop them in! Awful! We are told by the learned that the most of materialists are infidels, and by everybody that "birds of a feather will flock together." Perhaps this key can unlock their future and ultimate destiny.

Again he says that I misrepresent him in the

following expression that he quotes from my article, to wit : " I hardly know whether to call him a man or a beast, as he claims to have no soul." He replies, " I believe, sir, that I am composed of soul, spirit, and body." I don't plead guilty of the charge of misrepresentation. That he believes man has something which he calls soul, I have never denied. But when he uses the term soul he means one thing, and when I use it, I mean another, to wit : " The spiritual, rational, and immortal substance in man which distinguishes him from brutes ; that part of man which enables him to think and reason, and which renders him a subject of moral government." In the foregoing sense Bro. C—— claims that man has no soul, and as man was " made a little lower than the angels," — that is, nearly equal to them — his theory leads down, downward to the preposterous conclusion that there is only a shade of difference between the shining angels of heaven and the old sow that wallows in the mire or roots in the mud for muck-worms.

But lastly, speaking of " soul, spirit, and body," he says, " Now, general, can you produce one passage to prove that one of them lives as an entity when separated by death ? "

An important question should always be put in such form — without changing the sense — as will free it as much as possible from complications. I

prefer the following: Can you (Mack) produce one passage of Scripture to prove that the Baptist position in reference to what is commonly called soul or spirit is scriptural? This question covers the Baptist creed upon that point, as well as that of all other orthodox denominations; and that suffices for me. You offer one hundred dollars for such a passage. I will give you only five references at present, to wit: Luke 16: 19-31; Luke 23: 43; 2 Cor. 5: 8; 2 Pet. 1: 13, 14; Matt. 10: 28. Please hurry up the shining dust, for it is a scarce article in this part of the moral vineyard. You can send the cash by post-office money-order or draft, as may suit you best. Don't forget to send me your book on theology as soon as published.

Yours truly,

MACK.

*Jefferson Co., Ga.*

In the *Enterprise* of April 1, 1886, I published the following article in reply:—

### CARGILE REPLIES TO MACK'S ARTICLE OF DEC. 18.

HE DOES NOT THINK HE OWES A HUNDRED DOLLARS, AND EXPLAINS HIS VIEWS.

All hail, Major-General Mack! Your article, published in the *Enterprise* of Dec. 18, 1886, has been sent me in a letter from Emanuel Co., Ga.

It has been handled and read till there are holes in it, so it is almost impossible to read it all ; but I will do the best I can for you.

You say that you never thought of taking to yourself the style of major-general ; that you meant the Baptist denomination, and that by corporal you meant the Advent denomination ; that you did not mean it for individuals. I have not your first article of July 31 about me, but if I remember correctly, you gave it as the reason why Baptists could "not debate with Cargile, his Delphian oracle." Now, general, does not that look like you represented the Baptist preacher as a major-general *stooping* to debate with Cargile as a corporal? Did you mean the whole Baptist denomination stooping to debate with me? You certainly mentioned my name as an individual. Now, I will make a fair proposition to you : if you will just stoop a little and allow me to call you *my brother* in the future, I will drop the appellation of major-general. That will be more becoming to ministers of Jesus. What do you say to it?

You seem to intimate that the length of time between your article and my reply gave me "ample time" to display my "gift of irony and wit" in setting you "in a false light," and thus gain the advantage. Please allow me to say that in my reply I stated that I never saw or heard of your article till a friend showed it to me in Bartow

the first day of October. You say "such a temptation is rather too strong to be resisted by weak human nature." Allow me to say that if I know anything about the true religion of Jesus, it is above the temptations of weak human nature. It is not Christ-like to resort to irony and wit. Be it far from me to so disgrace my calling as a minister of a plain, unassuming Jesus, as to stoop to irony and wit.

You speak the truth when you say that "it is very seldom that one of our major-generals or D.D.'s pays any special attention to the little Advent speck that has loomed up in the theological horizon." What do you mean by the term, "*special* attention"? I suppose you mean a face-to-face attention, for you certainly know that we have had much *long-range* attention. I heard of one of your guns of considerable caliber leveling himself, at the Rivers' schoolhouse, on the subject of hell. They say he preached about "cows and goats." Still, I don't suppose he meant to use "irony." I would not so charge him. But what kind of attention was that? Not *special attention*, of course, for you say your generals do not give us that kind of attention. When you say "one of our major-generals," do you mean the whole Baptist denomination? Don't you in that very sentence acknowledge the title as individuals? If you think the little Advent speck can be so easily



gobbled up by one of your "small gunboats," why don't you man one of them and bring it out in *range* of the little "Advent speck"? Why do you keep the gunboats as well as your huge ships-of-the-line safely stowed away in the harbor when the "speck" is coasting? Gunboats, my brother, are useless except in actual contact. I hope the "speck" will have an opportunity of meeting one of your ships or boats, either great or small, clear out beyond the breakers, on the open sea of the great theological waters where such vessels are in demand. They are not needed when the enemy is gone. You say your "D.D.'s are lazily watching my cause out of one corner of the eye, and if it should make sufficient progress to alarm their fears, they will open fire upon it from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico." That just explains the whole thing. They are watching "*only out of one corner of the eye.*" That is just the reason why they can't see the truth. The organ of sight is in the center of the eye, not in the corner! If they would only stand *square-toed to the truth and look at it with the sight, or the center of both eyes*, they would very probably see the truth and accept it. But alas! "none are so blind as those who will not see." You know they can't see with the *corner* of the eye.

That I possess weak points is true, but that it is the weak points in my make-up that settled me

"on the Advent side of the fence," I deny, unless it is weakness that causes a man to forsake all else for the truth. If that be true, I am guilty.

You say, my brother, that I judged the captured ones to be "sheep" without an experience. Are you correct in the charge? I captured most of them with the sword of truth from the Baptist Church, and she had heard their experiences and passed judgment that they were "*sheep*." I simply took the decision of that honorable church, whose acts, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, are unalterable. If they were "*sheep*," then, they are sheep to-day; for you, as a church, say once a sheep, nevermore a goat!

You say you need solid men. I wish you had more of them. I agree you have some, but you need more; so do all of us. But *we* want men solid for truth, not moved by every *wind* of doctrine; but men honest enough to be moved by the doctrine itself, not by the *wind* of it. The great Dr. Chalmers once said: "Wise men will sometimes change, but fools never." If you have a few more, as you say, belonging to that class who are willing to accept the truth, even at the cost of being called "unstable and fickle-minded," just send them along to us: that is the kind we are after. You have another class that are too weak and timid to stand when "persecution or tribula-

tion ariseth *because of the word.*" (Matt. 13:21). You may keep all such ; they will suit you better than they will us. We do not want those too solid to be moved by the truth.

You speak rather lightly of *changes*, and ask where we will be ten years hence. I reply that if you and I live to the aforesaid time, and you want to find me, just take your old Advent Bible and read what God says, and then be sure *that* is right where I will be.

My dear brother, you confess that when you use the term soul, you mean "the spiritual, rational, and immortal substance in man, which distinguishes him from the brutes ; that part of man which enables him to think and reason, and which renders him a subject of moral government." Now, my brother, I rejoice that you have thus plainly defined your position. The next thing is, *will you prove it?* I presume you have above asserted the Baptist position, that the soul is the "rational and immortal substance in man." If that is it, I deny it ! The first Scripture you refer me to is the case of the rich man and Lazarus, in Luke 16: 19-31. I have read it carefully, and I do not find a single word about a soul as the "immortal substance" in man. It simply tells of the *condition* of two men : one was poor while the other was rich. Not a word from which to infer that the rich man was bad and the poor beggar

was good. The narrative tells us that "the beggar died and was carried." It does not say his body died and a rational and immortal substance came out of him and was carried. It says "the rich man also died and was *buried*." I have as much right to read it, that the rich man's *body* died and his rational, immortal substance got out and was *buried*, as you have to say that the beggar who was carried is not the *same* beggar who *died*. He was carried to Abraham's bosom, not to heaven. The rich man was in *hades-hell*, the identical *hades-hell* where Christ went between his crucifixion and resurrection. (See Acts 2 : 31.)

Your next passage is the thief on the cross (Luke 23 : 43). Here I have looked in vain for your immortal gentleman in man. The thief prayed, saying : "Lord, remember me, when thou *comest* into thy kingdom." He did not pray, saying : "Lord, let thy disembodied, immortal soul remember my disembodied, immortal soul to-day when it goes to glory." Not a word is said about a soul. Not a word about a *part* of either one. But the *thief* spoke to *Jesus* and said : "Remember ME when THOU comest into thy kingdom." We want the answer to harmonize with the prayer : "Verily I say unto thee to-day, shalt THOU be with me in paradise." Not a word about the disembodied *soul* of the thief. When

the New Testament was first written in Greek, it was all in capital letters without any punctuation at all. The reply stood thus: VERILY I SAY UNTO THEE TODAY SHALT THOU BE WITH ME IN PARADISE. It was not until the fifteenth century that Manutius invented punctuation. The points and sentences are arranged by uninspired men, who placed them so as to sustain their own ideas. Dear brother, where is paradise to-day? It was once on this earth. It never has been anywhere else. The tree of Life will be "in the paradise of God" (Rev. 2:7). You will find that tree in the new earth, "Paradise restored," when "there shall be no more curse" (Rev. 22:1-3). The promise of Jesus made to the thief that day will be fulfilled in paradise when he comes into his kingdom.

Your third passage is 2 Cor. 5:8. I still fail to find a word about the soul. Paul speaks in the first verse of "This earthly house of our tabernacle." What is the earthly house? Is it the body? Then what is the tabernacle of the earthly house?

Think of it, dear brother: there is a grand truth here! Paul says if these be dissolved, "we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal and in the heavens." What is that? Is it another body in heaven? My brother, have you a celestial body now in heaven, awaiting your dis-

embodied, immortal self? Do you expect, "when you drop this mortal coil," to move into that house in heaven? Is that house empty now? If so, when you leave your old body, and while on your journey from earth to heaven, will you own two empty bodies? In the resurrection do you expect to inhabit your old body raised from the dead? I believe this is Baptist faith. Then I ask, what will become of that heavenly body you then vacate? When you leave that body and start back to be reunited with your old body, will there be two empty bodies again? Will you make the trip "unclothed"? Paul says, "In this tabernacle we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is FROM heaven." Do you, my brother, groan for death to take you out of your present house and transport you to that heavenly tabernacle? Do you not rather take medicine when sick, in order to be kept in your old tabernacle as long as possible? Paul did not expect to be present with the Lord until "the last trump," when he should be caught up, together with all saints, to meet the Lord in the air. — 1 Thess. 4: 13-17. My brother, we live in this world in earthly houses made by hands. When our eternal house comes "FROM heaven" in the New Jerusalem, it will be a "house whose builder and maker is God," not made with hands. Let Peter's burning day come and dissolve these earthly

houses ; we have *better* houses in the Holy City, which is "coming down from God out of heaven" (Rev. 21 : 1-3).

Your fourth passage is 2 Pet. 1 : 13, 14 : "Put off *this* my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath shewed me." Let us run the reference to John 21 : 19, and learn what Jesus showed him. It reads, "This spake he, signifying by what death he should glorify God."

Now, my brother, I call upon you as an honest, Christian man to take off your Baptist spectacles and look again at these four passages. Tell me honestly if there is a single word about a rational, immortal substance in man, that lives after the body was dead. Men are spoken of as *whole persons* ; no dividing them up is mentioned.

Now, I come to your fifth and last citation, and I confess you find a *soul* there, for, as I told you before, man has a soul. But this passage is fatal to your theory, and I am surprised that you ever used it. It reads, "Fear not them which kill the body but are not able to kill the soul : but rather fear him which is able to DESTROY both SOUL and BODY in hell." The word "hell" here is not from *Hades*, where the rich man and Christ went ; but it is from *Gehenna*, which will be a burning realm. If God *destroys* both soul and body in that fire, I ask is the soul immortal? Does it not prove the *body* immortal as well as the

soul? The same passage in Luke 12 : 5, reads : "Fear him, which after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell."

Now, my brother, I ask you as a loving Christian before God: Do you claim the hundred dollars? Have you produced a single passage to positively prove that there is a *rational and immortal substance in man* that lives on after the body dies? If so, I ask you seriously to point it out. You must have looked at these passages only with the *corner* of the eye. I want you to use both eyes and look at them again, fairly and squarely, and see if they teach that you, as a body, have another gentleman inside of you who is an immortal substance. I thought you as a Baptist claimed that the soul is *immaterial*, and, if so, it has no *substance* about it, nor can it be contaminated with substance!

Brother dear, why in the name of common-sense don't you give it up and come over to our "bush-curtain Christians"? We have plenty of self-evident truth!

Yes, when my book is out, I shall take pleasure in sending you a copy.

Pray for me. May God bless you and guide you to the truth!

Yours in love,

JOHN A. CARGILE.



MACK *vs.* CARGILE. — REPLY TO THE  
EVANGELIST'S ARTICLE OF APRIL 1.SOUNDING THE BOTTOM OF REV. C——'S ARGU-  
MENT AND DOCTRINE.

BRO. C—— proposes to drop the military feature, and, as it has nothing to do with the subject proper, I have no objection. If any one wishes to see an exhaustive explanation of said feature, I refer to my first reply. As for my "stooping a little," so as to allow him to call me "Brother," I reckon I shall have to do that, as I have never been able to ascertain how much error a man *can hold and advocate*, and still be a Christian.

The "long-range attention," or firing at "the River's Schoolhouse," is again brought up. It is high time for such nonsensical twaddle to cease. What does he mean by it? Is the Advent system criticised in some corner of the earth far away from its defenders? Are not its bold and able advocates, Brn. McGahee, Howard, and Thompson, among us? Or are they nothing but *figure-heads* in the absence of the gifted and profound Cargile? Is it possible that sound doctrine can not be preached, and error condemned with success, except in the presence of Bro. C——?

"Our D.D.'s are lazily watching the Advent cause out of one corner of the eye." He takes

up this expression, and puts a literal construction upon it, and makes all the capital out of it that his ingenuity can possibly invent. He knew very well that I simply intended it as a rhetorical figure to express that they are giving the Advent move but little attention, but still just as much as it deserves or its *status calls for*. But let us take another view. He says, "You (Mack) know they can't see with the corner of the eye." I said they were "lazily watching out of one corner of the eye." It is surpassing strange that a man of Cargile's intelligence and observation has come to the conclusion that "watching out of one corner of the eye" is impossible. He has often, no doubt, been in the presence of bashful boys and girls who loved each other harder than a mule can kick—or, at least, thought they did—but too bashful and wanting in confidence to do more than watch each other "out of one corner of the eye." If Bro. C—— will refresh his memory and be candid, I suppose he can recall some period or time in the halcyon days of youth when his precious little sweetheart, seen out of "one corner of the eye," made his heart spin like a whirligig! Am I not correct, Bro. C——?

As a delectable crumb of comfort for himself and other *turncoats*, he quotes the following from Dr. Chalmers: "Wise men may change, but fools never." Cargile in the close of his article sings

me a soft siren song, but in this quotation he shows his teeth. He places me in a dilemma with the Advent system upon one horn and "fool" upon the other, and gives me to understand that I must choose between the two!— But "great men are not always wise, and when they do err they err most egregiously." The quotation is wanting both in truth and sound philosophy. Every man of observation knows well that fools are constantly changing; especially when they have the chance to *change from right to wrong*. Lord Bacon gives us to understand that a new system that antagonizes an old-established one is always popular with a certain class. Yes; and the *disposition* that jumps this class into a new thing will jump them out as soon as the novelty has worn off. I might say more, but the editor has called for brevity in language not to be misunderstood.

But let us come to the real issue, that is hardly stated at all in Bro. C.—'s long-winded essay; to wit: "*There is in man a distinct entity—that Baptists call soul or spirit—that survives the stroke of death, and is not dependent upon the life of the mortal body for existence.*"

MACK affirms. }

Rev. JOHN A. CARGILE denies. }

The first Scripture that I shall offer in defense of the affirmative will be based upon Christ's

narrative of Dives and Lazarus ; but first, preliminary remarks. It is not the word "soul," "spirit," or any other particular word or phrase that we Baptists contend for, but *the thing itself*—"DISTINCT ENTITY." I am aware of the fact—for I have heard them preach—that Advents with open Bibles stuck towards their hearers endeavor to make the impression that it is not the *thing itself that we stress*, but some particular *word or phrase*. Now, if they have sense enough to understand the distinction, they will please hereafter do us justice. God Himself is known by different appellations, such as Lord, Jehovah, Supreme Being, Creator, Sovereign of the Universe, etc. The cardinal, essential essence is not to be found in the name, but *that* which the name represents.

The aforesaid narrative is a Gibraltar rock that lies right across the line of the Advent march. The Advents feel and know it, and have made the strongest efforts that sophistry and ingenuity could invent to scale, tunnel, or surround it, but all in vain. They have been able to do nothing more than to demonstrate the weakness of their cause. As for sophistry, despite of all that can be done, weak points will crop out here and there that ruin it as an argument, stamping upon it its real character. We are told in Æsop's fables that a stag being closely pursued by hounds, took refuge in an ox-stall, and covered himself as best

he could with straw ; but unfortunately the points of his horns stuck out through the straw and led to his ruin ! All sophistry has horns that will stick out now and then through the straw, showing its real character. But such is not the case with sound argument ; it marches straightforward like a king along the royal highway, having nothing to conceal and nothing but truth to defend ; but sophistry dodges around in the nooks, corners, and brush, trying in vain to hide the points of its horns.

I am ready to investigate the narrative of Dives and Lazarus. Christ intended by it to teach very important truths to the human race down to the last generation ; and he knew exactly how to teach so as to be understood, for he was very God as well as man. What a pity ! what a pity ! that such noble truths uttered by Christ himself should be perverted and frittered away to nothing because they do not harmonize with some darling theory of man's invention !

But what does the narrative teach ? I will briefly mention a few things. 1. It teaches that earthly wealth may enable its owner to enjoy the good things of this life for a brief period ; but that the time will soon come when he must have something more substantial to lean upon or be undone forever !

2. That poverty and religion combined are infin-

itely better than wealth and irreligion combined. That the hardships of poverty are of short duration, but to be "rich towards God" is happiness evermore !

3. It teaches that as soon as man dies, his soul, spirit, distinct entity, or whatever name or phrase you may choose to call it, goes at once to a place of "torment," if bad ; but if good, to a place of "comfort."

4. The beggar died "and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom" — not the dead external Lazarus, but the immortal Lazarus that once dwelt in the body ; the *distinct entity*. We have demonstrative proof that it was not the dead body that was carried, for Abraham says, now he (Lazarus) is "comforted ;" and Dives wanted Lazarus to bring him some water ; but how can a dead body be "comforted," or carry water to the thirsty ? The idea is preposterous.

Upon the other hand, it is said of Dives, that he died and was buried, and "in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments," etc. It wasn't the dead body of Dives, for how can a dead body lift up its eyes, be tormented, or call for water to slake its thirst ?

5. It teaches that when the mortal-coil body is thrown off, that the inner man, "distinct entity," leaves the body at once and goes to the "spirit world."

6. And that in this "spirit world" there are two departments, — one for the good and one for the bad.

Now, in explaining this narrative, I have followed its plain, distinct teachings. I see no necessity for quibbling upon words, or for resorting to sophistry to smother the truth. If there were nothing in the Bible to sustain the Baptist position but the narrative, it would be amply sufficient. There is no higher authority than Christ, and our views can not be more clearly expressed in human language.

But Cargile is determined, if possible, to get the narrative out of his way, if he makes it teach nothing, or worse than nothing! In order to show that Dives didn't really go to a place of "torment," he says, "There is not a word from which to infer that the rich man was bad and the poor beggar was good. If it wasn't such a serious matter, this would be laughable. Dives "lifted up his eyes in torments," and "the beggar was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom," where he was "comforted;" and still not a "word," says Cargile "to infer" that one was "bad" and the other "good." Here, not only the points of the stag's horns, but his whole body, sticks out through the straw! Suppose I were to meet Bro. C—— and say: "My nearest neighbor, Simon Plowhard, has been sent to the penitentiary for

twenty years." "Not a word here," he would say, "to infer that Plowhard was a rogue or a rascal." His sophistry has run wild and gone to seed!

But what is still more startling and absurd, he tells us that Dives and Christ went precisely to the same place — no *essential difference* at all. Here the stag not only uncovers his horns and head, but stands upon his feet. I suppose Bro. C — builds his monstrous absurdity upon the term *hades*; but his conclusion is clearly a *non sequitur*, to say the least about it. I admit that the term *hades* generally means grave, but, like the most of words, it has more meanings than one. In order to ascertain in any particular place the import of words that have a variety of meanings, we are necessarily compelled to appeal to the context. This controls the definition of the word, or, rather, shows what it means in the place where used. This is a rule that governs all scholars and writers of sound judgment. To adopt a different course would necessitate the remodeling of our language, and the addition of a great many new words, in order that we might be able to express different shades of meaning, and nice distinctions.

The best critics say that *hades*, in this narrative, is used in the sense of *gehenna* — a place of torment; but the truth is, there is no necessity for appealing to the opinion of critics: the context itself clearly demonstrates what *hades* means here.



The context connected with the burial of Christ is quite different in some respects from the one linked to Dives. When it becomes necessary for a man to use sophistry revolting to both head and heart, in order to sustain his theory, it is strong evidence that it is rotten to the core.

But I have written enough for the present — my reply will be continued.

MACK.

*Jefferson Co., Ga.*

# MACK *vs.* CARGILE. — REPLY TO THE EVANGELIST'S ARTICLE OF APRIL 1.

SOUNDING THE BOTTOM OF REV. C——'S ARGUMENT AND DOCTRINE. — CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE. — SOUND LOGIC.

Your readers will please keep in mind the proposition under discussion — that was at the outset substantially suggested by Cargile himself. It is: "*There is in man a distinct entity — that Baptists call soul or spirit — that survives the stroke of death, and is not dependent upon the life of the mortal body for existence.*"

MACK affirms. }  
REV. JOHN A. CARGILE denies. }

He called on me to give him one passage, if I could, to sustain the affirmative of the proposition. I gave him five Scriptural citations, and could have given him more; but I gave him enough, in my

judgment, to fully establish the affirmative ; and I shall restrict myself to their consideration. The second reference is to the thief upon the cross — Luke 23 : 43. The thief “said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom.” “And Jesus said unto him, Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.” Bro. C—— is as shrewd as a fox in handling sophistry, but fortunately for the world and sound doctrine there are some passages so remarkably clear that when he tackles them he shows the weakness of his cause in a way that is truly astonishing ! I may say of Paradise that it is a general name for a place of pleasure or exquisite delight. It is used in no other sense. To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise : that is in a place of exquisite delight. But didn’t the thief say unto Jesus, “Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom” ? Cargile says he wants the answer to harmonize with the prayer. Well, I reckon he does ; his bogus system requires that it should. But Christ answered the prayer to suit himself, and no doubt it was fully satisfactory to the thief. The prayer of every Christian who prays for a particular thing ought to be qualified with the expression, “Lord, not my will but thine be done.” But it is very clear that the distinct entity that we call soul or spirit went to Paradise ; for a dead body nailed to the cross was

just as much in Paradise there as it would be anywhere else. But Cargile grows desperate in his sophistry and says, "The punctuation points are arranged by uninspired men who placed them so as to sustain their own ideas." *A very serious charge.* The sentence, "Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," he says has the comma in the wrong place: that it ought to follow To-day instead of thee. Every scholar knows that the comma after thee is exactly where it should be. To place it after To-day would require a very disagreeable drag-along of the voice to reach it, and wouldn't sustain his idea at that. But I see that he has changed the punctuation himself in order to force it into his service — has *committed precisely the same offense* that he *charged* against others. Here we see not only the points of the horns but the whole body of the stag.

The second citation, 2 Cor. 5:8, — "We are confident, I *say*, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." If man doesn't possess a distinct entity that we call soul or spirit that can exist independently of the body or when separated from it, then the expression of Paul is nothing more than *sheer nonsense*; but it won't do to take that position, for Paul was inspired. He believed and taught clearly that in the Christian's body dwells a distinct entity that

when separated from the body goes at once to a place of happiness. He also uses the pronoun "we" to express his real self and those that he was addressing in contradistinction from the body. Brother C—— finds the passage too much for him—and so flies off in a tangent to the other passages and contents himself with asking a few questions, to wit: "What is the earthly house? Is it the body? Yes. Then what is the tabernacle of the earthly house"? Let us find out first that the earthly house has a tabernacle, then we will interchange views. Again, "When you leave your old body and while on your way from earth to heaven will you own two empty bodies"? Here he puts the cart before the horse—hold your question back until I say that when the distinct entity, soul or spirit, leaves the old mortal body, that it enters into another "body"; but if I had said it, is it one of the functions of human reason to explain all the mysteries of Divine Providence? God's ways are not as our ways, and his thoughts are not as our thoughts.

The fourth citation, 2. Peter 1: 13-14, — "Yea, I think it meet, as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting *you* in remembrance; knowing that shortly I must put off *this* my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath shewed me." These passages contain self-evident proof in favor of the affirmative of the proposition; in

fact, they are so full and clear as really to need no explanation at all. Peter calls himself "I." The tabernacle or body was the abode of this "I" while life lasted. "I" and "tabernacle" here are not *synonyms*. There is just the same essential distinction between the two as a man and the house he dwells in. The next verse says, "I" must shortly put off this my "tabernacle," that is, this "I" must shortly lay the body aside; get rid of the mortal coil that constitutes no essential part of the real Peter. Is it possible for expressions to be clearer or more in one's favor? Peter is so strong on our side that Cargile doesn't tackle these passages at all, but runs away from them just as fast as his legs can carry him. He points the readers back to John 21 : 19, which simply states that Peter would die a death of violence or be martyred for the cause of truth; but throws no light whatever upon the tabernacle question. Well, I will not blame him here for uncovering the whole stag. What else could he do?

Fifth and last citation, Matt. 10 : 28, — Christ says, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." The first clause of this verse has reference to the power of man; the second clause speaks of the power of God. So far as the power of God is concerned, it would be irreverent in me to place

any limitation upon it. If he chose he could annihilate all the angels of heaven and the inhabitants of earth ! But I may speak, with freedom in reference to the home of man. Christ in this verse calls the distinct entity in man "soul." This is *sufficient authority* for our calling it by the same appellation, for there is no *higher authority* than Christ nor better examples than his. Christ tells us plainly that there is something in man that man can not kill, and he calls this something "soul." What can this be but a distinct entity not dependent upon the body for existence ? The teachings of Christ here do not harmonize at all with the Advent system : for that says that when a man dies, he dies all over and all through. Others may call for stronger proof, but the Scriptures that I have examined are just as strong proof as I want. When Cargile comes to this passage, he says that he is surprised at my referring him to it. His surprise is merely feigned or put on for a purpose. It is nothing more nor less than *ad captandum vulgus*. He would have been surprised in reality if I had left it out. He makes no comment at all upon the first clause of the verse, the only part of it that covers the issue. Your readers must decide for themselves whether or not I have logically sustained the affirmative of the proposition.

He closes his article with another *ad captandum*

*vulgus* : “ Brother dear, why in the name of common-sense don’t you give it up, and come over to our “ bush-curtain Christians ” ? ”

The Advents had better find some way to keep those who do go over to the bush-curtain Christians before they invite others to come. I recently read one of their tracts in which the writer substantially states — with tears in his eyes, for aught I know — that when we (Advents) carry our cause into a new place we soon secure a considerable following, but just as soon as we arouse the leaders of the opposition they take them from us until scarcely any are left. This needs no comment.

MACK.

*Jefferson Co., Ga.*

June the 10th, 1886, was published the following : —

# TIT FOR TAT. — CARGILE ANSWERS MACK AND EXPLAINS POINTS.

A FEW POINTED REMARKS. — INVITING DEBATE  
BETWEEN BRETHREN NEAR HOME.

MY DEAR BROTHER MACK : — The first part of your article reached me at Alexis, Ill. I waited very complacently for the concluding one, which came after my return home.

The Editor is sensible in calling for short arti-

cles, and I shall try to keep it in mind. Indeed, I have not very much to notice in your two long articles.

You say the firing at the River's schoolhouse is again brought up. I don't remember that I ever mentioned it but once in my correspondence. You say it is high time for such nonsensical twaddle to cease, and you ask, "What does he mean by it?" Please allow me to explain. I heard that the brother said at that time and place that if the soul was not immortal, Cargile had as well preach to a herd of cows and goats about salvation. I thought he was pushed for argument to leave out Bible and resort to such *nonsensical twaddle*. I replied that if man was immortal, there would be more common-sense in preaching to cows and goats than to man, for there can be no punishment for immortal beings. Pain is the road to death, and if they can not die pain is impossible. Hence they would be as happy in the flames of your Baptist hell as the three Hebrew children were in the fiery furnace. At the time that long-range gun was fired Brn. McGahee and Howard were in the Baptist church, and Thompson was just starting to preach. There was not an Advent church in Jefferson Co. No, they are not "*figure-heads*." I am willing to leave the matter in their hands. Suppose some of you give Bro. Seth McGahee a twist in debate, or get somebody else to do so.



I never was so bashful a young man as you picture. I never looked at a girl out of the corner of the eye, and I presume if I had been so bashful I should never have mustered courage to pop the question, and probably should have died an old bachelor.

There are different kinds of fools, my brother. There are fools for money, fools for popularity, and fools for want of sense. I presume Dr. Chalmers referred to one of the first two classes who never change unless the *breeze* happens to change. The latter kind is always changing. I don't suppose you mean, my brother, that we whom you call turncoats are of the latter class of *Gumbo's fools*. We have changed for truth. Will you do the same? It is the wounded bird that flutters, and when people call us fools or turncoats we just keep still. When you said, "but let us come to the real issue" (that is hardly stated in Bro. C——'s long-winded essay), I said, thank the Lord. I then read:—

*"There is in man a distinct entity that Baptists call soul or spirit that survives the stroke of death, and is not dependent upon the life of the mortal body for existence, etc. Mack affirms."*

I turned to the "long-winded essay" referred to, and found the following copied from your own article: "The spiritual, rational, and immortal sub-

stance in man, which distinguishes him from the brutes ; that part of man which enables him to think and reason, and which renders him a subject of moral government." This is the proposition I was noticing in my long-winded essay. Why did you change it? Why do you say soul *or* spirit? Why don't you say one or the other and stick to it? Paul prayed for the whole soul and spirit and body to be preserved. — 1 Thess. 5 : 23. We are composed of the three, but Paul prays for the soul and spirit to be preserved as well as the body. If one is an immortal entity, they all are. If spirit and soul mean entities, then you have two immortal gentlemen inside of you. And you know, my dear brother, that soul and spirit do not come from the same word in Hebrew or Greek. They are not the same, then why confound them? Just name the immortal child if you think you can sustain it. You can easily sound the bottom of my theology, for it has a bottom — the Bible. I can not sound the bottom of yours, I confess, for it has none only in heathen philosophy. Look over your article again, and see if you have given a single passage proving that either the soul or spirit in man is an immortal entity.

You say, Baptists contend for the thing itself — distinct entity. I say Amen! You contend for the thing itself. Now, my brother, you are just the man to find such an entity, if there is such a

thing. But I want you to show me the thing itself of which you boast. Such a thing itself is not mentioned as being in the rich man, or in Lazarus, or the thief on the cross. All you have said about the stag and his horns is only "non-sensical twaddle." Do please leave off all such and let us get right down to business — get after "THE THING ITSELF" that Baptists contend for. When you find it, let us see "the thing itself" — the distinct entity in man. In all the five passages you cited there is not an intimation of an immortal entity — "the thing itself" in man. Solomon says, "The living know that they shall die." I believe it; do you? He also says, "But the dead know not anything" (Eccl. 9: 5, 6). I believe it; do you? David says when a man's breath goes forth "he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish" (Ps. 146: 4). I believe it; do you? Paul says if there be no resurrection, "Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished" (1 Cor. 15: 18). I believe it; do you? In all your citations *whole men* are spoken of. Please find your distinct, immortal entity *in* man.

Please send me that Advent tract the author of which laments losing so many members when the leaders of the opposition arouse. How many have *you* captured in Georgia? I think the man who wrote that must have had softening of the brain,

and could easily weep. Be sure to send it to me, or in your next please give us the title of the tract and the name of the author. I confess I have never seen it. And I declare it is not true in my field in the South. They must be the kind of fools you speak of, who are always changing. Smart fools will change to truth, and then they are there. How many in Jefferson Co., Ga., have turned their coats and become Adventists? How many of that number have turned them back?

Now, my dear brother, I do not intimate that you are a fool or a turncoat. I do you the credit to admit that you honestly want truth. But I really fear that you read the Bible with preconceived notions. Now don't dilly-dally so much, but find "*the thing itself—distinct entity—in man.*" That is the child you claim to have by name in the Bible. Please get right down to the work and dig it out. Paul says, "The gift of God is eternal life" (Rom. 6 : 23). I believe it. God will give it to those who "seek for immortality." The wicked never get it, for "*the wages of sin is death*" (Rom. 6 : 23). *We* are like you Baptists : we want "THE THING ITSELF." Will you find it for us?

Yours in love,

JOHN A. CARGILE.

June 8, 1886.

## TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

MR. EDITOR:—I am a member of no church, and I am now forty years old. However, I feel it to be my duty to join the true Church of Christ, provided I can find it. This is a matter about which I am very anxious: God knows my heart.

But I must confess that I am confused since the theological wrangle has set in between the so-called orthodox or evangelical denomination and the one known as the Second Advent. They have got me so awfully befogged I hardly know which way to turn.

This is the awful condition I am in to-day. Of course every true lover of God and truth will sympathize with me. The Baptists say they are right, the Methodists say they are right, the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians say the same of themselves, and now the Advents come along and cry out in the words of Isa. 8: 20: "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, *it is* because *there is* no light in them." This sounds like the ring of the true metal. Furthermore, the Advents say the Bible, like all other common-sense books, "says what it means and means what it says." This, too, seems to have the right kind of a ring to it. Somehow I have

always been of the opinion that the Bible could not be so mysterious as its professed advocates have always represented it. If it is a profound mystery, how then can it be the revelation of the will, plan, and purpose of God, which it purports to be?

But I am liable to be misled, and I need help. I send out the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." I will say that the help I need is that some of our able orthodox ministers will meet these saucy Adventists face to face (as Christ did the Jewish doctors in the temple), and show them and the world around their errors. I see that Mack has received a challenge to debate with them publicly the points of doctrine in dispute. I see nothing improper or unchristianlike in a discussion of this kind, for I am reminded by Acts 9: 29; 15: 7, 17, that the precedent is given by the Apostles themselves. For my sake and for the sake of even a great multitude in this community, for the sake of all that is near and dear, and especially for Christ's sake, I want Mack to accept this challenge.

Yours, in the hope of the true light of the gospel,

A NON-PROFESSOR.

*Wrens, Ga., May 16, 1886.*

P.S. — I will say further that it is not name or fame that concerns me, or whether I worship in a

magnificent edifice or under a bush arbor ; but the truth, and the way that honors God most.

A. N.

## BLACK JACK RIDGE DOTS.

“Cephas” says : “One of Mack’s figure-heads who told the members of Horeb, when they voted to keep Cargile from preaching in the house, that when Cargile did come he didn’t want them to be slipping and sliding around to hear him.” *And so I say yet.* Slipping and sliding around to do anything is unreasonable for people that are all *right*. Come up boldly *like I did to Mount Horeb*. “Prove all things ; hold fast that which is good” (1 Thess. 5 : 21). My horns, *he* says, look dangerous. Perhaps they do to a *blind man* whose head is too thick to have any. Why has he not called his brother Mack’s attention to the Scriptures before now ? Read the chapter Rom. 1, and learn who the class was our Advent brother, Paul, was speaking to and about. Come out and hear Bro. McGahee for *yourselves* and see if *he is going back on the truth*. You will then know the truth for yourselves.

ONE OF THE FIGURE-HEADS.

The issue of June 26, 1886, has the following:—

### THE CARGILE DOCTRINE.

SOME POINTS OF THE SECOND ADVENT DOCTRINE,  
AS PREACHED BY CARGILE, DEFINED.

In view of the fact that the preaching of Eld. John A. Cargile had caused considerable discussion about religious doctrines among the people in this and neighboring counties, and as many unacquainted with the religious belief of the Second Adventists desired to learn something about this belief, we attempted to obtain this information. Wishing to find out this from one who was well acquainted with the doctrine in question, a short time ago we wrote a letter to Mr. S. C. McGahee, requesting him to give us some information about the history of Mr. Cargile, and his belief about certain doctrinal points, such as future punishment, baptism, communion, etc. The letter published below was written in reply to our *request*, and we trust will prove interesting to some of our readers.

It is thought by some that Mr. McGahee is the author of "Harmony Dots," but this is not the case. He has never before written anything for this paper in reference to Cargile or his doctrine.

The following is what Mr. McGahee writes:—

"I can do no better, perhaps, in referring to the



history of Eld. John A. Cargile, than to quote from an editorial which appeared in the *Stevenson* (Ala.) *New Era* in 1873, the same year that Eld. Cargile was excluded from the Primitive Baptist Church, for preaching God's truth. Mr. Cargile had been an elder in that denomination and pastor of Primitive Baptist Churches for six years. However, the scrap of history to which I allude is this: the editor of the *Era*, after speaking of others who had been from time to time preaching Adventual truths, says: 'Recently Rev. John A. Cargile, native Alabamian, a worthy son of a worthy farmer of Jackson Co., became a prominent proclaimer of these doctrines, having two debates with different ministers, and finally withdrawing from the fellowship of the Primitive Baptist Church.'

Mr. Cargile has since spent his time preaching to and baptizing the people, and organizing them with Second Advent Christian Churches, and ordaining for the same, elders, deacons, and deaconesses.

The field of his work is our own beautiful Southland. He is truly a Southern man, and he loves the South, and here he proposes to live, love, and labor.

Mr. Cargile says he was converted to his present faith before he knew it was the faith of any other living person. The first thing which aroused

his suspicions concerning the state of the dead, from death to the resurrection, was reading Acts 2 : 34 ; and taking this as a starting-point, he soon found out that the Scriptures teach that when a man is dead, he is dead all over and all through. This, of course, knocked the props from under the theory of the natural immortality of the soul, and when that old heathen dogma fell, there naturally fell with it its twin error, the long hell of papal Rome ; and Eld. Cargile could then see very clearly that the wages of sin is death, and not eternal torment.

Eld. Cargile believes salvation is obtained through Jesus Christ, by faith and works upon the part of the saved.

He believes salvation is free, and offered to all men alike, and that all men alike have the very same right and ability to accept it.

He believes it is possible for Christians to apostatize, and finally be lost.

He believes in holiness of heart.

He believes in open communion.

He believes in water baptism by immersion.

But perhaps the most distinguishing feature of his faith — that which moves his soul and tongue more than all — is the *nearness* of the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, Mr. Editor, in as concise a manner as possible, I have written you the information which

you desire. Trusting, sir, that you will be pleased with what I have written, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

S. C. MCGAHEE."

### A CARD.

MR. EDITOR:—In your issue of June 24, you prohibit further religious discussion, believing it to be unprofitable. I wanted to write again and strike *heavy blows* in the way of argument; but I bow to the inevitable, knowing that an editor has the right to manage his paper in accordance with his personal judgment.

I believe, however, that a religious controversy carried on in cold print, when conducted in the proper way, is calculated to advance the cause of truth, and sound doctrines. But

1. No outside interference ought to be allowed when the principals are engaged in discussion.

2. No very objectionable personalities should be published; especially such as reflect upon the moral character of either one of the opposing parties. If the writer is not a gentleman, his manuscript ought to be made one, either by modification or erasure.

The discussion in your paper had taken too *wide a range* entirely. In fact, it had become a general fight. Theologians were springing up at

every point of the compass, each one competent, in his own judgment, to grasp, analyze, and discuss the most profound, intricate, and sublime doctrines of the Bible. Some think that a religious discussion ought to be confined to a religious paper ; but in that case it is one-sided, traveling along a denominational line, reaching only those who are already convinced.

Others believe that religious discussion is unprofitable unless it proselytes or unsettles the settled. But the main and proper design of discussion is to enlighten and direct those who are sincerely asking after truth, as well as to furnish those established upon the truth with *suitable arguments or weapons to defend it*.

MACK.

*Jefferson Co., Ga.*

To-day, thank God, there are more than a dozen Second Advent Churches in Georgia, with as many ministers, and over one thousand members and believers.

To the Lord be all praise !

## CHAPTER XV.

### SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

It is said by David, a man of vast experience, that "The Angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them" (Ps. xxxiv. 7).

I will give the reader some of my experiences on this line which, I believe, prove the truth of David's assertion. On one occasion, when in Texas, I closed my meeting in the town of Collinsville, one night, and told the people that I would take the train next morning for Honey Grove. After I had gone to Bro. Skelton's for the night, brethren came from different parts of the neighborhood and begged that I stay over and preach one night more. I told them that Bro. Willmon would come to Honey Grove to meet me, and it would not do to disappoint him. They said they felt that I *must* stay, and insisted that I telegraph the man to wait for me.

Finally, I said, "'The mind of the Lord is with his people,' and I will do so." I telegraphed Bro. Willmon to wait for me till Friday. The brethren went to two schools and had the meeting

given out, and we had a blessed time in the Lord. Thirteen came for prayer, and I felt sure that I was justified in staying over. Next morning (Friday) I went to the depot to take the ten-o'clock train for Honey Grove.

I asked the ticket agent, "At what time will there be a train going East?" He replied, "No train to-day, sir." I asked the cause. He said, "West of here a freight train ran over a hand-car and killed the superintendent's clerk, his wife, and child. The track there is torn up, and the passenger train that passed here yesterday morning at ten o'clock ran through a bridge just beyond Sherman, and killed sixteen people, and there is no train between the two smash-ups." I then felt sure that the Lord impressed the mind of those brethren to come and influence, yea, almost *compel*, me to stay over, for if they had not I should have gone down, as P. P. Bliss did, in that terrible Ashtabula disaster. The very train I intended to take went down through the bridge. The next Monday the first train went over. All the passengers got out and walked over the temporary structure ahead of the train. As I passed over and saw the cars below me in such a terrible mass — one passenger car standing on its end in the mud, another across the baggage car, I said, "Praise God for his special care for his children."

At Cherokee Station, in the Indian Territory, I

stopped one night in a rude concern called a boarding-house, which was green planks set up on end, in the woods at the station on a new railroad. Soon after I retired the Indians came in and took possession of the house in a wonderful carousal which lasted all night. I could not understand a word, but I could smell the rum through the open cracks, and even hear it gurgling from the bottles when they drank, which was often. They entered and prowled through other rooms. I rose and went to the landlord and got the key and locked myself in. Then I began to think, What kind of protection is this frail door against a crowd of drunken Indians? I heard a noise which sounded like the smashing of a door to another room, which shook every timber in the shanty. I bowed in prayer and committed myself to the keeping of the Lord and retired and slept sweetly. Next morning they were still carousing, and I felt that the Lord had protected me.

Once, while in the State of Maine, I went twenty-seven miles from any railroad and preached in a schoolhouse at night. Our faith was new in that place, and a great crowd came to hear me. It was some distance from the "Corner" or starting-place for the stage next morning at six o'clock. A great many stood during the sermon, among whom was one large man, who came to me and said, "I want to have you stop with me.

to-night." I asked, "Do you live near the Corner?" He said, "About one mile." I said, "All right; I will go." He then said, "I would have you understand, before you go, that I am a terrible sinner." I then replied, "Oh, that is all right! You are just the kind of fish I am after; I will go with *you* sure."

He lived at the foot of a ridge. Soon after we entered the house he went out at the upper door next to the hill. When he returned I smelled rum. In less than a half-hour he went out three times, and by this time began to talk loud and boisterous. After ten o'clock there came two other men in a buggy, running their horse at break-neck speed. As soon as they entered I saw that they were both very drunk. One of them was a large, strong man in the prime of life. My host began to tell them about the Alabama preacher, with a great deal of enthusiasm. Turning to me, he said, "Get up here and preach them a sermon just like you did over at the school-house to-night." I excused myself by telling him I had preached enough for one night. He then took from his pocket a silver dollar and proposed to give me that if I would preach thirty minutes, just as good as I did at the schoolhouse. I told him I did not wish to hire myself out to preach. The large, drunken man then arose and started staggering toward me, and as he came he used



the Lord's name in a blood-curdling oath, saying, "We will *make you preach!*"

I am sure that in this extremity the Lord gave me thought and words, for I had never thought of such a thing in all my life before. In an instant I sprang to my feet, and, taking him by each arm, just above the elbows, I gave him a shake, and said authoritatively, "Look here, sir, you stop talking about my Friend!"

He hesitated, and stood in a thoughtful mood, apparently for some time, finally he said, "Was I talking about your friend?" I said, "Yes, sir, you were; and you shall not do so in my presence!" After another pause he asked, "Who was I talking about?"

I told him, "You were talking about the *Lord*, sir, and, if you can't honor him with your lips, you shall not use his name in my presence!" I saw at once that my words had the desired effect. Standing for several moments, and looking very serious, he said in a broken tone, "Will you please excuse me, sir?" I told him I would forgive him if he would let my Friend's name alone. He said he would do so. The lady of the house then asked me if I wished to retire. I told her I would like to do so. Taking a lamp, she started to lead the way into a bedroom. I got as far as the door when I felt that the Lord would have me pray right then and there. I stopped and said,

"Madam, I should like to read and pray before I retire." She immediately looked at her husband, who stood just behind me. He said to her, "Certainly, certainly! tell him *certainly!*" She then said, "Of course you can!" I then took out my Bible and read a chapter, and knelt to pray.

During the prayer the large man who had so profaned the name of my Friend, responded several times, in words like the following: "Amen! Lord grant it! Lord, hear him pray!" etc. It was like praying in an ice-house.

I then retired, and slept sweetly all night.

When I came out of my room next morning the lady had breakfast ready for me.

While eating she asked, "Did they disturb you last night?" I told her I never slept more sweetly in my life. She seemed astonished, and told me that they were carousing till three in the morning, and several times swore that they would go in there and get that old elder by the heels and drag him out, and make him preach, and, said she, "I was really afraid they would do it." I said, "Sister, did you know that the angel of the Lord stayed at your house last night?" As she gazed at me I saw that she understood *me* to claim to be an angel. I said, "Dear sister, don't misunderstand me: I am an unworthy sinner saved by the grace of a loving Saviour; but David says, 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that

fear him, and delivereth them.' *I fear the Lord*, and his angel, no doubt, guarded my door last night, and kept those men away." The tears ran down the woman's cheeks, and she said with a sigh, "Well, I don't know what I was ever born for, anyway. When I was married I was a Christian, and my husband claimed to be one. But he got to going with bad company, and you see where *he* is, and I am hopeless." I said, "The Lord bless you, my sister." The tears flowed anew as she said, "I am glad that *somebody* has sympathy for me."

I believe God will fasten that prayer and that visit on the hearts of some of those people, and will finally bring them into the fold. It was a hard spot, but I believe the Lord led me there, and protected me while there, and will bless in his own good time. The Lord has manifested his special providence to me in many instances which, if all were written, would fill a large volume. Many of those incidents have passed from my memory. I was once preparing to start for North Carolina. My wife said that I would have to buy some new shirts before I went, for my old ones were about worn out. I told her that I had not enough money to buy my ticket, and that I could not possibly buy any shirts. About three days before the time arrived when I was to start, I received *four* nice new shirts by mail, and I never

have known who sent them. In this way we, as a family, have received much of the clothes we have worn for years. Each winter, as it came on, the good Lord has opened kind and loving hearts who with willing hands have packed and shipped us barrels of clothing. These often contained more than we needed, or some articles that did not fit any member of our family. With these we have made other poor ones glad. Inasmuch as the many kind donors have thus clothed the Lord's poor they have done it unto him. The reward will be given them "at the resurrection of the just."

It has been reported by enemies by way of persecution, and by professed friends, perhaps on account of jealousy, that I was receiving great sums of money. This has so grieved me that I have sometimes suffered want rather than let my condition be known. At such times my prayers and tears have been known only to my precious Lord.

In 1888 I contracted a part of my home for quite a sum of money, and in order that my brethren might rejoice with me in the hope that I would soon be able to pay my debts and have something left to help the cause of truth, I reported the trade through the *Crisis*. The man who made the purchase failed to meet a single payment after the first one, and left the country.

Brethren, thinking, of course, that I was above want, did not send any help at all. My hopes were not realized, and I was placed in a terrible strait between two, — whether to lay my Bible by, and seek employment for a living, or go on in the Lord's work and trust him still. I praise the Lord that man's extremity is his opportunity. He seldom sends what we do not need, or before we need it.

I went to Aurora, Ill., to a camp-meeting. There a servant of God told me that, after inquiring of the Lord to know what he should do, he was told to "go South and be subject to Cargile's arrangement for three months." He came, and stayed several days at my house. We then took a trip through Georgia and Arkansas together. At the Conference in Georgia a collection was taken to pay our expenses, but, notwithstanding his own needs, he would not take a single dollar of the twenty-seven contributed, but insisted that the Lord said I must have it. This was quite a help and an encouragement to me. We gave each other the holy kiss in Cleveland, Ark., he going on to Texas, and I returning to Dyer, Tenn. There I saw a copy of the *Crisis*, and read his report, telling much more of my condition than I thought he knew.

I had killed a yearling steer and had plenty of beef and sweet potatoes while he was with us in

our home, but he discerned things as they were, and told it out truthfully and much better than I could have done. As I read the report I felt tried and humiliated, and began almost to *censure* him, but in the last lines he said, "I have written just as I think the Lord would have me write."

I thought, "Well, if the Lord *made* him write it, I ought not to be annoyed about it." This was published Nov. 7. I owed one hundred dollars interest on a mortgage which would fall due the first of the next month. When the day arrived I had money to pay it, and twenty-five dollars over. And soon afterward we received two barrels of clothing. I am satisfied that God sent that faithful servant, and led him by the Holy Spirit to make that report, the result of which bridged the dark chasm of want and passed us safely over it. "Glory to his name!"

By and by the mortgage above referred to was well-nigh due. The man who had all the year promised to pay me the thousand dollars in time to settle the debt, refused to do anything, and I was in danger of losing my home. After making several efforts in vain to borrow the money I gave it up.

The church in Boston gave me a call to become their pastor. After mature thought and prayer I concluded to give up my home and let the mortgagee sell it, and wrote the brethren in Boston

accepting their proposition. I went to the meeting of the Georgia Conference last October (1890), and brethren there proposed to raise the money to pay off the mortgage and save my home, provided I would resign the Boston call, and spend the year with them in evangelistic work.

Accordingly I tendered my resignation, which was conditionally accepted. North Carolina and West Virginia agreed to help raise the amount and have me spend a proportionate part of the year with them. They, with other help, furnished me enough to pay the debt except six hundred dollars, which brethren thought they could raise. They gave me eighty-two dollars and eighty-five cents the first of January, and agreed to send the balance to me in Philadelphia by the 13th, to enable me to go on to New York and settle the mortgage the day following, which was the date of maturity. I went to Philadelphia and waited till the 15th, and received no news from those who were to raise the fund. During the week fifty-two dollars came from West Virginia. On the 15th I visited an aged lady of the Presbyterian Church, and, in order to inform her of the cause of my week's tarry in her city, I told her I was expecting the money, and had been sadly disappointed. When I arose to leave she placed six fifty dollar bills in my hand, saying, "If you don't hear from them and need this, use it and send me

your note. If you don't need it send me your check for it." Such unexpected kindness, bestowed without the asking, filled my eyes with tears of joy, and my heart with gratitude to her who gave it, and praise to God from whom all blessings flow.

That certainly was a special providence.

Next morning I went to a bank and borrowed three hundred dollars on ninety days' time, which was enough to complete the amount needed. A dear brother in the city endorsed for me. Next day I paid the mortgage and freed my home and felt happy. Finally, news from Georgia came that on account of the panic and the low price of cotton they had failed to collect any of the subscription except what the few around Minton's Chapel had given to make the sum above mentioned (\$82.85). I remained in Boston over a month, during which time I paid one hundred dollars on the bank-note. The note fell due the 16th of April, and I had not a dollar of it. But the Lord's cause must be honored, and he put it into the hearts of a kind brother and sister to lend me one hundred each, and they sent to the bank and paid that note. I mention these things simply to glorify God. I believe he will open the way for me to pay every cent that I owe. I am now testing the special providence of God every day. The proposition to which I have alluded induced



me to move to the city of Atlanta in order to be more central. Now I have high rent to pay, and my family to support, with no income at all. We trust God for daily bread.

We seldom have a dollar till we need it. I am now on a tour through the lower counties of Georgia, and the day before I started I had no means, but I made preparation to start. I went to a grocer and asked him to furnish my family on time, till my return, which he kindly said he would do. About dark I told my wife I must go to the post-office, as the letter-carrier had brought me no mail, and that I felt sure there must be something for me. I went and received several letters, and in three of them I found money, amounting in all to something over twenty-one dollars. How my heart rejoiced! I took enough of it to carry me to my first appointment, and left the balance with my wife to help her along in my absence.

While I sit here in Blackville, Ga., and write these lines, and recount the many wonderful mercies and special providences we have seen and received at the loving hands of the faithful stewards of a merciful Jesus, my heart overflows with praise to his dear name. We know in whom we trust, and that he has always been true to his promise. Reader, are you acquainted with this Saviour? If not, I am sorry for you. I wish you

and all the world would know him just as he is. Famines, pestilences, financial panics, and all else in adversity combined can not diminish our Father's store, or slacken his hand in giving to his faithful servants food and raiment just as they need it. Truly "The eyes of the Lord *are* upon the righteous, and his ears *are open* unto their cry" (Ps. 34: 15).

## CHAPTER XVI.

FURTHER EXPERIENCES COPIED FROM VARIOUS.  
REPORTS IN THE *World's Crisis*, 1880, 1885.

In January, 1880, while preaching in the vicinity of Shiloh Church, DeKalb Co., Ala., I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs. From there I went to Franklin Co., Tenn., and preached nights and traveled during the days through cold, misty weather, which increased the cold.

While there, I spoke in the dining-hall of the hotel at Cowan, at night. The hall, although a large one, was filled to its utmost capacity, and the porch was crowded with attentive listeners. I coughed very hard till the moment I began speaking. I asked the Lord for help, and it came in a wonderful manner, for I spoke one hour on the resurrection of Christ, without coughing once. The next night, at the same place, I spoke again on his ascension and second coming, and really felt that good was done.

I took the train for home at midnight. When I arrived at the depot a terrible rainstorm, with heavy thunder and lightning, prevented my getting out home, and I stopped at the hotel, where I

coughed till daylight. I walked home the next morning, and before night had such severe pains in my lungs and hips that I could not walk erect. Just after dark my neighbors came in and filled my dwelling. I was so racked with pain, and so drawn over as to be unable to stand. The people wanted preaching, and I tried to get another minister present to preach, but failed. Now came a trial. What should I do? After asking the Lord for help, I sat in my chair, reclining against the wall, and preached to them thirty minutes on the text, "I will come again." I felt blessed in the feeble effort.

The next day I was some better, but could not stand erect, or walk without pain. At 1.30 the next morning I took the train for East Tennessee, for a week's preaching-trip.

I preached at Bethel, near Ooltewah, Saturday and Sunday, and the pains seemed to concentrate in the back of my neck, and between my shoulders. On Monday, I began to preach in the dwelling of Bro. John Mitchell. When I had spoken about twenty minutes, my teeth suddenly came together, and I could not open my mouth. In both ears were severe pains, and a great sound resembling the crackling of brush burning in a hogshead. I just remarked, "I am sick," and fell back on to a bed. After an hour or so, I mounted a mule, and started for the train at Ooltewah. On

the way everything turned green and very dark, and I concluded I was dying. Dismounting, I knelt and prayed, saying, "O Lord, let me live to get home to my wife and children once more, and I will not ask for another minute of life in this world." I mounted the mule as best I could, and rode to Bro. John W. Smith's. I tied the mule at the gate, and approached the door. Sr. S—— was on the porch. Extending her hand, she said, "You are sick, are you not?" I said, "Yes." I do not remember taking her hand at all. The next thing that I knew I was on an army cot in front of the fire. It was midnight. The neighbors sat around me, and everything about the cot smelled of camphor. I then realized that I had been unconscious. Next day I prevailed on Bro. Smith to take me to the train. The people thought I was not able to go, as I could not sit up alone; but the Lord provided. I found a friend on the train at Ooltewah, who took care of me to Chattanooga, and then assisted me into the train for home, and bought my ticket for me. Just as he left me lying in my seat a Roman Catholic friend came through the car, and, seeing my condition, took my head on his lap, and took care of me like a brother, till I reached home at eleven o'clock, P.M., Jan. 29.

I was put under the care of two physicians, and received from my neighbors every attention that

a Christian community could give. They watched over me day and night till March 1, during which time I suffered more than I thought any being could, and live. Twice I lost all hope of this life, and thought I must yield to the enemy. But I felt that I was ready, having done what I could, and should I fall at my post on the walls, I felt sure of a glorious resurrection. But one thing troubled me. What would become of the cause here?

After three months and twenty days of suffering, I was conscious one morning, but very weak and low-spirited.

Bro. J. J. Smith had reported my sickness to the readers of the *Crisis* and *Bible Banner*.

My wife, thinking I had my right mind, came with thirty-four letters which she had received for me, from God's saints, scattered from Maine to California. All said they were praying for me. Some said, "We called a special meeting to pray for you. We can not let you die ; you are needed too much in the South." Others said they prayed for me, some in churches and prayer-meetings, and others in the family or in secret. When she had finished reading I smiled for the first time for three months, and said in a whisper, for I was too weak to speak louder, "Nancy, I am going to get well." A beam of delight flashed over her face as she said, "*Do you think so ?*" I replied, "Yes, a

man is a fool to try to die, when so many of God's saints are praying for him ; he could not die if he wished to."

In May, 1880, I wrote :—

"I am so much improved in health that I start to-day for Tennessee, where I was taken sick in January. I have not yet tried to preach, and I am as 'restless as a fish out of water.' It seems to me a long time since I quit the field. How I thank the Lord I am able to pack my saddle-bags with tracts to start with the sowing, preparatory to the great reaping just ahead ! How natural it seems to be thus loaded with the truths we love so well ! My prayer is, Lord, give me strength to go and sow the seed, and let it fall into good soil. My wife has improved in health ever since your call for prayers for us. She seems better than she has been for years. I feel sure God is preparing us for the great work before us. I feel the burden 'Woe is me' till I get to work."

In July I preached in Tennessee and Alabama, making some long journeys, God blessing in the salvation of seven whom I baptized by moonlight at Cowan, Tenn. Several backsliders were reclaimed. At the baptism at eleven P.M., the audience stood on the shore and sang beautifully in the clear light of the moon.

At the Eastern camp-meeting, that year, some kindly admonished me to stop and rest. But how

can I rest while there is such a vast field here, filled with people starving for the truth, and into which it seems none of our ministers will come? Here is a question that puzzles me; perhaps some of the ministers can answer it: *Why is the Lord partial to the West?* Is it the Lord that calls so many West? Or are there attractions in California and other western States above those in the sunny South? If the Lord sends them all West, and none into this hard southern field, I am willing; for if the Lord don't send them here, we don't want them to come. If they come by the Lord, he will send the right ones.

In February, 1880, Bro. Hiram Munger wrote an article in the *Crisis* giving a list of his early experiences in preaching the Advent Message in the East. He contrasted it with the comparatively easy time that Advent preachers have to-day. I am, to some extent at least, living over again such days as he speaks of. Indeed, God's truth has always been unpopular, and given like trials to its self-denying advocates.

One Friday in December I worked very hard until noon getting up wood, then started on foot twenty miles to a meeting. Soon after leaving home it began to snow very fast, and by dark it was ten inches deep. I had crossed the Tennessee River, and climbed Sand Mountain a mile and a quarter to the top, and had traveled about five



miles on the top, when darkness came on. I wandered until eight o'clock, and finally found a house in the woods, where I stopped over night, finishing my journey to the church in the morning, which was five miles farther. I preached to the people, and then walked over the frozen snow six miles to an evening meeting. Sunday morning retraced the six miles back to the church; preached again, and after taking dinner walked home, twenty miles, before I slept. I paid my own ferriage, and all that I received aside from the blessing of the Spirit and my meals was an attack of rheumatism, which lasted me six months. I believe I have one secret unknown to the salaried minister; i.e., how to trust God for daily supplies of food and clothes. When we live by faith, and go at his bidding, he will not let us suffer more than will benefit us.

In January, 1881, I entered a sort of church trial at Goshen Church, four miles from Cowan, Tenn. I had baptized ten members of that church (Presbyterian), and they were to be tried for heresy. Having the right of counsel granted them, they called on me to defend them.

Their pastor, Rev. George H. Sheldrake of England, withstood, while I tried to defend God's truth. We had a warm, spirited debate that lasted three days. At the close the ten members said they were more confirmed in our faith than ever, and were excluded. The third and last day of

the debate I spoke *four hours*. My opponent spoke three hours and a half the day before, in opening the question of the future punishment of the wicked. I found him shrewd, well versed in the languages and dictionaries ; but I had God's simple truth. One of his ruling elders, when asked how the debate went, replied, "It is going between Webster's dictionary and God's Bible. Sheldrake has the dictionary, and Cargile the Bible."

At Cowan, Tenn., in May, I had a blessed season. Baptized one in the last stages of consumption, who was carried into the water in a chair, her face beaming like an angel's. Her husband left home, leaving a message for me that if baptism made his wife worse, he would kill me. I said God would not let it make her worse. She was much better next day. In July following I baptized that husband in the same place.

#### "THE MINISTER'S WIFE."

I wrote the following for the *Crisis* in 1880: "We hear a great deal about trials, and all have their share. Some have more, some less. We believe from the teaching of the Word that those who have the severest trials will, if faithful, gain a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. But who has the greatest trials? The faithful minister, perhaps, is ready to say he has. If true

to his calling, he has many heart-burdens that others are not aware of. When called to go out into the wilderness, he does not ask who will pay his fare, or how many *dollars* he is likely to get, nor what kind of a job the Lord has for him to do. But, like Philip, when ordered from Jerusalem to Gaza, he *goes*, leaving home and loved ones, just as they are. He trusts all in the hands of God. When he does this, he generally finds congenial work, as Philip did.

But while his trials are severe, and his waiting crown glorious, they are not to be compared with the trials of his wife, left at home burdened with cares. It may be she is sick ; or it may be some of the children are, and she don't know just where to write or telegraph her husband. Perhaps, added to all this, she really needs food and raiment to make herself and little ones comfortable. Could all sisters be patient under such trials? It takes quite a large degree of grace. Persons who have such trials, and bear them without murmuring, will certainly have a bright crown in God's everlasting kingdom. Let everybody pray for the faithful wives [helpers] of our ministers."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### MEETINGS IN TEXAS. — A TUSSLE WITH THE DEVIL.

I arrived at Union Church in Tarrant Co., Tex., on Friday, Aug. 21, 1885, and preached at night, feeling very tired, for Bro. Miller and his daughter Fannie and myself had driven from Denton in a buggy. I also preached Saturday morning and evening. At night I received a note from a prominent member of the Methodist Church, saying that their Camp-meeting would begin the following Thursday, and if I would agree to a *Union* meeting, they would build us an arbor. Sunday at eleven A.M. there was a large crowd out at Union, who gave good attention. After the sermon I told the people I had received a proposition for a *Union* meeting, and that I would "extend the hand of brotherly fellowship," and when their minister came, if he refused to accept it, I should be free. Accordingly I appointed a committee of five—two Methodists, two Adventists, and one Baptist—to locate a place and superintend the building of an arbor of brush, under which I preached until Thursday afternoon, with increasing interest. Several were converted.

The children's meetings every afternoon were very precious indeed. I had canceled my appointment at Glen Rose the next week in order to be with them in their Union meeting. It was said by many citizens that the community had never been so *united* before. All said, "It is the best meeting we ever had here." Many were the conjectures as to what "the Methodist preacher will do when he comes? Will he unite with Cargile or not?" His own brethren, who had made the agreement for him, of course, expected him to fall into line with us, and work in harmony with the spirit of the meeting.

The long-looked-for Thursday evening came. About sunset three men drove past the camp in a buggy, and I was told that one of them was Bro. A——, the preacher in charge. We waited until a late hour for their return. Finally, about eight o'clock, a man came to the arbor, who was introduced to me as Bro. Mc——, etc. I kindly invited him to the desk, and said to him, "It is expected that one of you three brethren will preach to-night;" to which he replied in what I call a rough tone of voice, "Yes, I suppose so, as I understand Bro. A——'s meeting *begins* to-night." That hint was sufficient for me, so I left the desk. As I did so, I was introduced to Bro. A——, and asked him to take a seat in the desk. He answered in a cool, careless way, "No; I will take a

chair." Such coolness from both men sent a chill to my heart: I knew the devil was in the camp. The first man who came up preached, and those already seeking salvation came to the altar for prayer as usual. After singing a few hymns, Bro. A—— said we were going to pray, and he wished all in the audience to kneel who wished to be remembered. His appeals to the unconverted were as follows: "Now, I want all who have a mother in heaven to kneel down." "Now, will you just kneel through respect for me?" After such invitations many still remained in their seats. He then knelt himself, and after a few moments of silence, he prayed, and then a few more songs were sung. The people as yet had no idea of trouble among the preachers. By and by Bro. A—— made the same appeals as before, and knelt in silence again. This time the people expected him to ask me or some one else to lead. He remained silent so long that I had finished *my secret prayer*, and, not feeling very comfortable, had taken my seat. He then began to make the second audible prayer. That was enough! The story was told! *He did not want Cargile!*

Everything seemed inharmonious, and yet two were converted that night. When the meeting broke up a crowd of men rushed up to the desk, and one of them wildly called out to me and said, "Us Union crowd wants you to *pull out of*

here, and we will build you an arbor in the morning !”

I replied, “ ‘Us Union crowd’ keep still and pray !” Their leader said, “ They have not treated you right, and we don’t like it. They don’t want you here, anyway.” I replied, “ I am praying, and I want you to pray : The Lord still reigns.” The people dispersed in sadness, and I passed most of the night in earnest prayer.

The next morning I came to the arbor, and there found two men angry and quarreling. After taking one of them aside and talking with him, they became reconciled to each other. At the same time one of the Methodist brethren had gone to the house where the ministers were stopping, to try to make peace. One of the preachers got “out of sorts,” and some very unpleasant things transpired. The minister, however, soon felt sorry, and peace was made between them. The people were gathered in little squads around the camp, and all looked sad. Several Methodists brought their axes “to build Cargile an arbor,” they said. Finally, the preacher in charge came near the arbor and seated himself on a log. Four of us approached him. Bro. Miller proposed to take the vote of the people, but the minister sternly refused. I said, “ No ; these people are not capable of voting. They are too angry.” One of the company said to me, “ If we will withdraw and

leave you and Bro. A——, do you think you could fix it?" I replied, "Yes; if he has religion, we can." When we were alone he asked, "Have you ever held Union meeting with one of our itinerant preachers?" I told him "Yes." Then he said, "I have never refused to preach with you." I told him that it was by the invitation of his own brethren that I stayed. That I would now withdraw, but I knew it would ruin his church, and I did not wish to injure it. He agreed with me. He then asked if I would get up in the meeting, and tell the people that we had reconciled our differences, and had agreed to go on with the meeting. The meeting throughout that day had not much interest. Some were converted that night, and at the close Bro. Miller called me aside from the audience and asked, "What are you going to do?" I told him I meant to work for the Lord. He asked, "Are you not going to pull out of here, and go to Union?" I told him, "No!" He replied, "I shall in the morning." "Well," said I, "the sin be on your shoulders, not mine." He said, "Don't you know this people would nearly all go with us?" "Yes," I said; "and that is just why I will not go. These people are not to blame for what the ministers do, and I don't wish to break up their church, neither do I want to build on the downfall of others."

The next morning the minister sent me word to



lead the ten o'clock prayer-meeting, and to prepare myself to preach that night.

This reconciled things to some extent.

Sunday their own men did the preaching at eleven A.M. and one P.M. Bro. Miller announced that he would speak at 3.30 P.M., that being an idle hour. He then gave them a very straight discourse on the kingdom.

I then told the people that when Brother A—— put me on the stand again I should speak on the seven seals. This interested many. They wished to know when it would be. One of his own parishioners asked him when I would speak again; he replied, "That is not worth a cent." He never asked me to speak again.

There being no meeting for Monday afternoon, I took the liberty to speak on that subject. Tuesday I went to the village of Grapevine, and preached to a full house. Wednesday went six miles to Pleasant Glade, and preached at eleven A.M. At four P.M. baptized one, and preached again at night. Thursday went back to the camp, but had the sick-headache too badly to attend the meeting. Expecting to leave the next morning, I addressed the following kind note to the preacher in charge:—

"DEAR BRO. A—— :—I am suffering with sick-headache too much to come out to-day. Will you

be so kind as to allow me to preach a farewell discourse to-night, and at the close open the doors of the Second Advent Church for the reception of members? Please answer, and oblige,

Your brother in the love of Jesus,

JOHN A. CARGILE."

On the back of my note I received the following brief reply : —

"J. A. CARGILE : — Bro. Wood is expected to preach to-night. You are welcome to open the door of your church. A."

Five or six brethren of other churches were present, and one of them said, "Now, Bro. Cargile, there is a time when forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and if I were you I should preach at Lone Elm to-night." I told him I would make him "Bishop" of this concern. He arose and uttered a cowboy's expression, "Let us round them up, boys." I soon found out what that meant, for several of the men mounted and rode in different directions to notify the people, while two men, with a team, took the seats from the Arbor back to the Lone Elm Chapel. Although they had only about three hours to canvass the country, I was utterly astonished at the crowd. God blessed and seven joined the church. That night the

meeting closed at the Arbor, and I saw the preachers no more ; but I do love them still, and do hope that the result of this meeting will forever cure them of sectarianism and selfishness. The next morning I preached at Union, when two more came for baptism. We then went to the water, where I baptized eight happy souls, making nine baptized and ten added to the church.

When will men learn that selfishness is not of God ? This meeting was one long to be remembered by the people of that community. It is due to the Methodist brethren at White's Chapel to say that none of them were at fault. They were all in favor of a *Union* meeting, and all opposed to the conduct of the preacher. Some twelve or fifteen were converted. We give God the praise.

## OUR WORK AS A PEOPLE.

DON'T DRINK THE MILK AND THEN ABUSE THE  
COW. (J. A. C.)

[From *Crisis* of June 21, 1887.]

First, I want to say *Amen* to Bro. McKinstry's articles on church order and organization, published in the *Crisis* a few weeks ago. The ideas he sets forth are reasonable and full of common-sense, and I may not repeat his strong, and, I think, unanswerable arguments.

We are certainly a chosen people, called out to

give this message to the last generation. It stands to reason that this can be better done by system and organization. Look around us and ask the question, Who is it that has sent this *special* truth to the world? Who has sent the most tracts and papers teaching the speedy coming of our Lord and eternal life through him, to be bestowed on the faithful at his coming? Who is it that has raised more funds and supported more missionaries and evangelists in spreading these glorious truths than anybody else? The answer will not be disputed, for it is an axiomatic fact. The great and glorious work has been done, and is being done by *organized Adventists*. Some who disown the body, as an organization I mean, and deny that they are Adventists, may do something on this line; but observation shows that they are not so successful. I believe God wants us to be *organized* and separate from all others in this *special* work.

I would not *unchristianize* other denominations, for I believe they, like us, have many noble, warm-hearted saints. But their faith and life-work is very different from ours. They work believing they will go to heaven when they die. We work hoping to be ready when the Master comes. To mix up this work don't seem possible; and, if it were, I cannot see that God ever greatly blessed such *milk and water* stuff.

While I am an Adventist, I am a liberal one. But my liberality is not *narrow-gauged*. I am just liberal enough to permit any who are not Adventists to go where they please, and love them still. I am just liberal enough to allow them to take any name they please without disturbing them. Some, who make a great fuss about a broad and liberal spirit, are so narrow-gauged in their liberality that they do not seem to think I ought to be known as an Adventist. To all such I would lovingly say, "Let there be no strife" between us.

There are sometimes things coming to pass in my experiences and observations that make me think of other things I have seen on another line. For instance, here is a case: I was riding horseback not a great while ago in my own neighborhood. I noticed just inside the gate a woman milking a cow. She being on the opposite of the cow, and having on a sun-bonnet, never noticed my passing. Just when I was within six steps of her, I presume she got the last drop of milk she could get from the cow, she suddenly straightened up with a piece of board about three feet long, three inches wide, and a half inch thick. With that she pounded the poor cow three times on her ribs, which were clearly visible under the skin, before the animal could run out of her reach.

"*Now go,*" said the woman to the cow who had just stood so quietly to give her the nice rich milk. At that moment looking up she saw me and blushed all over her face. I said, "Good morning, Miss L——." In a moment I thought of a parallel case. There are some Adventists in the world who have got all the Advent milk they can from the old Advent cow, and then they pound the poor cow and say, "*Now go.*"

It seems real hard to see great big yearlings, after having been raised on Advent milk, who now do not want to own that they are one of the Advent cow's yearlings; and sometimes they act as if the very name of the old mother cow is a *stench in their nostrils*. Brethren, I think when yearlings begin to gore their mother, and still want to hang on to the teats and draw the luscious milk, it is about time to *wean the calf*.

Paul understood the work of an evangelist to be to "set things in order" in the (church) house of God, and to ordain elders in every city. (Titus 1: 5; 2 Tim. 2: 2; 1 Cor. 7: 17.

If an Advent evangelist does his duty in this respect, then he will organize, set in order Adventist churches, and ordain Adventist elders to take the oversight thereof. And I think those who are too liberal to do this ought to have just liberality enough to liberate the Advent teat, and leave

the Advent milk for those who will love, honor, and *feed* the old Advent cow, and not disown the name, nor abuse the cow.

Brethren, these are my simple thoughts that some things have a parallel among us as a people. These remarks are not personal, but simply fired from a scatter-gun, to answer some anonymous letters I have received.

But I believe there is something that needs to be remedied.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS OVERLOOKED OR FORGOTTEN IN PREPARING THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS, ETC.

In 1887, or 1888, I was requested to go to Oaky Grove (Primitive Baptist Church), in Johnson Co., Ga., to preach the funeral sermon of Bro. Trull's child, which had been buried in that churchyard.

I arrived at the place on time, and found a great crowd around the house but the door locked, and on the wall a notice forbidding me to preach in the house. I then proposed to preach at the child's grave, but notice came from the man who owned all the land around the church, forbidding me to preach on *his* premises. We then took up a line of march through the woods, while the crowd sang in lively strains, "*How firm a foundation.*" We marched over a mile to another man's territory, and found "a certain water," known as the "Gar hole," in which I baptized five or six, and then preached the funeral sermon in the woods, while the people sat on the ground.

I went to Corinth Church, in the same county, to preach, and found on the church door the following :—



## "NOTICE.

We, the undersigned members and friends of Corinth Church, respectfully forbid the Rev. Mr. Cargile's preaching in or near our church. This, Nov. 10th, 1885. (Signed) Rev. J. W. Drake, J. L. Harralle, Secretary ; J. T. Skinner, F. R. Drake, A. M. Skinner, Sarah A. Harralle, Mary P. Hutchinson, Nancy J. Skinner, Mary Ann Drake."

I took my pencil and wrote under the above on the same paper the following words : —

"DEAR BRETHREN :— My Saviour taught a spirit of love, so I will not intrude. I can preach in the woods as he did. May God bless you all !

Your loving brother,

J. A. CARGILE."

I arrived in the beautiful city of Manhattan, Riley Co., Kansas, on the eighth day of April, 1887. I stopped over night with Bro. Israel B. Coffey, formerly of North Carolina. Saturday, the 9th, Bro. Carey came and carried me to his home near Stockdale. On Sunday, 10th, I spoke in Stockdale, at eleven A.M., and at Paul's schoolhouse three miles away, at night. Monday, 11th, I preached in Stockdale. Bro. Carey and wife were the only known persons waiting for the Lord there, and I did not at first find that warm hospitality I am used to in the South. I was on the Blue River,

in the Blue Bottoms, among the Blue Mountains, and it was just the place for a preacher to feel blue if he had any blue about him.

Tuesday, 12th, preached at Paul's again at night, and at the suggestion of Mr. Paul a collection was taken, and they gave me \$3.70. Wednesday, 13th, following the example of Bro. Munger and some of the more ancient apostles, I went fishing. An old grandma, seventy-four years old, sent me twenty-five cents. In the evening we crossed the river in a wagon and drove through the Blue Bottoms to a schoolhouse in District No. 2, where I preached to a small assembly who gave marked attention.

Thursday, 14th, spoke at night in Stockdale. House full. Good interest. Collection, \$3.58. Private donations, \$15.

I took train at noon on Friday, the 15th, for Manhattan. Drove out to Bro. Strong's to tea. I preached in the schoolhouse near by in the evening. Saturday, 16th, I took train for Salina, in Saline Co., where I met Bro. Edward Seusey, who had heard me two years ago at Springfield, Mass.

Sunday, the 17th, was too wet for meeting. Monday, the 18th, spoke at Bavaria in the evening. Tuesday, 19th, I wrote from six A.M. to seven P.M., and spoke to a few at eight o'clock. Wednesday, 20th, Sr. Seusey and I had a pleasant

visit with Sr. Hines. At night back to Bavaria, where I preached from the chart. The crowd was larger, but there was more carelessness manifested, and more whispering and laughing in the audience than I had seen in ten years altogether in the South. I was told that there is a band of infidels there who hold regular meetings, calling themselves "The Circular Union." Private donations were \$9.70.

Thursday, 21st, Bro. and Sr. Seusey carried me to Salina, where I took train for Glen Elder in Mitchell Co., on purpose to visit Eld. S. R. Knox, for I had not as yet seen an Adventist minister in Kansas. I arrived at Glen Elder late in the evening, and stayed at Bro. Truby's restaurant free. May God bless him! Friday A.M., a dear brother drove to the house of Bro. Knox and carried me, and instead of charging me, he left \$10 in the hand of Bro. Knox for me. The Lord will reward him. I enjoyed a precious season in the pleasant home of dear Bro. Knox, the aged veteran and State Evangelist of Kansas. Saturday, 23d, started at seven A.M. for Manhattan, arriving at half-past twelve in the night.

Sunday, 24th, I went to the Christian Church at eleven A.M., and enjoyed a glorious feast by hearing a sermon from their beloved pastor, Eld. George F. Hall. I then went eight miles to Ashland school-house, and spoke to a house full at three P.M.

Returning to Manhattan in the evening, Bro. Hall kindly gave way for me to fill his desk. I also used their church the three following evenings, and the Lord blessed. Thursday night I enjoyed a heavenly feast in their prayer-meeting, at the close of which I was permitted to enter his pool and bury four in baptism. I shall not soon forget the great kindness shown me by those dear brethren and sisters of that Christian church.

Thursday, 28th, I went alone to the jail in Manhattan, and spent an hour with the prisoners. I read the "word," and prayed with the dear unfortunate men. Friday, 29th, after visiting the family of Bro. Strong, I started for Walnut, in Crawford Co. Private donation in Manhattan, \$20.

I stopped over in Topeka, and enjoyed the hospitality of Bro. and Sr. Jamieson. I also met Bro. Snyders of Topeka, the second minister of like precious faith I had seen in the State. I reached Walnut Sunday, May 1, at 1.10 A.M. Donations thus far, \$61.98. Expenses, \$56.58

I find Kansas a beautiful country, with rich, fertile soil. I find plenty of everything but Christians; and especially Christians looking for the Lord to come as he promised. I have only met about half a dozen believers of these views. I learn that those who look for the Lord are much scattered over the State.

Those few I have found are hungry for solid truth to be preached. They have been sending for two years for me to come from Alabama, nearly one thousand miles, to preach to these people. At a great sacrifice I am here. I find very few, comparatively, who profess religion at all; and some of them only formally. I learn that infidelity is plentiful.

I look round and see other denominations represented, and funds provided for the spread of what we regard as error. Why can we not have a fund to propagate the great truths of the gospel? We can if we will, and very easily too. But how can we have funds in the treasury? I answer, By *a sacrifice*. In olden times God required the *tenth* (tithe) of all they made. We don't really think the gospel standard is any lower now.

But let us make an estimate far below that of giving the tenth. I believe one has estimated that we have about eighty-five hundred advent-ual believers in what is termed the Western field. Now, suppose these should each lay by on every first day of the week the small sum of *two cents*. That would figure up \$170 per week, and in one year it would amount to \$8,840! Just think of it! This would only amount to one dollar and four cents a year per member. Brethren, think over it, pray over it, act upon it, and God will bless you.

In August, 1888, I visited the annual meeting of the Piedmont A. C. Conference of North Carolina, held with Eld. Joseph P. King's Church in the city of Wilmington, where we had a blessed meeting. The work which I started with my first sermon in that State, in Bro. Patterson Coffey's apple-orchard, in Caldwell Co., in June, 1874, had grown to a Conference numbering over thirteen hundred members. I tarried with the church one week, and we enjoyed heavenly refreshings.

I am now, May, 1891, with the church in Wilmington again. The friends are all glad to see me. The Lord is with us in the meetings, and I pray that good may come.

I again left my home Sept. 26, 1889, and arrived in Charleston, the capital of West Virginia, on the 27th. Here an appointment had been arranged for me at night. The chapel was crowded. Three ministers present — one Baptist, one Methodist South, the other what is known here as Northern Methodist, which is the old original M. E. church. I spoke on the restitution. The Methodist South minister followed, and all seemed harmonious.

The 28th I spoke on holiness. At night the Baptist minister was present, and, after I had spoken on the work of antichrist, followed with interesting remarks, which showed that he is wide awake to the dangers which threaten the American people.

While I was in Charleston, I received news that my wife was sick. She had broken down with nervous prostration over the death of my dear father. This closed my labors for the present, and I went home to find her better, but still very weak and nervous. During this trip in West Virginia I believe I traveled over the worst roads I ever saw, but the kind people came out well where we had an opportunity for meetings. Pray that I may be all the Lord's.

Since I began this chapter in Wilmington, N.C., I have preached in Augusta, Ga., Stevenson, Ala., Magnolia, Wis., camp-meeting, where I baptized four; and am now, June 17, 1891, holding a meeting at Volga, Ind., and making my home with the loving family of Bro. George Wallace, and Sr. M. A. Tibbetts. My strength is preserved almost miraculously.

Coming out of Chattanooga one night, a stranger sat beside me, who, learning I lived at Stevenson, said, "Oh, by the way, you say you live at Stevenson; do you know Cargile?" I replied, "Yes; I have seen him a few times." He asked, "Did you ever hear him preach?" I answered, "I have heard him *try* a few times." In seeming surprise he said, "Can't he preach?" I told him that I did not consider Cargile anything extra. "Well! well!" said he; "I never heard so much talk about a man in all my life, and I have said if he ever

preached within twenty miles of me I would hear him!" When I told him that I was the man, he rose in a very excited manner, and, taking my shoulder and shaking me, said, "Now, please, don't think hard of me; I meant no harm; I was only telling you what I have heard." I assured him that I did not care what anybody said.

In April of the present year (1891) I was at home in Atlanta, Ga., and attended meeting and preached for Bro. Brewer on a Sunday morning, and in the afternoon I went to hear a man of the Plymouth Brethren. At the close of his sermon on Matt. 25: 31-34, which was the most peculiar I ever heard, I went forward and extended my hand and introduced myself, and invited him to attend my meeting the following evenings. He asked, "Did you write a book called 'True Theology'?" I told him I did. Then he said, "I want nothing to do with you, sir." I asked, "Have you seen the book?" He said he had. I then asked him if he had read it. He said he had. I asked him how he liked it. He said there was no Christianity in it. I then asked him how much of it he had read. He replied, "I read the introduction, and that is all I want to know about you, sir." I said, "Well, come over and let us love each other, anyway." He replied, "It is not a matter of love, sir. It is the truth that I look at." "Oh, well," said I, "come over and let us investi-



gate for truth, then." He positively declined, and I left him. God pity such a man, claiming to be a minister of a loving Jesus, who said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if you have love one for another."

Some days after this I went to Matthew's station and stopped with Eld. Jeremiah Howard. Bro. J. H. Oliphant, a very able and influential minister of the Baptist Church, came to visit me and stayed to dinner with us. I appreciated the visit very much on account of the past. He and I once had a lively controversy through the *Gibson* (Ga.) *Enterprise*, in which I was known as Corporal Cargile, and he as Major-General Mack. The Corporal and the General dined together at Bro. Howard's table.

Much remains untold of incidents in my life experiences, but the space intended for the work is consumed, and perhaps more, and I shall have to close my broken story. Before a final farewell to my patient readers, let me retrospect the work, as the Lord has blessed it. I look back to 1871, when Bro. J. J. Smith and I began to proclaim the second coming of Christ, and relative truths, and we were alone in the South. Opposed on every hand, and often by those whom we had esteemed as our best friends, we pressed forward, leaving no bridges behind us for retreat. I have debated forty-six days with fourteen different men. God

has stood by us in a wonderful manner. As a result of his blessing, I have seen thousands converted, and have had the happy privilege of baptizing over eight hundred souls in the likeness of the burial and resurrection of Christ. I have preached these precious truths in about thirty of these United States, the Dominion of Canada, and the Indian Territory. I have had many invitations to preach in other States and in England, but I feel that I have done what I could.

God has enabled me to organize over sixty churches, and we now have eight Conferences in the Southern States, with a membership of about four or five thousand, and perhaps one hundred men who are preaching these solid doctrines. This is an evidence that God has raised up many stanch helpers for me, to whom much credit is due for the success of the work. Through all those years I have labored without salary, and supported a growing family, until I found my home under a mortgage of one thousand dollars.

Seeing no chance to pay the debt, I had accepted a call to the care of the church in Boston, Mass., thinking that I would have to lose my home to pay the mortgage. Last October (1890), I visited the Southern Georgia Conference, where some good brethren proposed to raise the money, and save my home, provided I would labor one year as an evangelist in that State. I at once

declined the call from Boston, and moved to Atlanta. The money panic came on the people, and cotton dropped so low that the brethren did not raise quite one-tenth of the amount, which left me in a trying position. I have never been able to give through the papers my real experiences in financial matters, for several reasons. First, for the sake of my Master's cause, which I did not wish to reproach by seeming to complain. Second, my ancestry bequeathed to me a disposition to hold up my head if I died hard. And I felt that if I told it all it would seem that I was courting sympathy. Third, I feared to do so, lest I should be considered a beggar. And even what I have thus said, little as it is, has awakened a spirit of detraction. The report has been circulated in different States that I was getting piles of money. I pray for those who have a disposition and a will to manufacture or peddle out such reports, and can only wish they may never be forced to live as I have in order to spread this grand and glorious doctrine. The day of judgment will reveal many privations and self-denials that the world knows not of. Even now, while I finish this chapter here in the beautiful and fertile State of Wisconsin, I know not what is for me in the future. The church in Boston has again renewed the call for me to settle there as their pastor, and they offer me a handsome salary ; and were I to consult my

comfort and earthly ease and profit I should go at once. Wife and I have been struggling over it since the first of May, and now she writes me as follows: "My husband, in regard to your work and our future location, it seems that there is something in the way that we can not decide. It may be that the Lord is holding us back for something unknown to us. Oh, may he help us to go right — not wrong! It seems to me that it could not be right for us to go to Boston. I can not get the consent of my mind." "I have decided, in harmony with her, that I will not accept the call from those dear brethren and sisters of the Boston Church, dearly as I love them, and shall continue in this field perhaps the rest of my life, trusting to the Lord to open the way, make duty plain, and supply our needs. The Lord has blessed us with ten children, — three sons and seven daughters, — all of whom are alive and well. I have baptized six of them, all at fourteen years of age. My oldest son has been preaching since his eighteenth year. Four of them, two sons and two daughters, are married and have left us. I feel that the Lord can keep us with six children as easily as he did with ten. And we trust him still, and believe he will.

While preaching in Volga, Ind., last week a good sister and mother in Israel wrote and presented me two Acrostics. I say nothing about the

first one, but I can certify that Acrostic No. 2 is not overdrawn. They are as follows :—

## ACROSTIC NO. 1.

## I.

Just now my pen would say a word  
Of thy great mission for the Lord ;  
How pure thy faith, how strong thy trust,  
Not heeding gifts of golden dust.

## II.

A higher meed is thine to bring  
Before the world a coming King,  
Not shrinking from the toil and care,  
Encircled by the God of prayer,  
Rich in the work he gives thee there.

## III.

Continue thus, thou man of God,  
A crown of glory thy reward ;  
Raise high thy loving voice to warn,  
Good news to bring with the alarm ;  
In all thine earthly journey here  
Let Jesus lead thee far and near ;  
Eternal joys will soon appear.

MARY A. TIBBETTS.

*Volga, Ind.*

## ACROSTIC NO 2.

## I.

No earthly splendors crown thy way,  
As oft alone, thy spouse away,  
Not privileged of his help to share,  
Coming so timely in thy care,  
You the burden still must bear.

## II.

Sweet partner of your husband dear,  
 United in God's holy fear.  
 So meekly acting well your part,  
 A preacher's wife with loving heart,  
 Noble Christian that thou art;

## III.

Calling on God in all thy life,  
 Amid the turmoil and the strife,  
 Reach forth and take the promise sweet,  
 Great blessings there you'll daily meet;  
 In peace thy life glide swiftly by.  
 Leaning on him whose watchful eye  
 Ever renews a rich supply.

MARY A. TIBBETTS.

*Volga, Ind.*

Our cause has had many sad reproaches and drawbacks, — some caused by inveterate enemies; but the greatest evil that has befallen the cause in my work has been from its professed friends. I believe the worst enemies that Adventism has in this world are some *Adventists*. Ministers and others have done despite to the cause in different ways. Some have sold out to Orthodoxy (so-called) for bread and butter, some for one cause, doubtless, and others for something else. Very few of those ministers who have left us will own that their *views* have changed at all, only their *coat* has changed. But, dear brethren, my *views* must change before my coat. Men made of putty need never apply to the Lord for a commission to preach Adventism.

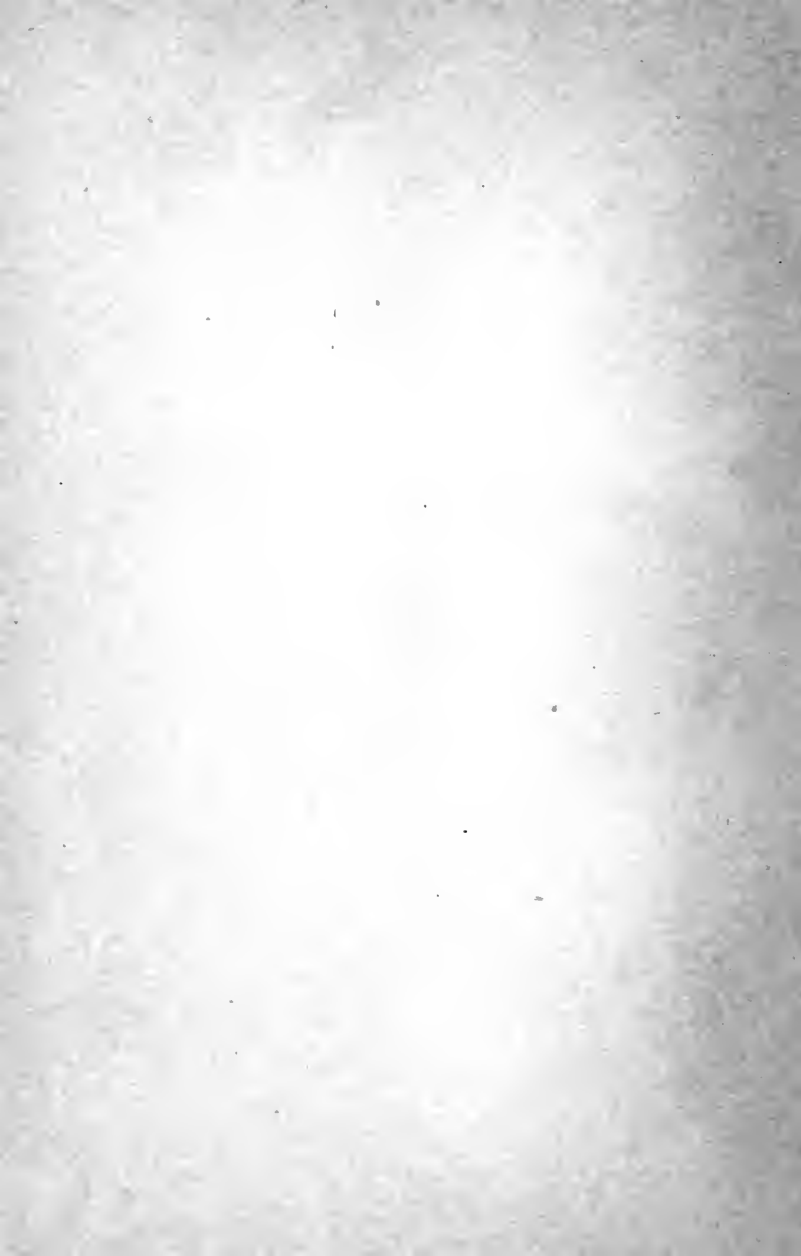
Now, dear reader, I must bid you an affectionate farewell, and may Heaven's benediction rest upon you. I am on my way to Texas, and thence as the Lord may lead till he comes or till I fall. If the latter, pray that it may be with the armor on. Then some dear friend can finish this book. If I live till the Lord comes, pray that he may find me ready. Adieu!

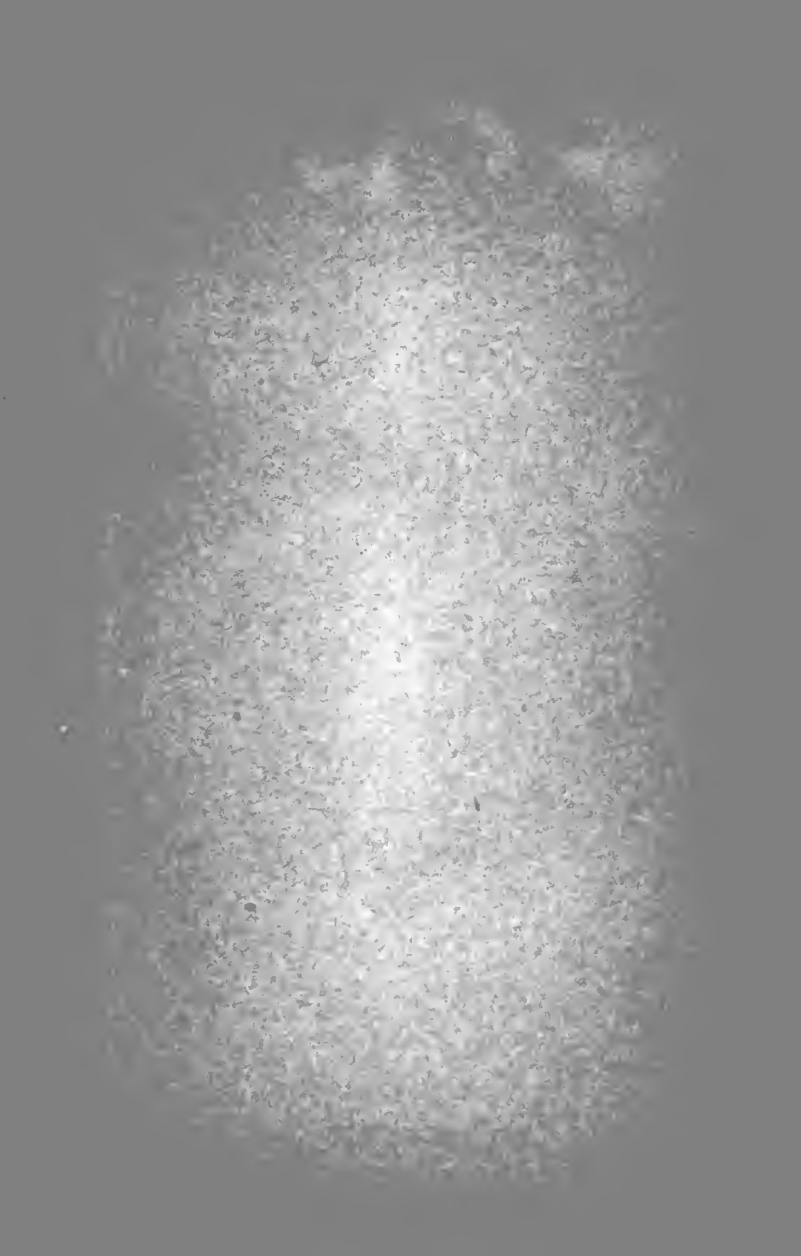
*Janesville, Wis., June 24, 1891.*











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